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THE

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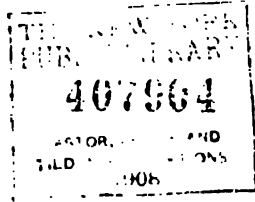
ADVOCATE.

VOL. XLVI.



CAMBRIDGE.

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

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CARLETON HUNNEMAN, *Secretary.*

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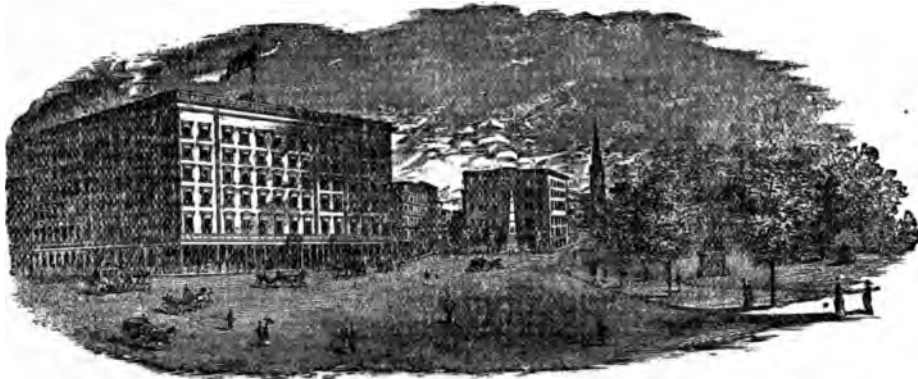
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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XLVI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., OCTOBER 12, 1888.

No. I.

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THE WEEK.

WITH the beginning of the new volume certain changes have taken place in the *Advocate* board. Mr. Charles Warren becomes President in place of Mr. J. H. Sears, whose increased duties this fall necessitate his resignation and Mr. Carleton Hunneman has been elected Secretary.

And now comes the time once more when the horse cars are crowded with students returning to their Alma Mater. Once more is seen the upper classman enveloped in that air of supreme indifference of which he is justly proud; the freshman of timid demeanor, the proud owner of a brand new valise, and there in the corner, her bonnet-box tucked modestly under the seat, is material of rare promise for the Annex, her fair young brow already darkened by the shadow of coming knowledge. Mother *Advocate* watches all, and, thinking with a sigh of the sturdy classes which year after year she has seen come and go, breathes a silent prayer that '92 may be worthy of the college she must one day represent.

Ninety-two we welcome you heartily. We wish you every success. With each new fresh-

man class comes an element of doubt as to whether the new blood will be able to keep up the athletic record made by former classes. Ninety-two you may congratulate yourselves on your good luck. No class ever had a better chance. You cannot possibly do worse than the classes before; you may better their record. Your fair fame has not yet been tarnished by a single defeat, may it be forever unsullied.

As for our athletic outlook it is all that could be desired. We have a clear field. Everything is before us. For the last three years, we have been beaten on land and water in practically every branch of athletics. Now is our chance. We have nothing to lose and everything to gain. It must be now or never.

Why we have been so uniformly unsuccessful, it is hard to say. Luck, carelessness, inefficient captains, imperfect training, have had much to do with the result, yet there is on the other hand a powerful element which has harmed us perhaps even more, the lack of interest in the college teams and in the result of the contests. We believe this the most important factor which has caused our athletic ruin. It is the cause of all its other evils except luck. Instead of piling wholesale abuse on the team, we should be more just in condemning ourselves. If the college took a real interest in her teams, these faults would be remedied summarily. Every act would be sharply criticised, and a storm of righteous indignation would fall on the inefficient captain or careless team. But now we blame the captain or the team, forgetting that we ourselves are the ones really to blame.

We have been overwhelmingly beaten now for three years. And we shall continue to be beaten until these faults have been remedied;

until we admit our wrong and take it upon ourselves to set things right. We must encourage our team with support financial, physical and moral. We must subscribe, practice and encourage with a hearty enthusiasm such as we owe our college. We must seize the first opportunity, and that is foot-ball. Let us strain every nerve to win the championship which has been a stranger to us ever since '77. We have a capable captain, and good material. Why should the other elements of success be lacking? They need not, and the problem resolves itself into this, if they are present we win, if they are lacking we lose.

Another opportunity now open to us is a judicious use of the suffrage permitted us as members of the different athletic associations in college. It is our duty as members of these associations to attend the business meetings and help to elect the most capable officers irrespective of personal feelings or society applications. We have failed miserably in this duty during these last years. The Athletic Association with its large membership seldom induces more than two score men to struggle into Holden Chapel and hold up their hands at intervals, and the candidate is elected who has the most friends willing to trouble themselves enough to come and vote. Can we not rouse ourselves to reform or must we wait till matters become still worse?

We have suffered defeat so long, that we have forgotten how to celebrate. The lower classes have never even learned the art. The only class now in college (we hope '90 will not take offence at this) who has seen or shared in a real celebration is '89 and the remembrance of even those merry times, is becoming rusty. We must teach these novices how to celebrate.

On the first day of the term, the members of last years' varsity crew elected Mr. James R. Finlay captain for the ensuing year. We are convinced that the choice is a good one. As it has never before been considered good policy to select a captain from below the Junior class, this election carries with it the more honor, in testifying that the qualifications of the captain-

elect are so exceptional as to justify breaking through a long established custom. We feel that Mr. Finlay will be a faithful and competent captain and we wish him every success.

Hazing at Harvard has become something unique and not to be commended. The old theory of hazing in American colleges was that it showed the freshmen, coming to college with a vast sense of their own success in passing the entrance examinations, that their position was after all but a modest one at the very foot of the list. It was said that a class that for any reason escaped the ordeal of hazing was apt to be marked all through the four years by intolerable "freshness." This theory, even though the practices were often brutal, is not without a certain plausibility, but it has long since been abandoned. The rush of Bloody Monday is a very innocent and perfectly meaningless scramble. The sophomores do not stand freshmen on their heads and make them sing hymns, or commit any of the other absurd cruelties of which college traditions are full. The state of things is quite the reverse. Certain freshmen, distrustful of attaining on their merits the popularity they seek, provide punch for the upper-classmen with the hope that if these latter have partaken of their hospitality, they will be more likely to advance their interests. The Bloody Monday punches, as occasions of dissipation are demoralizing to the whole college. In reality they are a "swipe," pure and simple, and as a matter of fact an unsuccessful "swipe." As such they deserve the contempt of all right-minded students, and the sooner the freshmen see these performances in their true light, the better it will be for the college. The upper-classmen, who encourage this swiping are old enough to know better. They deserve even severer censure than the freshmen who make the "swipe."

The narrowness of the common idea of the function of the college and of its proper relation to public questions has had a striking illustration within a few months. In the early summer President Hyde of Bowdoin College, a recent graduate of Harvard conspicuous for the early

distinction he has attained, made under the auspices of a Democratic Club an address in which, as an Independent, he took moderate ground in favor of the Democratic party in the present political campaign. An outcry was immediately raised in the Republican newspapers. Even the *Boston Advertiser* called President Hyde's entrance into politics "extraordinary," and quoted with complacency a "prominent Bowdoin graduate" who wrote that President Hyde might not improbably be asked to resign on account of his speech, for, as he said, "We do not want that kind of a president at the head of Bowdoin." It would have seemed impossible, if the facts were not before us, that the president of a New England college should be obliged, under pain of personal abuse from the press and from "prominent alumni," to support one political party rather than another. A certain part to be sure (but only a part) of the censure of President Hyde came from a real conviction that the president of a college had better keep out of politics altogether. Cautious trustees are apt to be afraid that a bold stand

will prove obnoxious to intending donors and keep away much desired students. They are probably mistaken. Students and legacies alike are much more likely to be attracted by the outspoken manliness of a college president than by any prudent hiding of opinions. And in reality this latter objection to President Hyde's course shows even narrower views than the former of the function of the college. For a college is more than a private school. It is one of the great institutions of the community. The college ought to avail itself of every opportunity to make its influence felt for the advancement of all the higher interests of the people, of which interests one is the improvement of American politics. Not only should a man be free to go into politics even though he is an officer of a college; but just because he is an officer of the college he ought to feel it all the more his duty to take up political questions. Until something like a general sense of this comes about, we shall fail to give the American college the position of power and usefulness which as a centre of intellectual life it ought to have.

IN A WHALING TOWN.

MAYHEWPORT is by no means the prosperous whaling station it was fifty years ago. Since the advent of the steamship in commerce it has been steadily on the decline. The old wooden whalers were superseded, and the traffic in sperm oil passed into new hands. Trade with the two Indies was no longer the lucrative business it had been; and so by degrees the once flourishing port lost its cheery stir and bustle. It is true, the large, square, wooden houses, built by successful skippers, still loom up close upon the wide streets, but the white paint has become dingy, the green jalousies are closed and the great, fluted pillars in front of these old time mansions totter away upon their decaying pedestals. The tough, salt beach grass has encroached gradually from the sea shore until some of the less used streets are nearly obliterated; the tall picket fences are

fallen, and different gardens, formerly cared for with such feelings of rivalry, have run together in a wild tangle of marigold, bachelor's button, and hollyhock. The natives always avoid these desolate gardens after nightfall, for they say a mad woman wanders among them picking the flowers by moonlight.

It is impossible to speak of the Mayhewport of to-day without contrasting it with the Mayhewport of yesterday. As the whaling and trading interests decreased the fortunes of the place lessened proportionately. The better and more thrifty portion of the population went into other ports on the coast. The people who remained behind did not thrive, excepting the retailers of bad liquor, who kept their dens of ruin down among the wharves. Scores of Portuguese flocked to the 'Port, and lived in wretched hovels, eking out a precarious living

as easily as they were able. But notwithstanding the decline of the town a few honest, struggling natives remained, and among these were Standfast Dobson and his wife Hope.

Standfast Dobson and his wife were surely a strangely mated pair, a dove and an eagle, only the dove was not the woman, but the head of the family himself. Standfast was small and delicate with pale blue eyes and very light hair, of a shrinking disposition and devoid of energy and ambition. He was imbued with one sentiment, however, which was ever paramount in his mind, an intense awe and admiration for his wife. Hope was a distinct contrast to her husband. She was large and muscular, yet she had a warm heart, and idle tongues whispered that she married Standfast from mere pity. The real reason why she married him was incomprehensible to all, albeit they all knew that she had protected her future lord from earliest childhood, taking his part in every quarrel, and putting to flight any who dared molest him.

So the years had hurried by. In the early decline of the 'Port the few relations Hope had either died or went away, but one, an old aunt; and with her Hope stayed. By untiring industry the niece supported the aunt and herself. She worked early and late, sewing in a sail loft, or helping the fishermen draw in their seines. She labored cheerfully for her heart was light, because Standfast had gone off on a two years' whaling voyage with every prospect of a successful catch. Young Dobson had improved lately and picked up a sufficient knowledge of the sea as to be taken on the whaler "Flying Fish." Shortly before she sailed Standfast gathered his small savings together, and Hope gave him hers, and with the money he bought a small share in the prospective earnings of the voyage, which were to start a new household on the return of the "Flying Fish," the household of Standfast and Hope.

The day for the departure of the whaler came. The entire population turned out to see the vessel off. The partings were soon over. There was weeping and wringing of hands as husband parted from wife and father from children. But it was only a momentary tear that came to the eye of Hope. She felt confident

of the future. She was aware that the whaler was only a sailing vessel, but the sea was wide, and there was room for sailing whalers, as well as steam ones. Sperm oil still brought a good profit; what had she to fear?

The days flew quickly for Hope. She had had sorrow in the death of her aunt. She was now alone, but her buoyant nature bore her up, and she was always watching for the return of the whaler. It was now time for its appearance, still it did not come. The boat was three months over due, and the old fishwives prophesied a heavy cargo; and such prophesies rejoiced Hope as she knew that in order to be at all successful the cargo should be very large, for the price of whale oil had come down greatly and was still falling. The steam whalers had supplied the demand with unexpected rapidity, and now the market was fast becoming surfeited. The only ray of comfort now left for those who were interested in the welfare of the "Flying Fish" was that the cargo might be enormously large.

It was nearly four months after her expected time when the long looked for whaler dropped her anchor in the little harbor of Mayhewport. She came during the night, her captain risking the Pigback shoal and braving a squally head wind and tide rather than to be seen coming home empty handed.

When Hope arose in the morning she looked out in the harbor and there saw the whaler riding quietly at anchor, with sails furled and with hardly a sign of life on board. The boat floated high in the water, and at a glance she read the bitter misfortune; sick at heart she hurried down to the shore, praying that the cargo might have been sold at some other port. But on her way she met a sailor who told her dolefully that the voyage had been bad luck from beginning to end. She rushed by the man, after he told her that Standfast was well, thanking Heaven that he was spared. She looked some time before she found him. At last she saw him sitting disconsolate and alone upon a piece of wreck, on the beach. He heard her tread but he did not turn. She walked up behind him and put her hands about his neck, saying, "No greeting, Standfast, for your old sweetheart?"

"Ah, Hope, I have lost your earnings and mine. I don't know how to repay you. You can't marry a fellow without even a dory of his own."

"Never mind; something will surely turn up for us. We will get married soon and then we can be happy even if you haven't a dory. Don't be downhearted. Come with me."

So she lead him up to her humble home, and sitting before the driftwood fire he told her briefly of the unprosperous trip. There were adverse winds, fogs, calms, and almost every other evil that could befall a sailing vessel. They spoke steam whalers on the way to the grounds, and they met the same vessels homeward bound, loaded down almost to the gunwales, before the "Flying Fish" had even reached her destination. When they finally began their cruising in the Pacific no whales were to be seen. Still they went ahead hoping each new day would bring about a change for the better, yet each night fell upon a discouraged crew. They caught at last one or two whales, but after waiting weeks and months for better fortune they steered for home with sorrowful feelings, the sailors sharing in the loss, as much as captain and mate, for their reward too lay in the success of the voyage.

When Dobson finished his painful narrative, Hope endeavored to console him, but her words of sympathy were soon over. And together they sat in silence before the fire watching the greenish coruscations of the sea-soaked wood as it flared up, died, and flared again.

In spite of the unsuccessful voyage of the "Flying Fish," Dobson and Hope began their joint housekeeping. They took a small cabin near the shore, so near indeed that the lapping of the waves in a calm was as audible as the rolling of breakers in a storm. Their lives under these new circumstances began auspiciously. Standfast succeeded in buying for a remarkably low price, of a sailor who had recently come to the 'Port, a half interest in a small fishing smack. Matters ran smoothly for a time. The fishing was good, and they were lucky in their catches. But one day, to the utter consternation of Standfast, his newly acquired partner had sailed away in the boat

under a fresh breeze to new fields of conquest. The blow fell heavily on Hope, but it appeared to have utterly crushed the weak nature of Standfast. The misfortune of the "Flying Fish" cut deeply for a time, but his second venture, which promised so well, and on which he had relied so much, had fallen away and it seemed to have taken all the spirit out of him. He soon became inactive and careless; to make matters worse he began to frequent the saloons among the wharves. The little money he earned as a fisherman's assistant was rapidly dissipated. Hope felt this rapid transition in her husband keenly. It irritated, as well as pained her to see him the friend of the degraded foreigners. Her self-respect was wounded and her anger often found vent in bitter words which were productive of nothing but more bitter words in return.

Winter came on. Standfast engaged himself as a scallop raker. The boat on which he was employed was taken in the large lagoons along the coast, where the water is not deep, but where the winds blew in all their force and the air was so bitterly cold that the men would have to be in constant motion to keep from actually freezing. Labor as a scallop raker is a slave's work, and the return almost nothing; yet when the season terminated a sum of money, large for Standfast, was given him as his wages. He knew his wife was in great want, so he determined to make atonement for his past neglect and go home with his purse unopened.

The boat landed on a bitterly cold day. The men were almost benumbed and dropped into a saloon to get warm. Standfast was chilled, his cabin was a long way up shore, and the blazing fire looked bright and cheerful. First it was a taste and then it was a tankard.

Many hours later when Dobson began to arouse from a heavy stupor into which he had fallen in consequence of his drinking his first thought was of Hope, and his second of his degradation. He was ashamed of himself and he yearned to see Hope as he had not looked upon her face for weeks. He was feeling glad the greater part of his money was still unspent, when he felt in his pocket and found it gone. He was so completely overwhelmed he had to

gasp for breath. Some rascally thief had robbed him and he was so grieved he could have cried. He dragged himself to his wretched cabin absolutely penniless in consequence of his own weak will.

As he entered his wretched home he found his wife ill. She greeted him with a smile, but unable to rise. He hurried to her side and said, "What is the matter, Hope, are you sick?"

"Yes, I am so glad you are back. We need so many things. We have nothing to eat in the house, nor has there been anything for two days."

"I have been robbed of my pay."

"Yes," she cried, "you have been drinking and have squandered it, when I was sick and in want."

"Hope, listen."

"No I don't want to hear you. Oh, why did I ever marry you. You're shiftless and weak. Go out in a boat and catch some fish if you don't want us both to die of starvation. Borrow some boat and go. Don't stand there idle."

"The wind is rising and off shore. But, Hope, forgive me."

"No. Now go."

Thoroughly overcome by remorse at his negligence, and grieved at his wife's reproaches, he went to a fisherman's hut along the shore to borrow a boat. The man was not in. He did not wait but hauled the dory across the beach and pushed it into the water. The wind quickly drove the boat toward the fishing ground which lay in the lee of Pigback shoal. The boat was small and the wind, which was rising every moment, goaded the little craft over the waves at a perilous rate. The water was fast becoming foamy with white caps. Standfast was in such a state that he hardly realized his danger. When he did awake in some degree to the sense of his situation he was but very little disturbed. He knew he was bound for the fishing ground and that it was impossible to put about if he so wished. So he flew on. The

water grew shallower, he was nearing the grounds; but here the waves were higher; they towered up and combed over. It was almost certain death to attempt to anchor in such a spot, and when Standfast threw over the anchor it held no more than a cork. The boat, half filled with water, was soon on the very shoal. A mighty wave caught the tossing craft and carried it up, up to its very apex, where it held it quivering; and then in an instant it buried it with its falling water with a crash and roar like the beating of mighty breakers on the sand. Soon amidst the bubbling and foaming of the water bits of a broken boat might have been seen, and a face and arm arose to the surface. Then the cry of agony which came from the uplifted mouth was stilled forever.

As soon as Standfast had gone out to fish his wife began to repent of her hasty words. She realized for the first time the danger into which she had thrown him. Her heart was filled with a terrifying remorse. Scarcely able to move she threw her shawl over her head and ran to the shore. She called most pitifully to the fast receding figure. But she called too late. She saw him hurried to his fate; and when, in the distance, she saw the boat and its freight lifted high into the air and plunged beneath the water she sank upon the wet beach a woman forever bereft of her senses.

Many summers have passed since the tragic end of Standfast Dobson. The old houses of Mayhewport wear the same quiet, melancholy aspect they did years ago. And in the early twilight of the warm summer days the figure of a woman, bent with grief and age and with the white hair flying about her head, may be seen walking about the old deserted gardens plucking bunches of grass and marigold which she lays upon a cenotaph in the old grave yard, muttering softly to herself all the while—"When the sea shall give up its dead. When the sea shall give up its dead."

Carl Bailey Hurst.

IN EXMOOR.

A FAR in the distance the dark hillside gleams
In the flush and the glad warming light of the morn,
The heather clad moorland its purple regains,
And the gorse shines all golden with joy at the dawn.
So on Dunkerry Hill now let's up and away ;
There's work to be done ere the close of the day.

The day's breaking clear, and the wind's blowing fresh,
The mist from the ocean drifts out of the vale,
And the sun as it pierces the forest's green mesh
Sets sparkling the mountain brooks' silvery trail,
As down the stern hills through the woodland's soft bed
Now leaping, now gliding, e'er tinkling they speed.
All nature's alive and abrisk. Come, away !
There's a stag to be hunted this bright merry day.

The pink coats ride forth and their horses prance high,
While the hounds in their eagerness dash for the scent.
Ha, they 're off—Hoop, away !—And the breeze whistles by ;
In the woods quick they vanish on hunting full bent.

Head erect, in the depths of the forest all still,
The stag hears the trampling, sniffs death in the air ;
He is gone, through the thicket and over the hill ;
Hark, the dogs bay behind as they know he is there.

And the horn of the huntsman rings out far and nigh
"Tan-tan ta ra"—"tan-ta-ra" echoed back :
But on speeds the stag as a star shoots the sky,
And he skims o'er the heath from the on-rushing pack.

The sun sinks down wearily into the sea,
The shadows creep slow o'er the moor and the lea :
But on Dunkerry hill torches flash, all is gay,
For a stag has been killed on this glorious day.

Charles Warren.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

ADVICE TO FRESHMEN.

IT is with the intention of clearing a little the thorny way of the unsophisticated though well-meaning freshman that the *Advocate* devotes a little space to "Advice to Freshmen." There are many of us upper-classmen, who,

looking back to the freshman year, feel a twinge of mortification, as we recall certain performances innocent to us in our unconsciousness, but unbearable breaches of ancient custom in the eyes of the college. Innocent mistakes like

these have often fastened the damning epithet "fresh" upon unfortunate freshmen and many really worthy fellows have felt its evil influences throughout their college life. It is in the hope that some honest freshmen may escape the usual pitfalls that this article is written.

In the first place do not be "fresh." Of course every newcomer is likely to make mistakes about the names of the buildings, the right door to the library and such things. The severest censure for these is a good-humored smile. "Freshness" is an altogether different matter. For instance, a man is "fresh" who tries to show off, makes himself noticeable, assumes an airy familiarity with upper-classmen. By all means, if you meet an old school acquaintance let him know that you recognize him, he may not have noticed who you are and will be glad to be reminded; but don't rush up to him as if you were his dearest friend just back from a three years' journey round the world. If he wants to be intimate with you he will come to you; if he does not, you gain nothing [by forcing yourself on him. An independent, self-contained manner shows men that you consider yourself their equal, and they respect you for it and will be the more ready to proffer friendship.

So in all things be careful not to do anything which shall win for you the reputation of "freshness," for it is a veritable old man of the sea and you will have hard work to rid yourself of it. On the other hand, do not go so far the other way as to become a negative quantity, not daring to express an opinion for fear of the consequences. This is weakness. It is unfortunately only too common. Have honest opinions of your own; be manly and outspoken if you believe you are right. Do not let excessive fear of unpopularity make you conceal honest and well considered convictions.

As for some of the customs of the college: Freshmen are not expected to wear the crimson and black, as this is reserved for upper-classmen and members of the 'varsity teams. The freshman colors are crimson and white, and may be worn by every member of the freshman class. Do not appear with the number of your class on your sweater or jersey. This is a distinction reserved for members of your class teams.

If it is possible, try for all your class teams, whether you think you have a chance or not. The question in the captain's mind is not what the men are when they come here, but what they may be developed into, and you may have in you the qualifications of a modern Hercules for aught you know. Even if such latent possibilities are wanting, it is still important for you to try foot-ball, rowing, and the other sports. It is the greatest opportunity of your freshman year for making friends. Nowhere can acquaintance be made more easily, and if you follow this advice, you will find by the end of the year that you have added many delightful acquaintances to your list of friends, while you may have laid the foundation for lasting friendship. On the number and character of a man's friends depends his influence in college, and next to his own personal traits the freshman year is the precious time of friend-making. After the first year, men have made their acquaintances and formed their sets, and the golden opportunity is gone. It is an up-hill fight after that. This fact cannot be impressed too strongly.

As with athletics, so it is with college papers and musical clubs. Every man should make an attempt in this direction. It can do no harm; it may be of great benefit to him, and he may afterwards retain pleasant memories of the editorial board or the glee club.

Of vital necessity is it that each man should make himself of some real use, so that it shall be felt that he is a necessary part of our college life. He should be identified with the college interests, and be a real factor in the sum of college existence. So choose your own way. Be a scholar, an athlete, or an editor; only be something. Most important of all, be a man. This last advice will probably be scoffed at by the high-souled freshman, as unnecessary, but he will later admit its force. Disdain "swiping." It is the great evil of student life and is present in every college. It must be admitted that the temptation to commit this sin is often great, but it is a desperate expedient, and can never be concealed. It is not long before you are a "swipe" in the eyes of the college. College opinion is just in the long run, and whether you have won the social prizes or not, you are fairly judged in the end. If you have been a man,

you will have an honorable place in men's minds. Swiping is a confession of inferiority. It means that you dare not stand on your merits, that you fear you will be weighed in the balance

and found wanting, so you seek to gain your end by means which the honorable man declines to use. You put aside your manhood, for the sake of a fleeting prize.

A CRIME.

FROM THE FRENCH. DOSTOIEVSKY.

A POOR student out of work. Could anything be more miserable? The wretched room unfurnished save for a chair and a table; the dingy coat and brimless hat hung up on the bare and dirty wall. Not a cheerful prospect Raskolnikoff thought as he sat there, and the more he thought the more despicable life seemed. He heard a footstep outside. He listened. It came up the whole four flights and paused before his door. As he opened it he found his landlady standing with a letter. "I paid for it as I knew you had no money. The postman refused to trust you." Raskolnikoff thanked her, and taking the letter returned to his seat. It was growing dark and he brought it near the window to read. It was from his mother. When he had read it he sat down and thought again. His mother, too, was in want, and his sister—the infamy of the thing—his sister was to be married to an old man to pay for the rent of the house the two poor women inhabited. Could he do anything for them? He clenched his fists and looked out the window. It was dark and dreary, a St. Petersburg fog was blowing up the street; down at the other end of the court one single light appeared. He knew where it was. It was the pawn shop kept by an old woman. He had been there. That morning she had just paid twenty rubles to a man. Suddenly a hideous idea came into his head. Every afternoon at six she was alone. Her sister Elizabeth went out to the bakery. An old woman alone for three-quarters of an hour—a great box full of rubles inside the private room—he had seen the key once round her neck.

Down below in the house where he lived was the kitchen. More than once he had gone down to get some gruel. A pile of kindlings was

near the stove, an axe hung on the wall behind the door.

That night Raskolnikoff had a frightful dream. He dreamt that he was a child again in the little town where he had always lived. It was towards evening, and he was walking with his father. It was growing dark, the air felt heavy. A few feet outside the town stood a drinking saloon which he never used to pass without fear, for there was always such a crowd of drunken people laughing, brawling, fighting and yelling such terrible songs. Not far from the saloon the road brought one to the cemetery where his little brother was buried and which he used often to visit with his father. He dreamt now that he was following his father along this road which led to the cemetery. As they passed the saloon he clutched his father's hand and cast a timid glance toward the building, about which there was a greater confusion than ever. A great crowd of peasants dressed in their Sunday clothes were there, all drunk and singing songs. Before the steps of the saloon was a great market wagon, to which a pair of great stout horses generally are harnessed. Raskolnikoff had always liked to watch these sturdy animals dragging behind them the heaviest loads without any trouble at all. But now to this heavy cart only one little roan horse was harnessed, and terribly thin at that. As the boy was wondering at this suddenly a great uproar arose and out of the saloon rushed the drivers, dead drunk, with their red and blue shirts all soiled. "Get in, get in, all of you," cried a man, who, though yet young, had a great neck and a red bloated face, "I'll take you all to drive." These words caused immediately outbreaks of laughter and cries:

"An old thing like that drag us!" You're crazy, Mikolka, to harness that little mare." "Sure she is twenty years old." "Get in, I'll take anyone," cried Mikolka, again, who leapt into the cart, seized the reins, and stood up, waiting. "The bay horse went off with Natvier and this mare, my friends, is a great trouble to me. She isn't worth her fodder; I ought to kill her. Get in, I tell you, I'll make her gallop."

So saying, he took up the whip, tickled at the idea of whipping the mare. "Well, let's get in and see if she can gallop," said some one in the crowd. "She hasn't galloped for ten years." "No matter, my friends, each of you take a whip and get ready."

All climbed into the cart, laughing and joking. Six men already were in, and there was still room left. They took with them a great fat, red-faced peasant woman. This woman, clad in a tattered red cotton dress with hideous lace finery, kept eating nuts and laughing all the time at the others. In the crowd around every one laughed. Why not? The idea of such a horse galloping with all that mob! Two of the fellows had whips to aid Mikolka. "Get up," cried the latter. The mare strained with all her might, but far from galloping, it was only with great difficulty that she could move a step. She whinnied, groaned, and bent her back under the blows which the three whips rained down on her like hail. The laughter redoubled in the cart and midst the crowd. Mikolka grew angry, and in his vexation beat the mare still more as if he hoped to make her gallop. "Let us get in the cart, too," cried a young man from the spectators who was anxious to take part in the sport. "Get in," cried Mikolka, "Get in all of you. I'll make her go." And then he hit the horse, and hit her, and in his fury knew of nothing else.

"Papa, papa," cried the child, "What are they doing? Papa, they are beating the poor horse."

Again the mare panted; then after a minute's stop tried to drag the cart on and almost fell.

"Whip her to death," yelled Mikolka, "that's the only thing to do. I'll start it."

"Hold on; you're no Christian, old villain," an old man in the crowd cried out.

"Did you ever see such a little horse drag a heavy cart like that?" cried another.

"Wretch," shouted a third.

"That's none of *your* business. It is mine. I'll do what I want. Get in, get in, all of you. She has got to gallop."

Suddenly Mikolka's voice was overpowered by shouts and bursts of laughter.

The mare overwhelmed with blows had ended by losing patience, and notwithstanding its weakness began to kick. The general hilarity took possession even of the old man in the crowd.

A horse who could scarcely stand up, kicking!

Two young fellows came out of the crowd with sticks and began to hit the animal on one side. "Hit her on the nose, on the eyes, eyes," shouted Mikolka.

"A song, my friends, cried some one in the cart. Then the whole crowd set up a horrible singing. The old peasant woman laughed and ate her nuts.

"Ah, wretch," yelled Mikolka, exasperated. He let his whip go, jumped down and picked up in the bottom of the cart a long heavy carriage shaft; with an effort, holding it by the end with both hands, he brandished it above the mare.

"He is going to knock her down," they cried around him. "He will kill her." "That's my lookout," cried Mikolka, and the shaft wielded by two strong arms fell with a crash on the animal's back.

"Flog her, flog her," voices cried out from the crowd. Again the shaft rose in the air, again it fell on the spine of the unhappy horse. Under the violence of the blow she weakened, but nevertheless with a jerk, and with all her remaining force, she dragged the cart on to escape the punishment. Still, from all sides she met the six whips of her persecutors. A third, a fourth time.

Mikolka is furious at not being able to kill her at a single blow. "She dies hard," they cried around. "Some one get an axe. That is a way to get rid of her quickly," suggested one.

"Get out of the way," cried Mikolka. He drops the shaft, and from the cart drags out an iron crowbar. "Look out," he cried again, and

launched a tremendous blow at the poor beast. She totters, sways, tries to pull but a second blow lays her on the ground as if her four legs had been cut instantaneously.

"Finish her," cried Mikolka, beside himself. The drunken fellows seized whatever was nearest and beat the animal while the owner stood near. "She is dead," some one cried. "Well, why didn't she gallop?"

"That's my lookout," roared Mikolka, still holding the crowbar in his hand. His eyes were red and bloodshot, and he seemed to regret only that death had taken away his victim. The crowd began to sing again. More wine was

drank. The fat old woman winked and ate her nuts, — and Raskolnikoff awoke, panting hard with body wet with perspiration and hair dripping.

He sat down under a tree and breathed hard. "Thank God, it was only a dream." His limbs felt as though they were broken. Leaning his elbows on his knees, he let his head fall in his hands. "My God," he cried, "how can I take an axe and go and cut open the head of that woman. How can I walk in the warm sticky blood—force the lock—steal—then hide, trembling, all bloody—with the axe,—How—can I?

A PATENT LOCK.

'T WAS at a regatta ball they met—
The name of the place I quite forget—
He one of Yale's victorious crew,
She in a dress of crimson hue,
Both skilled in Terpsichore's art.

At parting he gave her his boutonnière,
Which she fastened into her dress with care.
The pin she used was a golden key,
And the question he asked was, naturally,
"Is that the key of your heart?"

She smiled and shook her pretty head;
"No, that's the key of *his* heart," she said
Then glancing up in a saucy way,
"And it fits no *Yale lock*, let me say,
Tho' your crew is so smart."

AN AMBITION.

I HAVE sometimes felt almost oppressed with the thought of how much of the effort of a man's life is spent in accomplishing results which, so far as every one but himself is concerned, are perfectly transitory. Those possessions which are the chief glory of the man, which he has very likely striven hardest to gain, are so peculiarly his own that they must go down

with him into the grave. The scholar's learning, the merchant's information and tact, the artisan's skill,—these all require long years of earnest labor, but when at this cost they have been gained, the chief part of each of them can last only as long as the lives, short at best, of their possessors.

In such a mood as this I have got relief by

remembering that the permanence which we fail to find in any man's own attainments is really secured through his influence on the men who are about him and who come after him. The scholar's learning perishes, indeed, but his spirit abides in the work of his disciples; the merchant's integrity is perpetuated in the character of those whom his example inspires, the artisan has his apprentice to whom he points out the path by which his own hands have learned their cunning. In short every man's work may have undying results, so far as he puts it into living men. There is after all a kind of immortality for the life on earth apart from the immortality of the soul; and so deeply have some men felt this that they have even thought the idea worthy to take the place of their discarded faith in the soul's eternal life.

"Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence;
* * * * * So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world."

In the line of such thoughts as these an ambition sometimes comes to me. It has not become a settled purpose of my life, but I keep it in my mind as a possibility for a life work which should be worthy of one's best energies.

My idea is to mould a town. I would go to some place, small as yet, but growing, and likely from its location to be important in the future. Perhaps a town in the West where the people

are full of hope and everything is tinged with expectancy might be best suited to my purpose. Having chosen the place, I would deliberately set myself to work to make the town my own, the expression in some degree of my ideal of what a town might be, in politics, in outward form, in society, as well as intellectually, morally, and spiritually.

I do not believe any given vocation would be essential in order to accomplish this result: an earnest school-teacher, or minister, or merchant, might, I think, so influence a community as to impress his own individuality upon it. And a man who should succeed in an attempt like this might well feel that his immortality on earth was won.

I do not mean to imply that no one ever thought of this before. I doubt not it has been actually done many times. I have heard of a town, not a new and growing one, but a town in one of the most conservative New England states that has been radically changed through the efforts of a single public-spirited family.

It may be that I shall never fulfil this ambition. I may never find the opportunity to take up the work; perhaps I am not qualified for it; my individuality may not be strong enough; my sympathies not broad enough for it: but yet men of wide observation and long experience have remarked that what a man wants in this world he generally gets, if he wants it enough,—wants it enough, "aye, there's the rub."

MISERICORDIA.

AS I sat in my window-seat a few afternoons ago, listlessly glancing over the columns of the New York *Tribune* my eye fell upon the following:—

"Mr. Roland Mortimer, the well-known sculptor died yesterday morning at his residence in Naples. Mr. Mortimer was a graduate of Harvard, but took up his residence in Italy a few years ago. Besides other very careful work he is particularly known for his remarkable statue of Misericordia. He leaves a widow, and one daughter in Italy."

"So Roland is dead," I mused. "And so sudden. Poor fellow! how happy and buoyant his last letter was! What a blow it will be to his wife and little girl! What"—but no. These thoughts cannot interest a stranger, and I must give only the outline of Roland's life.

Though he was some years my senior, circumstances had brought us much together, and had cemented a firm friendship between us. Like many boys who are early left orphans Roland grew up with a manner reserved but respectful. The side of his boy nature which

only a mother's love could cultivate remained for years undeveloped. With the abundant means left to their care Roland's guardians lavished every expense upon his education; and, though not a scholar, his loathing for a business life left college open as his only course. At Harvard he was respected but not popular. The early loss of home influences had taught him to care little for society and less for amusements. He was, in short, an isolated man, and lost his reserve in the presence of works of art only. Early in his college course Roland began to devote his spare moments, and having no great incentive to work he found many of them, to sculpture, and before he was graduated he fully determined to make this his life study.

Immediately after his Commencement, Roland sailed for Europe and spent a large part of his time in Italy. He found Naples peculiarly attractive, and having no scruples of patriotism determined, after settling his affairs in America, to return and take up his residence in Naples. His life here was mainly devoted to his art, and it was not long before his name was favorably mentioned by connoisseurs. Though much sought by leaders of fashion he entered little into society preferring his few but firm friendships with fellow artists to fashionable gaiety.

Circumstances, perhaps birth, made Roland of a dreamy nature, and it was often his custom to sit far into the night with an unopened book in his hand and watch the figures in the smoke as it curled slowly up from his pipe. His meerschauum was his boon companion.

II.

There are times in the life of every artist when the world seems out of joint, nor was Roland Mortimer an exception to this rule, as the following extract from one of his letters shows:

* * *

"Yesterday everything went amiss with me. Instruments and hands all lost their wonted power of expression. Night came on, and I had accomplished nothing. At last, in despair, I took a favorite book and my pipe, thinking that I might perhaps find in these some conso-

lation. It was useless, and in a few moments I laid my book aside. My pipe I kept, for I have learned to look upon that as the companion of my solitude. I do not know how long I sat. I must almost have dreamed, and yet it was so real. As the smoke rose from my pipe I saw in it a lovely face. I can close my eyes and see it now. Only the face, no more; but so beautiful in its simplicity that I shall never forget it. The soft, kindly eyes full of pity drove away all my despondency, and I sat as though spellbound, and could not turn my eyes from her's. Only for a few minutes, and she was gone."

* * *

Roland gazed for some time at the spot where the face had been. The place possessed a strange fascination for him, and yet he felt an irresistible impulse to model the departed face. Hour by hour he worked on, as though inspired, shaping the beautiful memory, nor did he stop until the evening of the following day brought his work to a close. He had modelled the head and neck only, — there his work paused. He could not finish—his model was gone, and until that was found he must leave his work undone.

In the days which followed, Roland's health broke down, and he was obliged to take to his yacht for rest.

III.

The storm which broke over the heel of Italy five weeks later was very severe, and damaged shipping in the harbors as well as wrecked many vessels coasting along the shore.

Nestled among the cliffs near the beach two or three miles south of Taranto is the cottage of Bernardo Rosetta, a fisherman. The morning following the gale, Bernardo, leaving his daughter Maria at home, went out early to patrol the coast, as was his custom after a storm. A few rods above his house he was joined by two other fishermen, and together they examined the shore in the direction of Taranto. About half a mile to the north, amid a pile of broken spars and ship's timber they discovered the bodies of two men, bruised and almost lifeless, and a little further on the corpse of a common sailor. Leaving for a time the dead they hastened with the living back to Bernardo's cot,

tage, where Maria, for experience had taught her, was ready to receive the shipwrecked. Every care known to the simple Italians was lavished upon the sufferers, but many days passed before they were out of danger. During their whole sickness Maria in her peasant's way nursed them most tenderly.

The day after Roland returned to consciousness, as Maria was bending over him and smoothing the covering of his couch, Roland looked into her eyes for the first time. Where had he seen that face before? Was it possible? Yes, he remembered now. Though the features were somewhat changed, the expression was

the same; and the attitude—all betokened pity.

So soon as his strength would allow, Roland hastened home to Naples, and once more at his task with his new model finished the neglected statue. His *Misericordia* proved to be his master stroke, and received the merited praise of the artistic world. But Roland Mortimer had not forgotten the shore of Taranto. His visits to Bernado Rosetta's cottage were frequent and before a year had passed Maria made her home with her true sister *Misericordia*. In his family life Roland Mortimer found that which he had long unconsciously craved,—the substitute for a mother's love.

R. M. Fullerton.

AN AUTUMN PARTING.

A broad white wake behind me gleams,
 As on I speed,
 And like a farewell signal seems,
 As backward on the swell it streams,
 And waves adieu, my isle, as thy fair shores recede.
 To thee, my isle, my summer home,
 My heart still clings;
 And once again I seem to roam
 Through forest, or where breakers foam
 'Gainst cliffs about whose brows soar gulls on snow white wings.
 With giant blocks in ev'n array
 Majestic rise
 Thy cliffs; along their edge I stray,
 While purple headlands far away,
 Or slender spires succeed before my wond'ring eyes.
 Half down the lofty side I stand
 In some ravine;
 A glimpse of sea and distant land
 I catch through trees on either hand,
 While far below a brook foams seaward half unseen.
 Forever 'mid thy rocks and woods
 I fain would dwell,
 Where none disturb thy solitudes,
 Nor wintry tempest e'er intrudes.—
 But fast, my isle, thou fadest,—once again, Farewell!

H. A. Davis.

BOOKS.

CÆSAR'S ARMY: A Study of the Military Art of the Romans in the last days of the Republic. By Harry Pratt Judson. Boston: Ginn and Company. 1888.

MR. Judson has undertaken to find out exactly what the Roman army in Cæsar's time was like, and how it was used in war. He has illustrated his account by some comparison with the military science of the present time. Anything that helps to humanize Cæsar is a boon; and the Gallic War has much interest from the point of view of military science. Many a class that now groans over Cæsar's use of the subjunctive in the *oratio obliqua* might be greatly stimulated, even in their grammatical work, if they could be taught something of the real science of war, ancient and modern, at the same time. The ordinary meagre information about what the *vineæ* and the *testudo* were is not sufficient. This book gives much that is requisite for such a study, and will be indispensable to teachers of elementary Latin. It contains a number of well-executed wood cuts, including a delightful picture of Cæsar's bridge (well known as a veritable *pons asinorum*) and many good maps and plans.

A GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF THE HISTORY AND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By William W. Rupert, C. E. Boston: Ginn and Company. 1888.

The first part of this book is a list of topics in United States history from the discovery of America to the present time. Occasional and apparently well chosen references are given to books of history, mostly of the more popular sort. Teachers of United States history will undoubtedly find this portion of the book useful in furnishing subjects for pupils' themes and in other ways. The rest of the book is occupied with an exposition of the Constitution. Considerable historical matter in regard to the Constitution is given, and, if a study of the Constitution is a profitable method for young scholars of learning about the real character of our government, this book will prove helpful. An appendix gives various interesting information. It is pleasant to observe that Mr. Rupert limits to about thirty the dates in American history that one must commit to memory.

COLLOQUIA LATINA. By Benjamin L. D'Ooge, M. A. Boston: D. C. Heath and Company. 1888.

Professor D'Ooge thinks that the beginner in Latin is interested in the language, as he can be in no other way, by learning to speak it a little. This book gives a series of Latin dialogues for class-room use, adapted to several of the best books of first lessons in Latin. If it helps to bring in the day when we are taught from the start to understand Latin without translating, it will hasten a much to be desired end.

PRACTICAL POLITICS. By Theodore Roosevelt. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York and London: Knickerbocker Press. 1888.

MR. Roosevelt in his *Essays in Practical Politics* has taken a new departure. The book is an exposition of the workings of the machine and the tricks and ways of bribing used by the dishonest politicians of the New York Legislature. These essays can not fail to be interesting as revealing the various directions which the ingenuity of the ring politicians take; yet it is humiliating to think that men who are capable of such dishonorable practice should not only have a hand on the government of our American Republic, but even hold full sway in some of the state governments. There is a bitter but unconscious irony in our use of the suffrage in Mr. Roosevelt's statements that after careful investigation he has arrived at the conclusion that in spite of all that has been said to the contrary an honest man's chance of election is about ten per cent better than that of a thoroughly corrupt man, and that he thinks the majority of the New York legislature are honorable men. It is a pleasure to record on the other hand that among certain gentlemen of this legislature who would have done honor to any legislative body in existence, is mentioned Carleton Sprague, Harvard, '81, a former editor of the *Advocate*. Mr. Roosevelt advances the theory that "the larger the constituency which elects a public servant the more apt that servant is to be a good one." It would be interesting to know whether the author considers the present occupant of the gubernatorial chair at Albany as an exception which proves the rule, or as one of the many cases from which he induces his theory. The book is simply and clearly written and we heartily recommend it to our readers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM ROBERTS BROTHERS.—HARVARD VESPERS. Addresses to Harvard Students by the Preachers to the University. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1888. \$1.00.

FROM GINN & Co.—NEW PLANE AND SOLID GEOMETRY. By G. A. Wentworth, A. M. Also Descriptive Geometry by Linus Faunce. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1888.

FROM OUTING Co.—JANSEN'S AMERICAN AMATEUR ATHLETIC AND AQUATIC HISTORY. 1829-1888. Illustrated. By F. W. Jansen. New York. Outing Co. 1888. 75c.

FROM HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.—POETRY, COMEDY AND DUTY. By Charles Carroll Everett. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company. 1888. \$1.50.

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

June 19. Signet Elections. President, H. H. Darling; Secretary, F. E. Zinkeisen; Treasurer, C. H. Moore; Librarian, W. F. Richards.

June 20. Base Ball. Harvard, 9; Beacon, 1.
Hasty Pudding Strawberry Night.

June 21. O. K. Strawberry Night.

June 22. Class Day. Orator, H. Page. Poet, C. T. Sempers; Ivy Orator, J. H. Sedgwick; Odist, H. S. Sanford.

June 23. Base Ball. Cambridge. Yale, 8; Harvard, 0.

June 26. Base Ball. New Haven. Yale, 5; Harvard, 3. Yale wins championship.

June 27. Commencement.

June 28. Columbia-Harvard Freshman Race, New Lon-

don. Harvard beaten by 4 lengths. Harvard: Bow, Parker; 2, Winthrop; 3, Randol; 4, Perkins; 5, Longstreth; 6, Longworth; 7, Hammond; stroke, Cumnock, capt., Farquhar, cox.

June 29. Harvard-Yale Race. New London. Harvard beaten 21½ lengths. Time: Yale, 20 m. 10 s.; Harvard, 21 m. 24 s. Harvard: Bow, Storror, '89; 2, Markoe, '89; 3, Trafford, '89; 4, Tilton, '90; 5, Davis, '89; 6, Schroll, L. S.; 7, Finlay, '91; stroke, Alexander, L. S.; cox., Whitney, '89.

Sept. 27. Academic year begins. Second ten of Institute of 1770, from '91. Bangs, Bishop, Longstreth. Nichols, Parker, Post, Richardson, Shaw, Williams, Winthrop. Honorary member, Finlay, '91.



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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOLUME XLV.—No. II.

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., OCTOBER 26, 1888.

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XLVI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., OCTOBER 26, 1888.

No. II.

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THE WEEK.

WE regret to announce the resignation of Mr. Thornton Woodbury and Mr. W. K. Post from the board of *Advocate* business managers.

We have the pleasure of announcing the election of Mr. J. M. Newell, '89, as business manager from 'Eighty-nine also of Mr. W. K. Post as regular editor of the *Advocate* from 'Ninety, and of Mr. C. B. Hurst, from 'Ninety-one.

The success of the Tariff Reform Association Mass Meeting as a meeting is unquestioned. It has excited the greatest interest, and has made a mark for itself as the most remarkable meeting of the whole campaign. Nevertheless we cannot but wish that as it was a tariff reform meeting a little more had been said about the tariff and a little less time spent in pulverizing Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge. Mr. Lodge has seen fit to give expression to some sentiments which whether true or false do not add to Mr. Lodge's honor; nevertheless, we think what he has said is comparatively of so little importance that the time of the meeting could

have been better spent. However, there is no doubt that the affair has made a great impression, and although it may not represent the sentiment of Harvard College in its entirety, it certainly shows what latent energy and enthusiasm there is here when any serious interest is taken in a matter, and points to good results when seriousness of purpose is shown in athletics. The *Advocate* is glad to be able to congratulate Mr. Howe and Mr. Smith for the remarkably able way in which they represented college oratory and thought. And the *Advocate* is also glad to notice that a similar meeting is being thought of among the Republicans: anything that will show forth Harvard men as men redounds to the honor of the college.

The *Monthly* recently contained a very interesting article on the Religious Revivals of last winter and the future possibilities. Last year a phenomenal comet-like moral crusade sprang into being. It was not a great success though its agitators are to be congratulated for the work they did. But one of the great reasons that the Globe Theatre meetings were comparatively unsuccessful lies here. Harvard College is widely known. Everything about it is eagerly picked up in the daily papers. Now for some time there has been a growing sentiment amongst Harvard graduates and clubs that Harvard to-day seems to regard nothing seriously. Especially in athletics is there seen a lack of thoroughness of purpose and it is very natural that the public seeing this should suspect the undertaking of last winter possibly to be only a momentary fad or enthusiasm not wholly deep seated. Whether this is so or not it leads us to revert again to what the *Advocate* said in the last number, a plea for more seriousness.

More earnestness in athletics. We do not

mean merely in the teams but amongst the college at large. There is a great want of thorough determination to support the college athletic organizations. So long as there is any fun in them the college will stand by them; but the moment failure occurs then the interest dies down. All managers know how hard it is to get subscriptions for a losing team. This must not be so. Look at lacrosse. The team won us the championship several years. No interest was taken by the college and this year there are no men out practising for the lacrosse team. In the same way with subscriptions. We should know that unless money was absolutely needed subscriptions would not be asked, therefore when we are called on we must do our duty without grumbling. If the teams are worth having at all they must be backed up seriously. If we are going into a thing let us go in thoroughly. This lack of seriousness in thinking of our duty to the teams and the college is a serious defect. In passing we would say that this lack of serious principle has again just showed itself in the action of the classes in regard to the torch light procession. All is done for fun, no regard paid to real principle or duties.

Not only should athletics be supported but we must say that the present attitude of the college toward the college papers is very discouraging. It is the fashion to decry them, to aid them in a half-hearted way and to moan and groan over any attempt to urge the necessity of supporting them.

College papers, it is true, occupy an anomalous position. They necessarily cannot afford the interest of the great magazines and journals of the outer world but they certainly are worthy of support. In the first place they are almost the only means of arousing attention to certain objects, the medium by which one man can reach the minds of many. In the second place they afford an opportunity for the display of whatever talent there is in college and offer a chance for its practice and growth. They are in a way the expression of the intellectual life of the College. But when no encouragement is given to the paper, when its subscription list falls low, when

the college fails to back it up, it is a great source of discouragement to any mental growth. A man sees that the college is not interested in such matters and he fails to exert himself. The college does not seem to realize that a college paper is in the same position as the base ball nine. The more support it gets the better it becomes, the greater effort it puts forth. When only a few dozen men witness a foot ball contest a man's best forces cannot forthwith much more difficulty. If there is no sign in the college of any interest in intellectual growth the growth will become weaker. There is little satisfaction though great virtue in acting under no encouragement. It is said that the *Advocate*, the *Monthly* and the *Crimson* cannot all exist, that there is no demand for them. We think that they can and ought to continue. They occupy different fields and draw forth different interests. We wish that college men would think this over a little. Yale University has four papers all well supported. Did it ever occur to some men that when help is given to the literary part of the college, more aid might be extended to the athletic portion. A mutual, interlocking interest would do more for the condition of our athletic and literary organizations than any reluctant, universal support afforded by either one to the other.

"The *Record* published yesterday the statements of several citizens of Cambridge protesting against the hoodlumism indulged in by some of the Harvard students, and asking that the authorities should see that they got their deserts before the courts. The *Record* promised some time ago to use its influence to make odious the midnight rowdyism which has so long disgraced Cambridge, and it proposes to give it that publicity that it will not seem so funny as it has in years gone by."

This and several other articles referring to "toughs and hoodlums" of Harvard have lately appeared in the Boston papers and notably the *Evening Record*. The same tendency occurred last spring to publish heated, exaggerated, false items about the college. As an example, a highly sensational article appeared last May, headed "Two Harvard Seniors" when the fact was that the two persons in question were not connected with the college in any way. We

think that now the thing has gone too far. We certainly wish to defend nothing disgraceful which happens out here—far from it—but that every small misdoing should be given the greatest notoriety and commented on with abuse by papers who profess to search for the truth in all matters we feel we have just cause for complaint. When the *Record* sees fit to talk about “hoodlumism and midnight rowdyism” we maintain that it is wilfully misrepresenting the state of things in Cambridge. The *scurrilous indecency* of publishing such articles as appeared in the *Record* on the 16th, 17th, and especially 18th of October was entirely unnecessary and

unwarrantable and we know it has been censured by all decent people. Such sensationalism may add to the circulation of a paper amongst a certain class but never to its worth or respectability. It is well known that a prejudice exists in journalism against college-bred men. Many prominent men have remarked on the tendency of some journals to distort any item to the discredit of a college. The *Advocate* hitherto has been silent on the subject but we think now that we voice the opinion of the college and of outsiders in publicly condemning these latest false and insolent inventions.

A NINETEEN CENTURY ROMANCE.

POLICEMAN Jeremiah Sniggins, having lived for a number of years among neighbors who felt themselves to be a good deal higher in the social scale than he, determined to remove to more congenial surroundings. Accordingly he came to K Street. A jocose person upon hearing of Jerry's removal asked him if he liked better to be a large fish in a small puddle than to be a little fish in a big puddle. Jerry severely repelled the jocose person's familiarity, possibly because the question was a leading one. However the relative sizes of Jerry and the puddle have no concern with our story, and I will but cursorily remark that, if we were to look upon K Street as a puddle and Jerry as a fish, we need never fear drowning in the puddle, while to catch the fish we should need a very strong line. That is to say in plain prose that Jerry was king of K Street.

K Street is in a retired portion of Boston, accessible to no street cars nor omnibuses. It is almost primeval in its simplicity: dirty, healthy children make mud-pies on the sidewalk, while their mothers, standing in the door-ways with bare arms akimbo upon their hips, seemed to do nothing but chatter and gossip the livelong day, now with each other, and now with the butcher's boy, or the grocery man. On this street, in a snug little house, the pride of the community, lived king Jerry and his daughter,

princess Sally. It was to Jerry the neighbors gave their respect and awe, as he walked regally down the street, resplendent in gray helmet and brass buttons, paying no sort of attention to sundry wondering urchins, but bowing condescendingly to their respectful elders; but it was on Sally, that all the love and sympathy were lavished. O, cheerful, blue-eyed Sally; O, pretty, plump, and buxom Sally; O, industrious and thrifty Sally; who is there that would not love thee? Not the ragged little children, for whom your pocket ever has a sugar-plum; not their good parents, for whom you always have a graceful courtesy and respectful greeting; and surely not your father that depends on you. For whose rosy face greeted him at the door with a smile and a kiss as he returned hungry and weary from a long day's tramp? Whose but yours, cheerful Sally? Whose thoughtful care was it that drew the arm-chair to the fire, put the slippers on the hearth to warm, and set forth the hot savory supper? Whose sweet and gentle voice sang to father the quaint, plaintive old songs he loved, till the tired man nodded and slept in his chair? Guard thy treasure well, friend Jerry, for should you lose her, though you be king of K Street, you would be poor indeed. But man was ever blind, and blind was Jerry. Look to yourself, good Jerry, for already young Peter, the huckster, has cast long-

ing eyes upon thy daughter, and, sad to tell, she has approved of Peter's tall, manly form, and handsome face.

Oh! why is age always so unsuspicious? Good mother, have you a son of sixteen? Think you his kind looks and soft words are for none save you? Undeceive yourself: already he has vowed eternal fidelity to some Dulcinea; and nevermore shall you have him all to yourself. Have you a daughter, worthy father? My life on it, she has found her Pyramus. It is the nature of youth to love, and why not Peter and Sally. The neighbors saw it early: it was well known in K Street how many a morning, when the shining brass buttons, gray helmet, and the club had departed round the corner, Peter would appear with a neat little wagon, and sleek, brown horse. Then would Sally, hearing the resonant cry of "berries all ripe," always find herself occupied in front of the house. Peter would stop, and in a timid manner would remark,—*"Fine day, Miss Sniggins."* Then Sally would blush rosy red, and reply,—*"Yes, Peter,"* whereupon Peter would depart in great confusion. It made no difference whether it rained, or whether it shined, Peter always said the same thing, and Sally would invariably reply,—*"Yes, Peter,"* thus oftentimes encouraging Peter in falsehood.

Matters went on in this way for some time, till Peter, gradually acquiring courage, made bold to say *"Sally"* instead of *"Miss Sniggins."* As time went on the neighbors grew indignant. They said it was a downright shame that an upstart like that 'ere Peter should be making up to a person of Sally Sniggin's position, and that Sally ought to know better. But for all that the little cart and brown horse kept appearing more and more frequently. And when she heard Peter's voice up the street, Sally's face blushed in a most unwonted manner, and her eyes grew strangely bright. The interviews grew more and more lengthy, and the neighbors noticed that, after his talks with Sally, Peter was extremely apt to make wrong change and blunder generally in a most unaccountable manner. At last it dawned upon Jerry that all was not as it should be, and by dint of inquiry he found out what was going on. Then

was Jerry "exceeding wroth." He felt himself insulted, his dignity compromised that a person of Peter's standing should presume to fall in love with his daughter. Of course his daughter had deeply offended him by daring to think of anyone but himself. So in the evening, when he came home, he refused the pretty lips put up so trustingly to his: he payed no attention to the comfortable arm chair, or the inviting supper waiting to be served; but stood perfectly still looking sternly at Sally, who was mute with astonishment. Then with a man's usual selfishness, forgetting in his own absurd dignity the cheerful face and thoughtful care that had made his home so pleasant, he drew himself up pompously, and said:—*"Sally, you are an ungrateful girl; you have been flirting with that low fellow, Peter, and acting in a way unsuited to your position."* As Jerry jerked out these imposing words, the quick tears sparkled in Sally's eyes, and, crying out, *"Peter is not a low fellow, and you are unjust,"* ran to her room. The kind little heart, always so submissive, was deeply wounded, and was running over with a sense of injustice, and defiance. Jerry, you are an old fool, and you will repent this day's work. For his part, Jerry was satisfied he had done his duty. The next morning he lay in wait for Peter. Presently the cry, *"berries all ripe,"* was heard coming down the street, and soon Peter, all unconscious of the trouble that was brewing, drew up at Jerry's door, and sprang lightly to the ground. Suddenly he became aware of a person resplendent in brass-buttons, gray helmet, thick club, and blue clothes. The presence with a very threatening front advanced towards him, and exclaimed in a loud voice:—*"Young man, I know what you want. It won't do, I tell you,"* and then in a tone of ineffable scorn, *"do you think my daughter is for such as you?"* (Jerry had heard this phrase at the play, and thought it very fine.) *"No, sir,"* the voice went on, *"you keep away from here, or I will make trouble for you."* Peter was in consternation; at last he gathered himself together, and was about to go, when he heard Sally sobbing within the house. In spite of his awe of the dreadful presence in brass buttons and helmet, he ventured to make reply. But he had scarcely opened his

mouth, when Jerry, incensed at his presumption, made a bound towards him. Peter was a brave man, but his heart quailed before this awful minion of the law, and he precipitously took to his heels, leaped into his cart, and drove rapidly away, leaving Jerry fuming on the sidewalk.

Several days elapsed, and nothing was seen of Peter, though a small boy declared he had seen him talking with Sally in a distant street. But Jerry was supremely happy. He felt that his firm attitude, and the magnitude of his social and official position had effectually driven Peter away, and he received the congratulations of his flattering neighbors with double satisfaction. He saw nothing suspicious in the fact that Sally appeared very suddenly to have forgotten Peter, and that she was more than usually attentive to him. One night in particular, he afterwards remembered, she kissed him very tenderly, and her voice, as she sang to him, was strangely sad and regretful, and, when she bade him good-night, her eyes were full of tears.

Silence reigned over K Street. The clatter of the ragged children had long ago ceased, and they were gathered to their folds. The women had retired, and the men smoking on the door-steps had knocked the ashes from their pipes and gone in. One by one the lights had disappeared, and darkness reigned. The distant barking of a dog, and the crying of an infant over the way broke the stillness. At last the bell in a neighboring steeple rang out midnight. As the last strokes died away, a little cart and horse appeared at the head of the street. It stopped, and Peter alighted. He made his way

noislessly to Jerry's house. A slight whistle, and then a light. A window opened cautiously, and Sally appeared. Habit compelled Peter to say, "fine day, Sally," and she whispered her reply, "yes, Peter." Then the light was put out, and a moment later Sally came out the door. O, Jerry, Jerry, why are you sleeping so soundly? Peter is robbing the bird from your nest, and still you lie there unconscious, sluggard that you are. Awake, stop them, and be quick. But, alas for you, good Jerry, you are already too late. Peter has taken the trembling, blushing Sally under his arm, he hurries her silently to his cart, he bundles her in, springs up after, seizes the reins, cracks the whip, and away they go rattle-bang over the pavement; Peter is a happy man, and Jerry a bereaved parent.

Tell me not then, you cynics, there is no romance in what you call our absurdly sensible age. What think you of this Peter and his Sally? What if his name was not Lochinvar, but only Peter; for all that he dared much for his lady-love. What, though he did not come riding out of the west on a gallant steed, brave the stern father to his face, and before his very eyes whisk the bird away; still he boldly stole his Sally like a good knight and true, and the little cart and brown horse will take them to the parson just as quickly, and then Peter will rejoice, Sally will shed tears of joy, and old Jerry will storm and rave. All honor then to Peter; and happiness and success to him who dared this bold stroke for Sally.

G. P. Wardner.

EPIGRAM.

"SING me," he said, "a song of life."
The poets rhyme it oft with rife,
The clash of sword and gleam of knife,
And martial sounds, the drum and fife,
The rhyme most used and best, is strife,—
But still there's one more word, 'tis wife."

"O ho!" said he, "what's in a name,
The meaning still is just the same!"

Charles T. Sempers.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

PREPARATORY SCHOOLS.

BY a very general division we may say that the kinds of schools, designed to prepare for college, are three; private schools, public high schools, and endowed academies. In the case of each, whatever the character of the performance, there is the same promise—to prepare for college. But each of the three kinds has a distinct character of its own; and it is well worth while to look into that character and find out, if possible, which kind is most effective, most likely to accomplish completely and successfully the end for which it exists. An investigation of this sort certainly has place in these days of “conditions,” private tutoring and “coaching,” and “special students.” Too many men come to college unable or unwilling to study for themselves. Now, is the fault wholly their own? Is there any remedy for the disastrous consequences at hand? Is one kind of school essentially any better than another?

I think that I do no injustice when I say, by way of denoting general distinctions, that private schools so-called, fit for college examinations; high schools, for college studies; and academies for college life. With the first, preparation for a college is a business; with the second, except in a few notable cases, it is little more than a boast; and with the third, it is a profession. These distinctions already indicate my position in the matter I have set out to discuss. By enlarging upon them, however, I hope to show those, who at first may disagree, that my position is thoughtfully taken.

In private schools the instruction is peculiarly a business. The head-master is senior partner in the establishment and necessarily feels a pecuniary interest above all other interests. Incidentally, of course, he finds it necessary to give something for what he gets, and so he aims to have his scholars pass their college examinations. If he has any other aims, they must be secondary. He desires his school to be large and his business to be successful. Mental and moral training are not primary considerations with him. Therefore, at the very least, we

must conclude that the private school inevitably *tends* to be a money-seeking establishment; and who does not know that in more cases than one the private school not only tends to be but also actually is a money-seeking establishment? But a preparation for college, which wholly or even partly slights moral and mental training, which is based merely on facts and a science of examination tactics, is far from deserving the name. The preparation is only for admission to college, and not for work in college, so that the candidate is about as much of a boy as when he entered school. He knows more facts, no doubt; but they taught facts at Dotheboys Hall.

That these remarks about preparation at private schools are not without foundation is shown by the evidence of college men themselves, some of whom have strong regrets about their school days and others of whom can tell of many a fellow whose chances and powers were greatly diminished and impaired by the early neglect of his school masters. Those, who tutor at all, know very well that their services are sought by fellows who are more often from private schools than from the public or endowed schools. And the college records in all probability have many more conditions set down against such men than against any others.

Private schools are often places of a minimum amount of work, competition, and healthful vigor. They fail to foster independence and originality. They put their students through luxuriously and tenderly. They may make gentlemen; but they seldom make scholars. At best they may make learned boys; but they seldom make wise, practical men. Of course few young fellows, at the time, object to easy study and tender care; and few parents or guardians ever come to know, till it is too late, of the lack of individual mental exercise, which their boys are enjoying lazily for the time and for which they are to suffer greatly in the future. Private schools, then, are deficient because they only prepare and do not train for

college; and their masters are not teachers because they incline to be subservient, because they are not always *masters*.

Is what I have said severe? But severity is not always a bad thing. A man's education and training may be measured by the character and intensity of his ambition. Do private schools tend to arouse high purposes or strong ambitions? Until young fellows have some really serious thoughts they are not truly prepared for college. Of course it is better if they are not wholly sobered and aged; it is better if they have youth and vigor: but their minds must have had some training and must be capable of some originality and application.

With high schools, preparation for college is chiefly a boast. No great reproach is meant in the saying of this, nor should any be meant. High schools in most cases do the best that they are able. They are dependent for their support, moral and pecuniary, on public sentiment; they have to educate all classes and both sexes in all sorts of courses; and they are local, and usually behind the times. A progressive school is expensive, and people are sure to growl about the school-tax; and a cosmopolitan school, supported by taxes, is not an American institution. It is true that a large number of men are sent to be fitted for college to the local high schools, either from lack of means or from a pride (as a rule, ill-founded) in home institutions: but it is also true that these men work at a disadvantage during their first year or two in college and that they enter with what—to speak euphemistically—we may call excusable provincialism. While the public high school is one of the most useful and creditable institutions supported by the American people, it is still, generally, a very imperfect means of preparing men for a higher education. When the average education is a college education, when colleges themselves have become public, or at least popularized, then and not till then can the public high school be regarded a successful agent in preparation.

There remains to be considered the Academy, or endowed school. This is at once cosmopolitan, progressive, and truly educational. It is not harassed by a dependence on the generosity of town meetings and appropriation committees;

its instructors receive fixed salaries and so have no direct interests in the yearly receipts; and, established for the sole purpose of higher education and held responsible to the colleges, it has as its first end and impulse the preparation of its students for college study and college life. So I believe the academy is fundamentally and intrinsically superior to either of the other sorts of preparatory schools. And it ought to be; for the others have preparation for college as a secondary motive.

But it is not my purpose to make this paper a eulogy and advertisement of the endowed academies. What eulogy one can give must be rather of the ideal than of any existing school. The best preparatory academies that we have are deficient in many ways. Some of them incline to set up aims that are too short-sighted, making more of mere preparation than of thorough mental training. They are in danger of being too professional, of falling into ruts, perhaps forgetting their first object and end. They may fail to foster manliness and morality. In spite of all however, they have beyond doubt the largest possibilities and the greatest promise.

They are what the other schools are not; they can be what other schools can not be.

The importance of individual mental training is recognized more and more. Our professors and instructors are demanding every year better material out of which to make their bachelors of arts,—not raw material, but material that has already been worked over and subjected to some of the processes of moral and intellectual education. There memory has been put down, and reason has been enthroned in memory's stead. "Sight work" is made the basis of examination, and the opportunities of an elective system are offered after matriculation. Obviously all preparatory schools, whatever their character, and primary aims, should be forced to co-operate with the colleges in these advances; and there is but one way in which this can be accomplished. Careful account should be taken of the number of hours of conditions received by the students from different schools, and the records published annually. These records would tell the story, in whosoever favor it might be, and school patronage would be turn-

ed in the right directions. Private schools, if their men received a larger per cent of conditions, would have to adopt new and deeper methods to live; and academies, become drowsy and short-sighted, would have to wake up to a new vigor. Patrons of schools and colleges have a right to demand enlightenment in the way mentioned, and all colleges should adopt every plan that will give protection to them-

selves and an impulse to more thorough education. At present, certainly, there is no way of passing very exact judgment on the merits of the different schools and academies. But the task is a serious one.

The secret of a college, whether as regards athletics, or as regards morals, or as regards intellectual attainments, is in the character of the schools that supply its students.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE LAST CAMPAIGN.

IT was at the close of November 4th, 1884, in a remote village of the Southwest, and the last minutes during which one could vote in the national and state elections were rapidly passing. I had that day cast my first vote, and was lingering about the polls with feelings which can be felt but once. The sun could not have been more than ten minutes from setting, when we heard shouts and cheers from the road which leads westward from the village. The idlers ran out into the street, and pulling their great slouch-hats lower over their eyes, tried to see the cause of the uproar. But so dense was the autumnal haze which frequently attends the sunsets in that country during the Indian Summer, that for several minutes nothing could be distinctly seen.

While I with the others was trying to make out what it was coming slowly up the road in a cloud of golden dust, some one shouted, "Hooray! It's Daddy Prater! He said he'd come!" and instantly the whole crowd set off on the run. I of course followed, and soon saw a sight, strange and to me inexplicable. But my companions seemed to understand it and to enjoy it greatly.

In the centre of a rude platform which rested on a wagon, was a group of three persons, one leaning back in a great armchair, and two standing immediately behind. When I drew nearer, I saw that one of these two was the village doctor, and from his attitude and expression I knew that the man in the chair was very sick. Indeed he could not hold up his head, and

gave no sign of life except to open and close his eyes at times. His evident weakness impressed one the more because of his powerful and gigantic build. I learned that he lived at the other end of the district, about five miles away, and that the only one of his family left was a daughter whom I saw following disconsolately close after the wagon. Her earnest entreaties and the commands of the doctor had served, I was told, to keep the old man at home during most of the day, but as the afternoon passed, his restlessness increased until it became almost frenzy. This would be the sixteenth presidential election at which he had voted, and vote he would, at any cost. They had accordingly constructed a platform of rough pine boards, and had placed upon it the intrepid old man.

The shouts of the crowd were apparently not at all lessened through the almost unconscious condition of the object of their admiration. One of them clambered up on the platform and thrust a ticket into "Daddy Prater's" hand; while two others, dressed in the prevailing style of the great Southwest, — slouch-hat, flannel-shirt, "butter-nuts," and high heeled boots, — leaped astride the mules which pulled the wagon, and belabored them into a slow trot.

And truly there was no time to spare; for, as the strangely loaded wagon drew up before the polling place, the sunlight had ceased to touch the heads of the doctor and his assistant, and the shadows of the western hills had crept almost to the very tip of the elm in the public square. As a dozen strong and gentle arms

lifted the chair from the wagon and bore it toward the window where votes were received, the old man's look rested a moment on the ballot he held, then turned inquiringly upon the doctor. The question he asked was plain, and the doctor smiled and shouted in his ear: "The straight ticket!" At these words, a smile quick and faint as the flare of heat-lightning, flashed over his face, and almost instantly the ticket fell from the hand which gentle friends were even then supporting and guiding to the window. Our sympathies were so wrought up that we scarcely noticed that the doctor had sprung forward and thrown his overcoat around the old man's shoulder so as to hide his face. Our thoughts were of the precious seconds; we felt and knew without looking, that not only was the tree-top no longer tipped with sunlight, but the church-spire also.

The clerk at the window had his hand on the sash. We bent forward breathlessly to see

what the commotion around the chair meant. Some one had caught the ticket as it fluttered from the old man's hand, and had now thrust it into his fingers and held them closed upon it. Again the chair was raised and moved close to the window, while friends supported the outstretched arm. The sash came down and almost caught the withdrawing fingers, but the ballot had been received, and we turned with a long breath of relief to look at the village clock. It was three minutes beyond time for closing, yet all of us,—Republicans, Democrats and Independents—alike blessed that clerk. And what is more, when it was found that the congressional vote was a tie between the nominees of the two great parties, not a word was said by the party against which the old man had voted, although a hundred men could have sworn that three minutes beyond the time for closing the polls, the vote of a dead man had been received and counted.

Raymond L. Weeks.

THE ANNEX MAID.

In Fancy.

HAGGARD and weary, pale and wan,
Painfully studying on and on,
Swift chimes the midnight and still the light gleams,
Greek roots and dark symbols entangle its beams,
'Neath the shade dark and grim glares the spectacled eye,
From those lips thin and pinched comes a dolorous sigh,
For the maiden is weary of grinding.

In Reality.

Slily pretending to study so hard
Playfully twirling her last summons card,
"What a fine afternoon, just the time for a lark,
How I wish some nice man, would take pity—But, hark!
There's Jack with his buggy," off trips the light feet,
And away speeds the vision, so fair and so sweet,
Of that maiden a-weary of grinding.

Theodosia.

KING COBBLER.

A PERSON who had occasion, late in the afternoon at any season of the year, to pass along one of the narrow streets in the eastern portion of London, would have been sure to see, standing at the top of a short flight of stone steps leading down into an obscure den below the sidewalk, a strange figure leaning upon a crutch. The being—one could not tell at first glance whether it were man or brute—suited well his surroundings. The dirty pavements, the slippery sidewalk, the uncomfortable houses that lined the shabby street, the dark hole lighted by a single window formed a natural home for such an imp of creation. The wretched being was a hunchback; his chin, scarcely thinner than his forehead, was drawn down between his shoulders which struggled to meet before his face. His arms though long and skinny were not much frailer than his poor weak legs. Without the crutch, he would hardly have been able to stand and even that support, a plain stick of wood with a short cross-piece at the top, was warped and crooked apparently from very contact with the misshapen body of its owner.

Nothing in human form could be conceived more repulsive than this man and yet, improbable as it sounds, this unlovely object was dear to a hundred hearts in that uncouth neighborhood. There were those, young and old, who, knowing little awe or reverence for the chief among their fellows, experienced the deepest feelings their natures afforded when they met this man. In spite of the noisome streets; in spite of the dark cellar into which, as it seemed to a stranger, the cripple crept as an animal would creep into its hole to escape from mankind; in spite of the terrible degradation of the human form containing the man's spirit, the fancies and superstitions of the people had fastened upon him and had transformed him into a fairer being. Eyes that were slow to catch the meaning of grandeur and nobility saw beyond this roughness a grand and noble nature. The man was called "King" by his neighbors and his shabby suit was transformed into a monarch's gown, his crooked crutch into a jeweled sceptre.

If the men and women passing by the old stone steps and the little window which admitted the few rays of light that ever gladdened the cripple's dwelling-place, had never had their fancies stimulated by an influence without themselves, it is doubtful that their sluggish minds would have beheld anything uncommon in the rude man who daily climbed the steps to catch a purer breath of air. It was the children who first of all learned to heed the beckoning crutch or to steal a glance through the window. What they saw within will be told immediately.

They saw very near to them peering through the discolored glass the face of the cripple almost on a level with them. He was seated on a rough wooden bench covered in part by a cushion of unrecognizable color. In front of this bench and within reach of the cripple's hands, was another bench upon which lay a confused heap of tools, lasts, wax and thread. These plainly indicated the trade that yielded a scanty subsistence to the occupant of the cellar. All about were strewn pieces of leather, broken lasts and cast-off shoes. On looking more closely, the children's eyes observed that the benches did not rest upon the floor but upon a platform raised several feet above the bricks in order that the cobbler might be as near the light as possible as he plied his trade. Four steps helped the cripple to ascend to his work-bench. The floor was paved with cold and damp bricks and was strewn with a miscellaneous collection of things that had fallen from the bench and had been neglected. The room was narrow; at one end was a mean fire-place where a fire rarely burned; along the wall opposite the door leading to the outside steps was a settee with a cushion of the same uncertain color as that of the work-bench. At the end of the settee on the same side was a door hidden by a leathern curtain, soiled and ragged. Interrupted as the light was by the form of the cobbler as he sat at his bench, that leathern curtain hanging over the aperture in the dusky wall and hiding the retreat into which the cripple vanished every night, had a mysterious importance in the sight of the children. This importance was increased

by the fact that, as it was whispered, nobody had ever penetrated the secrecy of the cripple's sleeping room. What took place behind the curtain became too awful a subject to be touched upon.

But the most singular of all the contents of the room was a large black book always to be seen lying upon the rubbish at the cobbler's side. If it had been a black cat the book could not have had a deeper significance, for, many a time, the quick approach of a face at one of the window panes surprised the cobbler as he bent over the book opened upon his knees. His chin almost rested upon the page; the top of his head was sunken between his shoulders, the ugly hump on his back becoming startlingly prominent. Imagine, if you can, a more weird picture than that presented by the cobbler as he pored over the book. The darkened window was a warning that some one was looking at him, and, though often unheeding of the observer without, he was wont to put aside the book sending a sound from his throat that might have been either a grunt of satisfaction at something he had read, or a token of displeasure at the interruption. The book as it fell at his side was seen to be without a clasp. The covers were spread apart by the warping of the leaves. If one had overcome his repugnance to touch such a close companion of the cripple and had taken the book into his hand, he would have found that it fell readily open at a certain page all stained and black with the imprint of the cobbler's thumb and fingers. Then bending to read, the startled intruder would have seen at a glance that the black book was a Bible and that on the open page, underlined and parenthesized by the stains from the cripple's finger as it traced the words, one passage stood out as though upon that alone the daily reader hung; as though the comforting lesson of those few words was sufficient for the most wretched and pitiful of men. What deep meaning did the narrowed life draw from the printed words? The wonder that would have prompted the question must have vanished as the eye passed along the lines. It was a part of St. Matthew's gospel and these were the words:

"And he that is greatest among you shall be your servant.

"And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted."

No longer need to doubt what passed through the shrivelled mind as it pondered these words. What if he, the meanest of men, had read a literal truth into the lines and had applied it to himself! What if the cobbler had said: "I am the humblest and therefore the greatest, I am the lowliest and therefore the most exalted!"

Groping along in his dark and feeble way, understanding little of the sacred meaning of the burning words and judging everything by an earthly standard, it was inevitable that the cripple should leap in imagination from his cobbler's bench to a monarch's throne, or should summon from the royal palace a form to sit beside him among his tools. How clear it seemed to his excited brain. Why! he sat upon a throne already! The steps to his workbench were steps to exaltation, the unfinished leather at his feet was his foot-stool, his rude crutch was his sceptre! He was a servant of servants and so a king of kings.

Did the poor man weary of his life while he pictured as far as he was able the luxury of a king's life? Ah no! Little he knew of what passed behind the walls of the palaces on the other side of the town, but he was convinced that the favored ones of royalty were little accustomed to serve. Those fine robes, those soft draperies were not the marks of serving-men, The leather apron, the dirty hands,—these were the badges of the common toiler.

This idea once fixed in the cripple's mind, the man became transformed by it. His nature, squeezed within the ugly form of clay, expanded until it seemed ready to burst its bounds. He had never been embittered by his misfortune; his face as it was turned to the window, though always repulsive from its ugliness, never frightened the children by any expression of spite. Knowing that every attempt he made to smile but made his face the uglier, he was forced to give vent to his growing happiness in a whistle. He whistled as he pegged away day by day; he whistled as he climbed the steps; he whistled as he stood on the sidewalk while the children gathered about him. He determined that he would win his title by serving well and, whether

he fashioned a little shoe to strengthen the ankle of a child or drew the coarse thread through the sole and upper of some laborer's boot, he did the best he could. Every peg was driven with good will; every stitch was tightened with an unspoken blessing. He could afford this service for it made the people who brought their well-worn shoes to him, his own people. In their need of him he became great.

The children soon fell into the habit of calling the cobbler "King." Attracted more than ever by his whistle they at last ventured into his shop and listened half-fearfully to him as he worked.

Then when he ceased whistling and, taking them into his confidence, read the words from his black book, they began to believe that he spoke the truth. They did not dispute him when they heard him mutter: "I am king, I am the humblest and the greatest." Their anxious questionings and their childish speculations at home aroused the curiosity of their parents and the strange story of the cobbler and his book spread among the neighboring tenements. The cripple was first looked upon as a harmless being whose mind had wandered a little, the consequence of long years of solitary life. It was seen, however, that there was no madness in his work nor in his treatment of his neighbors. Not an invalid in that dark street but was cheered by the hearty whistling of the poor man as he stood near his door; not an opportunity for any act of kindness was lost or avoided. Often when he gave full play to his imagination and described to a crowd of children in his shop the wonders he was to taste, there were men and women listening in the shadow, allured by the strange fascination of the scene. It was not long before every child had lost its fear and struggled to find a place upon the steps at the cobbler's feet. As the cripple waved his crutch above the heads of the little ones crowding about him, it seemed that he already was a king and they his obedient subjects.

One morning it was rumored through the street that the real king was to pass that way to visit a hospital near at hand. The news threw the cobbler into a fever of excitement.

Now he was at last to look upon the most exalted of the earth, the one destined to be humbled from his high position. Now he was to see himself in another guise. He, the servant, might look upon himself, the master, stripped of all his foul masking. He could not remain within his door; his fingers trembled too much to handle the thread and the awl. Seizing his crutch he placed himself at the top of the steps with his black book in his hand. Children and idlers gathered about him in expectancy.

"Ha!" he cried, "come children and neighbors, come gather about me whom you have called 'King.' With me look upon him whom the world thinks to be the greatest of mortals, who never lifts his hand to serve the best or the worst of his followers. Look upon me and believe to see in me the promise of my precious book fulfilled. He is least, because he is greatest; I am greatest because I am least."

As time went on the cripple's excitement increased.

"Run," he cried to those standing near, "run and collect all my friends. I must appear well before the mighty lord who is coming to see me. Come about me and cry out my name as I go forth to meet the usurper."

They were a rough and ragged lot, as poor a collection of subjects as ever king possessed, but the excitement of their leader was reflected in their obedient and devoted faces. The cobbler did not see their dirty hands and torn clothes. He saw only a happy nature in each a little darkened by the increasing awe now felt for him.

At length a shout was raised that the king was coming. A quiver shook the frame of the cobbler; his feeble limbs seemed to grow strong, as, discarding the support of the crutch, he waved it above his head and called to the children to keep close about him and to move forward with him to the curb.

The cavalcade came slowly down the street, over the rough stones slippery with mire. The days of gorgeous equipages had almost passed, but even such a display as this was seldom seen in that part of the town. The few horsemen riding before the king noticed the crowd of children but supposed that they were shouting for their honored sire. The crowd fastened

its attention upon the cobbler. No one dared to interfere or to pull him back.

As soon as the horsemen had passed, with eyes starting from his head, with his chin up in air, the cobbler advanced far out from the curb wildly waving his crutch with one hand and his black book with the other. As the coach drew near, it seemed as though the splendid horses must trample him under foot. The postillions did not see him, but the king, leaning out to find the cause of the unwonted shouting, caught sight for an instant of the wild figure in the road. Then he saw the foremost horses spring suddenly aside and at the same moment he saw the cripple dart forward as if to seize the bridle of the nearest horse. The violent jerking of the carriage threw him back into his seat and before he could recover himself, he knew that a shocking thing had happened.

The shouts of the frightened children, the gestures of the distressed women and the hoarse exclamations of the men told the king too well that the iron hoofs of his horses had done cruel work with a human form. He leaped from his coach just as a few strong men lifted a distorted form from the pavement and carried it carefully through the crowd of people to the

little shop. A little boy followed with a broken crutch and a sadly torn book.

The king heard the story of the cripple from the trembling lips of the children who loved their old friend better than this stranger before them. The king's face filled with wonder as he listened and when the simple story was fully told, with a strange light burning in his eyes, he pushed aside the crowd and carefully stepping down the cold stones that the cobbler's crutch had worn from day to day, he looked into the throne-room of his rival. There upon the throne which had hastily been stripped of its benches and useless tools was the prostrate form of the poor cripple, the pieces of his crutch lying at his side and the stained book upon his breast. Going hastily to the platform, the king knelt upon the steps and taking from his pocket a small flag of his country, he lifted the book and spread the emblem in its place. Pressing the book to his heart, he climbed again to the street. He called to him two or three of the men waiting with uncovered heads without and putting in their hands a purse, he whispered softly:

"Bury 'King Cobbler' as such a king deserves."

Herbert Henry Darling.

BOOKS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. N. Brooks. Putnam & Sons: N. Y.

For those who are just growing up to the sense of the greatness of our country and to the individual importance of each citizen in making the country, no life can be found more worthy of study than that of Lincoln. The simple directness, the true Yankee perseverance, the courage and yet tenderness of the man, the native wit and executive power all make up a life which every young man should know by heart.

This book is written in an attractive and life-like manner and at the same time contains an exceedingly full and true history of the times and the man. Mr. Brooks, as he says, "knew Lincoln with some degree of intimacy" and has certainly proved his ability to utilize that personal knowledge and the writings of other historians in making so attractive a book for the young. We cannot say as much for the illustrations as for the text.

HARVARD VESPERS. Addresses to Harvard Students by the Preachers to the University. 1886-1888. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1888.

THE man who fifty years ago should have prophesied this book would have been laughed at as a fond enthusiast. That the minister of the First Church in Cambridge should unite with a former minister of the First Parish Church, the minister of the Old South and the rector of Trinity with the minister of the Hollis Street to deliver a series of practical religious addresses from the pulpit of Harvard College is indeed a sign that the world moves. These Vesper addresses are of more than ordinary significance, because the five Preachers to the University have met one another neither to participate in some charitable enterprise (such coöperation has been known before) nor yet as representatives of avowedly different schools of religious thought, but as associate pastors who have a right to stand side by side because they are all alike

Christian ministers. The publication of this book is not only the first-fruit of the new system of college religious services, but the earnest of an age of toleration that shall mean not indifference to truth, but a deepened sense of its many-sidedness.

The addresses themselves are excellent examples of what short religious addresses should be. They are not sermons, but practical talks on different aspects of the religious life. Most of them are devoted to the enforcement of some single idea, as "The Simplicity which is in Christ," or "Moral Heroism." Occasionally there is a more elaborate address, such as Mr. Peabody's very striking one on "Coming to One's Self." Characteristic of all is the lofty faith and hearty moral earnestness that inspires them. They will take a high place among the volumes of academic sermons. To those who heard them they will be a prized reminder of one side of college life.

1. THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE. 1887. With annotations by R. R. Bowker. Questions of the Day, No. XLVIII. New York & London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; paper 8vo, pp. 38.
2. THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE. 1887. With illustrations by Thomas Nast. New York & London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; paper 8vo, pp. 38.
3. RELATION OF THE TARIFF TO WAGES. A simple catechism, etc. David A. Wells. Questions of the Day, No. LIV. New York & London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; paper 8vo, pp. 45.
4. TARIFF CHATS. Henry Philpott. Questions of the Day, No. LII. New York & London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; paper 8vo, pp. 38.
5. THE TARIFF AND ITS EVILS. John H. Allen. Questions of the Day, No. LIII. New York & London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; paper 8vo. pp. 122.

The books whose titles are given above may be classified according to the opinion of the reader in one of two ways; — first as essentially campaign documents, written on the eve of a presidential election for the purpose of securing converts from a so-called heretical political body; or second, as sincere efforts to deal scientifically with pressing national questions. A republican believing in protection and in a liberal management of government finances would be strongly tempted to think of these works as mere political documents; a democrat or a tariff-reformer, to adopt a phrase now much in vogue, would be inclined to rank them as text-books to be used in the instruction of a growing generation. To judge of the weight of any criticism of these works, therein, the political views of the critic must be known. If the critic is unknown evidences of prejudice or unfairness must be convincing.

In all of these examinations of the tariff there is one characteristic very apparent; that is, an element of partisanship. Truth is not put forward for truth's sake;

criticism is not made of theories as wrong without reference to political combinations. The free-trader and the tariff reformer turn from a calm discussion of the merits of the tariff question as a question for scientific investigation to attack and condemn the party which, for a quarter of a century has held more or less firmly to protectionist ideas. It must be admitted, therefore, that these essays have a strong flavor of politics; that they are interesting because they are timely rather than because they contain what is held to the true solution of the problem of which they treat.

President Cleveland's message has been before the public almost a year. No document has in late years received so many and so varied criticisms as this. To add a word would be impertinent, perhaps, but it would be well to notice that the bugbear of the surplus against which President Cleveland aimed his shafts has not caused as yet, thanks to an extravagant Congress, all the evils predicted from its presence; but while the present system of revenue continues, involving, as it does, dangerous tendencies, the message will retain its importance as the initial blow at the surplus.

Mr. Wells's little book deserves to be read as a handbook by all who wish to refute protectionist theories as to the fatal effect of low tariffs upon wages. We have never seen so many convincing arguments stated within so limited a space. The pamphlet is free from that extravagance of language which mars the effect of the last two works given on our list and which tends to put them on the plane of purely political documents. Mr. Philpott and Mr. Allen, the latter with much greater carefulness and depth, have brought forth once more the old arguments for free trade, illustrated by fresh material derived from the experience of recent years.

THUCYDIDES BOOK V. Fowler. Ginn & Company: Boston.

This edition of Thucydides by one of the college instructors seems to us to be very carefully edited. The work is based on the text of Classen, 1882. The notes, though useful, are chiefly explaining the constructions or the forms of words. An appendix contains valuable aid on some of the more difficult passages in the different treaties.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ADAMS, HERBERT B. Report of the Proceedings of the American Historical Association in Boston and Cambridge, May 21, 1887. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1888.

BARNETT, M. J. Justice a Healing Power. Boston: H. H. Carter & Karrick. 1888.

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN. Thanatopsis and Other Favorite Poems. Compiled by Sara E. Husted Lockwood. Ginn & Company.

EMERTON, EPHRAIM. Introduction to the Study of the

- Middle Ages [375-814]. Ginn & Co. 1888.
- FAUNCE, L. Descriptive Geometry. Ginn & Co. 1888.
- HAUFF, WILHELM. Der Zwerg Nase. Boston: Chas. H. Kilborn. 1888.
- HILL, DAVID J. The Social Influence of Christianity. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co. 1888.
- HUNT, LEIGH. Stories from the Italian Poets. First Series: Dante Alighieri. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.
- LAMB, CHARLES. Essays of Elia. 2 v. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.
- LODGE, HENRY CABOT. The Federalist: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.
- PHYFE, W. H. P. The School Pronouncer. Based on Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. \$1.25.
- PRICE, WILLIAM. Choix de Contes de Daudet. Boston: Charles H. Kilborn. 1888.
- ROBINSON, EZEKIEL GILMAN. Principles and Practice of Morality. Boston: Silver, Rogers & Co. 1888.
- WATERS, H. F. Genealogical Gleanings in England. XXII.
- WEIL, GUSTAV. The Story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Translated into German. Boston: Chas. H. Kilborn. 1888.
- WENTWORTH, G. A. A College Algebra. Ginn & Co. 1888. \$1.65.
- WILLIAMS, R. P. Laboratory Manual of General Chemistry. Ginn & Co. 1888.

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

- Sept. 28. Cricket Club Officers: President, Ellis, '89; Secretary and Manager, T. W. Balch, '90; Treasurer, Bayer, '89; Captain, R. D. Brown, '90; Committee on Matches, Quinby, Gr.; Keyes, '89; O. B. Judson, '90; Stokes, '91.
- Oct. 6. Foot Ball at Worcester. Harvard, 70; Worcester Technology, 0.—Cricket, Mystic, 67; Harvard, 17 for no wickets; game drawn.
- Oct. 8. Shooting Club Meeting. President, C. Greene, '89; Vice-president, E. W. Grew, '89; Secretary, R. H. Post, '91; Treasurer, C. B. Barnes, '90; Executive Officer, W. K. Post, '90; Directors, Marquand, '89, Ware, '90, Lamb, '91.
- Oct. 9. H. A. A. Meeting. President, G. S. Mandell, '89; Vice-president, G. B. Painter, Treasurer, E. C. Sturge's '90; Secretary, J. Wendell, '91.
- Oct. 10. Freshman Marshals for the torch-light procession, Kidder, Thompson and Cromwell. Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament at New Haven. Singles, P. S. Sears, Harvard, '89, first; Hall, Columbia, '90, second. Doubles, Hall and Campbell, Columbia, first; Sears and Shaw, Harvard, second.
- Oct. 11. Senior Class Meeting in Lower Massachusetts. Class Day Officers from '89: Secretary, J. H. Ropes; first marshal, P. D. Trafford; second marshal, E. C. Storrow; third marshal, J. T. Davis; orator, W. W. Magee; poet, C. Hunneman; odist, R. E. N. Dodge; ivy orator, O. Prescott; chorister, M. A. Taylor; class day committee, C. M. Thayer, G. T. Keyes, J. H. Sears, class committee, F. E. Parker, H. H. Darling, J. G. King; photographic committee, M. D. Kimball, H. E. Meeker, P. M. Lydig.
- Oct. 12. W. W. Willard, L. S., elected captain 'varsity nine. Third Ten Institute of 1770 from '91; Leiter, Keene, Codman, Barlow, Mariner, Geary, Weld, Amory, Wendell, Emerson. Officers O. K. for second term; president, C. Hunneman; secretary, O. Prescott; treasurer, J. P. Morgan; librarian, P. F. Hall.
- Oct. 12. Harvard Union. Question, "Resolved, that the re-election of Grover Cleveland would be for the best interests of the country."
- Affirmative: Shattuck, L. S., F. B. Williams, L. S., negative; Bronson, L. S., W. W. Magee, '89. Vote on merits of question; affirmative, 117; negative, 114. Merits of principal disputants; affirmative, 66; negative, 155. Merits of debate as a whole; affirmative, 47; negative, 28.
- Oct. 13. Foot Ball. At Cambridge, Harvard, 18; Technology, 0. At Newton, Newton High School, 22; Harvard Freshmen, 0.
- Oct. 15. Tennis Association meeting in Holden Chapel. Officers: Pres., P. S. Sears, '89; Vice-Pres., T. S. Tailer, '89; Sec'y and Treas., S. W. Sturgis, '90; Directors, Lee, '89; R. D. Brown, '90; Shaw, '91; Chase, 92. Elected to Art Club: Manley, Weld, G. H. Norman, from '89; Wheeler, Matthews, Hunnewell, from '90; Longstreth, Clark, Crosby, Burnett, from '91.
- Oct. 16. Foot Ball at Brookline. Harvard, '92, 12; Boston Latin School, 4. Meeting Harvard Total Abstinence League in Sever 11.
- Oct. 17. Foot Ball. At Exeter, Harvard, 39; Exeter, 6. At Andover, Phillips Andover, 10; Harvard Second Eleven, 0. Harvard, '92, 28; Cambridge High School, 6. Canoe Club Meeting. Officers: Commodore, B. B. Crowinshield, '90; vice-commodore, R. E. Townsend, '89; purser, B. P. Cheney, '90; Exec. Committee, C. Greene, '89; C. L. Crehore, '90; R. B. Potter, '91. New members: '89, R. V. D. W. Walsh; '90, J. E. Codman, H. Corning, R. Tyson, C. J. White; '91, A. B. Holliday,

N. Perkins, W. N. Randol, J. Wendell; '92, C. P. Cheney, W. N. Duane, E. B. Walker. Officers St. Paul's Society: Pres., A. D. Hodges, '89; Vice-Pres., R. D. C. Ward, '89; Sec'y, G. Rublee, '90; Treas., C. G. Page, '90; Librarian, A. V. Woodworth, '91.

Oct. 19. College Tennis Tournament. Winners in doubles, W. L. Kingsley, M. S. and W. L. Jennings, '89; in singles, Chase, '91. Meeting Tariff-Reform Association in Tremont Temple, Col. C. R. Codman, presiding. Speakers, Dr. Wm. Everett, Messrs. Grimke, Quincy, Howe, '89; E. J. Smith, L. S., H. N. Shepard, Sherman Hoar.

Elected to Connecticut Club from '92. R. P.

Freeman, W. M. Weed, K. E. Rogers, S. A. Davis, A. M. Day, G. C. Chapman, H. L. Grant. Honorary members: Prof. C. N. Lanman, E. H. Babbitt, W. A. Setchell, A. Bard.

Oct. 20. Foot Ball. At Middletown, Conn., Harvard, 34; Wesleyan, 0. At Worcester, Worcester Technology, 22; Harvard '92, 0.

Elected to Historical Club. A. C. Miller, Gr.; J. A. Hill, Gr.; E. Wright, s. s.; from '89, G. S. Howe, J. M. Newell, J. H. Proctor, I. A. Ruland, C. M. Thayer, C. Warren, M. Whitridge, M. Winkler, G. E. Wright.

Tennis. P. S. Sears retains Harvard championship in singles, beating Chase, '91.



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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOLUME XLV.—No. III.



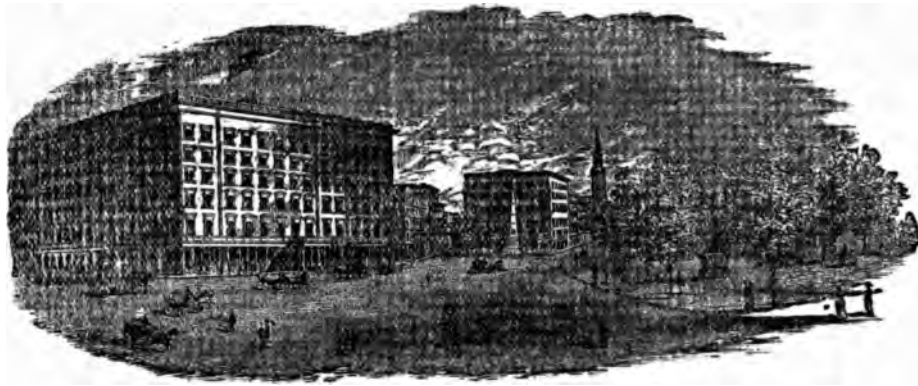
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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., NOVEMBER 9, 1888.

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XLVI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., NOVEMBER 9, 1888.

No. III.

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. The Editors cannot undertake to return manuscript.

THE WEEK.

THE recent resolution of the Overseers, asking their committee to report on the advisability of a return to the compulsory system in religious services and recitations, was adopted with strange disregard of the impression such action as reported in the newspapers was sure to create. It is very desirable indeed that the Overseers should inform themselves of the actual working of the present system. As a matter of fact they seem not to comprehend the theory on which the college is at present administered, and nothing illustrates this better than the misleading and ineffective resolutions of this very sort which the Board from time to time adopts. Nor have they of late taken any pains — in the matter of religious services for instance to learn by personal inspection the practical working of that theory as applied, not simply in individual cases, but to the whole college. But all the more because of the ignorance frankly confessed by this resolution they have no right to prejudge the case, as they have done by asking publicly whether voluntary religion, and voluntary recitations, and generally the present administration of discipline in the college is not a failure. It is a proceeding

which will do as much harm to the reputation of the college as the heartiest hater of Harvard could desire, and which has no compensating advantages.

The new feature which distinguishes this vote from similar resolutions in the past, lies in the first clause, which suggests "the advisability of making attendance at daily prayers, or at roll-call for those who do not wish to attend prayers, compulsory." Supposing the proposed "roll-call" to be a purely mechanical affair, simply registering the daily attendance of students and attempting nothing farther, there might perhaps be no very serious harm done by it, but there is certainly little to be said in favor of an instrument of discipline so annoying to the students and so inefficient. We are not aware that any one supposes discipline in the University to have been better in the palmy days of compulsory religion. If, however, as the resolution hints, it is intended that the "roll-call" be in any way connected with the religious services of the University in Appleton Chapel, there are the most serious objections to such a scheme. When two years ago, the last vestige of compulsion was removed from the religious observances of the University, a dignity was given to the religious side of University life here, such as it had not had for at least a century and a half, such as perhaps it had never had. Morning prayers were lifted from a college exercise, disliked because required, spiritually barren because so generally disliked, to become a religious service full of meaning and beauty. Because the morning service is attractive and helpful, it is attended by congregations which do credit to the earnestness of college men. The new system, by which in this and other ways the place of religion in the University has been exalted, has hitherto proved

successful and gives promise of an increasing usefulness as time goes on. The one essential for this success and usefulness is that religion be absolutely divorced from college discipline. So strongly do the Plummer Professor and the Board of Preachers feel this, that not one of them (as we can say on the best authority) would for a day continue in the religious service of the University unless the Chapel be preserved from all defiling encroachments of monitors and marks and compulsion. If the Overseers want to attack the interests of religion in College they have begun in the right way. We are glad to believe that an examination of the actual facts will show them why the present system is better than the one to which they suggest a return. It is, however, profoundly to be regretted that they did not make this examination before they led the people everywhere to believe that discipline here is a failure, and that Harvard finds compulsory religion the only alternative to no religion at all.

We fail to see also the necessity of the action of the Overseers in regard to an inquiry as to the advisability of compulsory recitations. The present system seems to suit the members of the faculty. It lies in their hands to make attendance perfectly satisfactory. So the overseers know that every instructor is a judge for himself whether a man's presence at recitation is sufficiently frequent. Do they know that an instructor has full power to dismiss a man from his course and that this has more than once been exercised? Surely such power ought to be as efficacious as any system of compulsory recitation. The opinion is wide spread—and like many other false ideas about this college has gained ground—that attendance at recitations here is voluntary, that a man does just as he pleases. We who are out here, however, know that although it may be voluntary it is only partially so and that a man who pays no attention to his cuts soon finds that he comes to the end of his rope with a jerk. But it is said that some action is necessary to prevent the irregularity or absence of attendance during the first month of the college term. To us it seems that compulsory attendance is not necessary to effect

this. The cause of any abnormal number of cuts at this time is, it seems to us, the amount of time allowed for change of elects; for during this time no real record of attendance can be kept. All men except, perhaps, freshmen ought to be able to decide what course they wish to take as well in one week as in one month. Therefore if anything needs be done let us reduce this time or let instructors be more diligent but let not a system be brought back which the old prayer system, and the non-elect system is only a sign of the bondage that Harvard has thrown off. There is no reason why men who are old enough to form part of a great University should not be put on their feet in regard to recitations as well as in chemistry studies, in prayers and in orderly conduct in the yard. But we think this whole matter has arisen from misunderstanding of the present methods of the college and also from the exaggeration and misrepresentation of occurrences or absences which are comparatively of small number; and we hope that no action will be taken at all.

Last June after the Yale race, Mr. Peabody of the governing committee wrote a long letter to one of the daily papers giving his opinion of what would have to be done out here if we could beat Yale. One of his suggestions has already been carried out with great success, namely, more rowing and races in the first half of the year. But he continued his letter writing that never could we hope to equal Yale unless by the greatest exertions, without instituting some arrangement like her rowing tank. Yale has at any rate a great advantage over us in being able to row on the water later in the fall and earlier in the spring than we can. We have over her tank in the winter gives the rowers the practice which no work on the hydraulic rowing machines can give. These latter are good for teaching men time and to regulate their back and shoulders but the stroke itself cannot be taught with anything like the success which a rowing tank would afford. Is it too late now to make stir about a tank? If we remember rightly a rowing tank was built here very quietly and suddenly in the middle of the winter two years ago. We

see anything in opposition to our being able to do the same. The boat club is out of debt. The college would do its share no doubt in backing up the enterprise; and we hope that the rowing men since they have already entered on this scheme will take some action as soon as possible.

We have received notice of the proposed publication of a new paper called the "Collegian." It will be devoted to the best work among undergraduates of all colleges. Published monthly, it will contain editorials, stories, essays, poems, foreign letters, etc., and prizes are offered for the best stories, essays and poems, ranging from \$50 to \$10. Samuel Abbott Wakefield is the originator of the idea. We congratulate our brother editor on his enterprise; but we can hardly approve of it wholly since we are afraid that if any great competition arises for his prizes that it will weaken the college papers. We are in need enough now of all the material which we can obtain and to have the best part of that supply flow in another direction we can hardly regard as desirable, beneficial, or in any degree advisable.

We were sorry not to see more men present at the Symphony Concert last week in Sanders Theatre. The great privilege of having these concerts out here does not seem to be appreciated. The price of admission is small and certainly the enjoyment to be got from the almost perfect playing of the orchestra is very great. If a man has any taste for or delight in music, the cultivation of that taste ought to be as much a part of his education as the increasing of his mental knowledge. The more interests or enjoyments a man has the broader his life becomes and the more complete his mind. And those who have been in college only for a short time, and who have never taken pains to try to enjoy music we would especially advise not to let indifference restrain them but to attend at least one of these concerts. Also for the benefit of many who may not have been fully initiated into the mysteries of the library catalogue we would say that under the head of *music*, there is a large collection of standard symphonies, overtures, operas, waltzes and mis-

cellaneous music arranged for piano. Reference to this before the concerts out here or the Friday afternoon rehearsals may often be found profitable and pleasant; and while we are on this subject we should like to mention the fact that among those who are acquainted with the musical portion of the library there is some complaint of its deficiency in many respects, especially in piano arrangements of the more modern composers, Brahms, Raff, Dvorak, Schubert, Schumann, Chadwick, etc. In view of the great aid which access to these would afford to those taking Professor Paine's courses we wish that the lack of them could be remedied.

The extraordinary article in the *North American Review* entitled "The Fast Set at Harvard" is evidently prompted by some personal grudge against the University. The writer has undertaken not to improve the University by driving bad students out of it, but to hold up such a picture of the dissipated life of the most vicious men in college that good students will be frightened away. The article has no higher moral tone than *Town Topics* or the *Police Gazette*; it is most surprising that a magazine of any pretence to respectability should have published it.

As to what the writer says, it is doubtless largely true. He has been there himself, and he ought to know. There is no use in denying that the vice of the world outside exists in college. What we do deny is that this fact makes Harvard an unsafe place for a right-minded boy who is mature enough to be trusted alone anywhere. Every college is sensitive to the recital of the vice of depraved students, both because a college is expected by the public to be better than the world outside, and because the competition between colleges is so close. We gladly admit that a college ought to be a better place than the world outside; and we insist that the colleges can stand the test. There is no place outside of home where good influences are so strong and where they meet the bad influences so constantly as in college. A moral comparison of a graduating class at Harvard or any other good college with the same number of young

men of similar age and circumstances after four years in business in Boston or New York would throw only credit on college life. But the writer in the *North American* wants to make Harvard seem peculiarly bad. He is not successful. "The faculty," he says, "will rarely do more than frown or admonish." This is not true. What he says about last Class Day (or even if he refers to previous Class Days) is unquotable, and there is no reason to suppose it true. What he says of revelations from the physical examinations at the gymnasium is a bare-faced lie. On the other hand what truth he tells of Harvard might be told of other colleges in city and country. It is discreditable, but the discredit falls on all alike. The trouble is that parents forget that a college is not a reform school and so send to it boys with plenty of money and no moral principle. The Faculty cannot do detective duty. College would be intolerable to everybody if they tried. Hence there are here and in all the colleges a certain number of depraved students. It is at once the weakness and the strength of Harvard as compared with other colleges that the college is loosely organized. Men go their own gait, far less influenced by the men about them than at Yale, which has the solidarity of a well-knit community. At Harvard we are rather a collection of individuals. This makes the influence of such men as "Aleck Quest" describes far less than such a misproportioned sketch would lead the outsider to suppose. For the same reason, however, the moral condemnation passed by the majority, composed as it is of upright men has less effect than it ought to

have. A vicious boy will perhaps get less of reformation here than he ought, but he will do less harm than would be expected. The one thing which life at Harvard needs most is not that we should imitate, for example, the Yale system so that each member of the community should affect the others more, but that the moral disapprobation which the college feels for the vice of individuals should be made more effective. How to make it so is the great moral problem now before the college.

The contrast which the writer of the article makes between the Harvard to-day and of forty years ago is altogether mistaken. According to the testimony of competent observers the moral tone of the college has immensely improved instead of deteriorating in that period. For instance, a student, writing in his diary about forty years ago on the occasion of the inauguration of a president of the college, says, "Forty out of fifty seniors [the classes at that time numbered about sixty] who were in Cambridge were pretty 'tight,' and many out of the other classes." Even as an exaggeration such a statement would be impossible nowadays. On the whole, the article is unfortunate, because it gives uninformed persons an unfair impression of Harvard. It is not likely, however, to affect very seriously the success of the University as a moral and educational power. If it indirectly lead to the alleviation of the evils it describes, it will accomplish a good beyond the writer's evident intention. In any case nothing but harm can be done by attempting to palliate vice.

DELIA.

"PLEASE sir, buy just one box of matches. They only cost three cents." The afternoon was raw and late, and the pinched face of the shivering little child begged even more pitiously than her words. But the busy, hurried stranger had no time for trifles and hastened by. The club dinner awaiting him at the top of Beacon Hill was far more alluring than the dictates

of his conscience. The child still begging kept at his side for a few steps, looking up into his face, and then fell back into the door-way of an art store close at hand. And so, while the day wore rapidly away, the strangers, men and women, passed, and no one except a lad returning late from school, stopped to purchase of the sad little merchant. The clock in the tower of

the Park Street church slowly struck six, and the child shrugged her shoulders involuntarily, as she counted the strokes which told her it was time for her to go home. With one hand holding the matches folded in her dirty apron, and with the other the few cents she had earned during the afternoon, she hurried down across Tremont Street to Washington, and through Winthrop Square into North Street. Two-thirds of the way down she turned up a blind alley, and, slackening her pace as she reached the corner, started across a little court at the end, even more dismal and filthy than the alley itself. At the opposite side of the court stood a short row of gloomy, battered buildings in almost the last stages of decay. At the top of the rickety steps leading up to the left hand tenement sat an ugly-looking man with unkempt beard, dressed in a ragged suit and a slouch hat. He was smoking a dingy, short-stemmed clay pipe. As he saw the little girl coming across the court he called to her in a thick, rough voice:

"Come, hurry up there, I ben waitin' for yer this half hour."

The child quickened her steps, and soon reached her father's side.

"Well, how much d' yer get? Give it ter me; I'll count it," and he rudely took the few cents from her thin little hand.

"Only twelve! That won't more'n buy me a plug o' tobaccer."

"I'm sorry, father, but I couldn't get no more."

He grumbled to himself, and putting the money into his pocket, resumed his pipe. For a moment the little child looked away across the court in silence. Then turning to her father, she said:

"Where's mother, father? when I went away this noon she was asleep, and just after dinner she told me she felt sick and went and laid down. Can't I go in 'n see 'er?"

A strange, significant smile came over her father's face.

"I guess she won't have much to tell yer. she's said 'bout all she'll ever say. Go on in if yer want ter. I ben shakin' her 'n tryin' to wake her for the last fifteen minutes."

The child passed through the door and went on tip-toe to her mother's bed.

"Why, mother don't look 's she usually does; she must be pretty sick"; and then, as she thought, the truth came in upon her. It was too much for the little heart to bear. She trembled across the room and fell sobbing upon her unmade trundle-bed in the corner. She lay there thinking of her mother. Her only happiness was gone, and she had had no time even to say good-bye. The poor child cried herself to sleep. One cannot know her dreams, but if the smile upon her lips betrayed her thoughts, she must have heard her mother's voice again.

The narrow ray of sunlight which almost forced its way through the dirty panes into the corner, failed, the following morning, in its customary duty of waking the sleeping child. The room continued for a long time quiet, save for the intermittant heavy breathing of the father sleeping by the side of his dead wife. But as the morning grew, he tossed restlessly upon his bed, then gradually awoke, and at length arose. He stumbled across the floor, rubbing his eyes as he did so, and muttering to himself:

"D—— that girl. I'll teach 'er to sleep over time." As he reached the bed he bent over and grasping the child rudely by the shoulder, growled in her ear:

"Come, get up out o' that. It's time you were about yer business."

She awoke with a start, and obedient to her father tried her best to rise, but fell back again exhausted on the bed.

"I can't, father; I would if I could."

"We'll see 'bout that," was his answer; and laying strong hold of the child he was about to drag her from her bed, when a crude, kind voice, coming from the doorway, interrupted him.

"Aw, now — go easy on the kid! Let her lie abed if she wants ter. I'll give yer a plug a' tobaccer 'f yer will."

"You mind yer own business, Hooper. This kid's mine, not yourn."

"I know it is; but I like her, and 's I told yer, I'll give yer some tobaccer 'f yer'll go ter work and leave her at home with me."

The offer of the only luxury which he could allow himself was too strong an inducement for the father to refuse. He gruffly assented. Some minutes after with a battered lunch pail in his hand he left the house, and started to his daily work about the wharves. Hooper still remained with the child after her father was gone.

"Be yer hungry, Delia?" he asked.

"Yes, some," was the answer. "I haint had much t' eat since yesterday mornin', but I don't feel much like eatin'."

Hooper left the house, but soon returned, bringing a tumbler of milk and some sweet white bread.

"I haint got much else, but yer better eat this, Delia."

With his help she raised herself to her elbow and eat laboriously her breakfast. After she had finished he staid a few minutes talking kindly to her. He did not wish that she who had suffered so much in her short life should be left alone to think of her lost mother. But Hooper, too, had work awaiting him, and was forced, against his will, to go back to his last. At frequent intervals, however, during the day, he returned to cheer the sad little heart, or to offer Delia nourishment. And so the day passed, despite its sadness a day of more than usual cheerfulness for the child. When it was too dark to work longer, Hooper pushed back his knives and awls upon his bench, eat hurriedly a little supper, and then came in to keep the child company — now talking to her, now humming to himself — anything, he thought, to keep her cheerful. At length the father, through with his day's work, shuffled noisily into the room. "Now," said Hooper to himself, "things ha' got ter hum; but I'll stick by the kid anyway." And yet, as the evening passed, he found his task far easier than he had supposed it would be. Still bound by his pledge of the morning, Delia's father spent most of the evening in quiet with his pipe. Occasionally he came into the room. Once even, he went up to the little bed and said, not unkindly for him:

"Well, I s'pose you'll sell yer matches to-morrer 's usual." Before long Delia fell asleep,

and, when the kindly shoemaker had assured himself of the fact, he left the room on tiptoe, and came out on the steps to take his seat beside the child's father.

"Look a' here, Brunt," he began, "that kid ain't no more fit 'n nothin' to sell matches to-morrer. I tell yer she can't stan' up."

"I guess I can ten' to her without you stickin' yer nose in, Hooper."

"Course yer can; but don't yer see she's sick. Look a' here now, Brunt," he continued in soothing tones, "I tell yer what I'll do — I'll mend yer boots good for yer next time they wear out, 'f yer'll let the kid alone a day or two."

"Not much; 'f yer'll mend 'em twice, though, I'll shake on it."

"All right, twice; good, too."

Having gained his point, the kindly cobbler went off to his lodgings.

The next morning Brunt went about his work as usual, and Hooper and the child were left again alone. At noon, however, Brunt returned accompanied by a well-dressed, business-like stranger. As they entered, Delia, supported by the shoemaker, was eating a little dinner which he had just brought in for her. Scarcely noticing, however, his surroundings the stranger directed by Brunt stepped to the bed and examined the dead woman. A minute after he turned back and said:

"Yes, Mr. Brunt, the woman must be removed to-day. The sooner the better. I'll send my men around with the coffin this afternoon, and they'll fix everything all right. I guess, though, you'd better wait. I'll hurry them up so that they'll be here by one o'clock. I'd rather you'd be on the grounds."

Brunt assented. After a hurried glance about the room, during which his eyes rested for an instant on the bed in the corner, the stranger left the house as abruptly as he had entered. The noon hour passed slowly. Brunt seemed unusually thoughtful for him, and as for Delia and the cobbler, they had too much on their hearts to speak. Shortly after one the men who were expected came. Both the time and the place demanded no ceremony. So they brought the coffin, a plain stained box, and set it in the

middle of the floor beside the bed. Brunt assisted them at the request of one; yet before he did so, prompted by the spark of feeling still left within him he removed his hat. The others still remained covered. They laid the body quickly in its place. The lid was nailed on, and the coffin, roughly saddled upon the shoulders of the two men, passed through the door. A minute after Delia could hear the wheels rattle away over the pavement of the court. But even this slender link binding the child to her mother was broken as the wagon turned the corner into the alley. Sad little sufferer. She had known little else but misery. She did not weep. Long ago for her she had learned the folly of weeping. Yet she would have liked to cry could she have found the tears. How well she realized now what comfort even the presence of the dead can give. And now her mother had been carried off by strangers—dead—never to come back again. Heart broken she closed her eyes, and turned her face away against the cold, bare wall.

Brunt with his hat in his hand had left the house in front of the two men, and did not return again until the day was past. When he had eaten in quiet his meagre supper, he filled his pipe and left the house almost immediately. As he passed her bed, however, he stopped a moment to assure himself that Delia was sleeping.

Not long after Brunt went off Hooper came in for the evening. He found Delia still asleep, and took especial care not to awake her as he took his seat by her bedside. The longer he sat and watched her face, the more he was convinced that Delia was fast wasting away. A change, in fact, had come over her since the afternoon. Her eyes, before sunken, were more unnatural still, and the skin about her mouth was drawn more tightly than he had ever seen it before. Her color, too, had grown a shade whiter—more deathlike. She still slept quietly, but now and then her hands twitched involuntarily. Once in a while, too, her lips moved as if she dreamed, and then she would remain for

some time quiet. Late in the evening Brunt returned. As he entered Hooper motioned him silence and at the same time summoned him to the bedside. Brunt came on tiptoe, but it had been so long since he had taken such a step that more than once his spiked heel thumped heavily upon the floor. The father took his place beside the cobbler. To-day he was more submissive than Hooper had ever seen him before, and, as the rough man stood by his side, Hooper began to feel a little pity even for him. Both looked intently at the failing child. Once or twice she seemed to hesitate—almost to struggle. She evidently desired to say something which her lips could not frame.

"Look, Brunt, she's tryin' ter speak—don't make no noise."

All at once the child's face lighted. For a minute she seemed to regain her former vigor. Her eyes opened, and she smiled faintly at her friend by her bedside.

"Why mother ain't dead," she whispered. "Don't you see 'er, right near yer," and she pointed up with her thin finger.

"Yes, mother, I'll co—"

She did not finish. Her voice died away, her eyes closed; and as Hooper gently took in his the tiny hand with its finger still pointing upwards, it was deathly cold. The forehead, too, was so; and when a moment after he ventured to lay his hand upon her heart he felt no responsive beat.

"It's over, Brunt. She looks happy, though. I guess she is."

Hooper rose reluctantly from the bedside.

"There ain't no more 't I can do to-night, I s'pose. I'll come in to-morrow, though—" and he started toward his lodgings. Just as he was going down the steps, however, Brunt touched him on the shoulder. His voice was more subdued than it had been for years.

"Look a' here, Hooper,—I ain't much of a man—You know that 's well as me—But I learned somethin' lately. Yer needn't mend them boots for me."

R. M. Fullerton.

ROBERT ELSMERE.

THE recent publication of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Robert Elsmere," has called forth such a mass of sermons, reviews, criticisms and praises that the subject, though but a few months old, may seem already hackneyed. Nevertheless I will venture to consider what seems to me the real claim of "Robert Elsmere" to the high place in English literature to which so many have assigned it.

"Robert Elsmere" is a novel based on the great religious and social questions of the day. Its plot is extremely simple and serves only, as the canvass serves the picture, as a back-ground to give coherence to the ideas it seeks to develop. A young graduate of Oxford who is about to take orders in the English church, while on a visit to Westmoreland, falls in love with a young woman who has been educated in the strictest ideas regarding religious duties and beliefs. She has resolved to devote her life to the service of the poor, but after some difficulty he succeeds in overcoming her scruples and they are married. They begin life in a quiet country parish where Robert works for a while with great ardor and success. Soon the disturbing element comes in the form of a neighboring squire, a Mr. Wendover, a man of great learning and force of character, who has been a life-long skeptic and scoffer at religion. Through the influence of the squire's arguments and of a book written by him, Elsmere begins to doubt some of the teachings of the church. He fights against the doubt with all his energy but it grows in spite of him and soon he despises himself as a hypocrite, for teaching what have become to him superstitions and untruths. He is torn by two desires, one to act as his conscience bids, resign his parish and take up some other work; the other, for the sake of his wife and of her love, to disguise his real beliefs and keep on his quiet, useful, parish life. After a bitter mental struggle, his conscience wins. He confesses all to his wife and declares his intention of resigning his parish and renouncing the church. Her grief and horror for a time are almost overwhelming, but

her love is strong and she resolves to follow him, if possible to reclaim him.

They go to London but Robert cannot remain idle. He is soon interested in some mission work in the slums. Through all his doubt he has held a firm belief in God, though casting aside all creeds and limitations of sect. Now, preaching only the fatherhood of God and humanity of Jesus, appealing only to the reason and sympathy of his hearers he gradually draws about him a few devoted followers. At last his plans take definite shape. He dreams of a great mission he has to perform, of founding a new order of things. With this object in view he bands his followers into a brotherhood called the "Company of Jesus," having for its creed only these mottoes:

"In Thee, O, Eternal, have I put my trust." and, "This do in remembrance of Me."

Just when he needs all his strength and power to carry on this great work, he breaks down under the terrible strain, and, heart-broken, filled with disappointment, yet hopeful for the future of his company, he is compelled to lay down his burden and go to Algiers, there to die. It is a sad ending to a sad career.

Such, briefly, is the story of Robert Elsmere. It is a long struggle, first against the superstitions and prejudices of his early life, and afterwards against the other extreme of atheism and despair. Hardest for him to bear is the coldness and lack of sympathy of his wife. Her character is well drawn but it fails to arouse our sympathy. She is so cold, so much devoted to lofty ideas of self sacrifice, so spiritually exalted, that she cannot help her husband in his conflict with doubt. He is afraid to confide in her.

The picture given us of the keen old squire, Mr. Wendover, is the best character drawing in the book. At first the harshness and coldness of his opinions fill us with dislike. Towards the end, however, as we see him in his old age, lonely, almost friendless, without joy in the present or hope for the future, we can but pity

him. Surely in his seeking for knowledge he has lost sight of the beauty and the meaning of life.

This is one characteristic of the book which strikes the reader all through the narrative. It is its intensity. The characters are all superlative; Catherine is the most saintly of women, Robert the most conscientious of men, Wendover the most skeptical, and Langham the most cynical. All are extreme in their peculiarities. The same trait is noticeable in all the scenes. Everything is tearful, passionate and tragic. There is nothing to offset the heaviness and gloom. In fact there is not a cheerful page in the whole book. Even the tenderest love scenes are overshadowed by a sense of impending evil.

There are three death bed scenes all vividly described. In these respects the book seems unnatural. It is rather pleasant to have our feelings harrowed a little, but too much harrowing, like too much sweetness, is apt to be depressing.

Life is not all a vale of tears and if we picture life faithfully, we must not look wholly at the tragic side. There is some excuse for the exaggeration of the characters as it would be impossible to imagine the average man going through the mental torture of Elsmere. Most men know nothing of, and care nothing for the high ideals of life, and so are incapable of appreciating Elsmere's motives.

The style of the book is above reproach. It

contains many charming descriptive passages. Its moral tone is also of the highest order though it preaches no sermons. It is absolutely free from the cant which makes the ordinary religious novels so weak and wishy-washy. Though it attempts to describe the deepest feelings of which the human heart is capable, it does so with so delicate a touch and with such a reverence for sacred things that even the most sensitive soul could not be pained.

"Robert Elsmere" is a story of possibilities, of ideals, but not of actual facts. He attempted to solve the great question, How to lift the ignorant masses above the sordidness which is so deadening to the higher interests of life. He had to deal with the most stubborn element of society, ignorant men who think for themselves.

Whether his solution is the right one I cannot say. We cannot help speculating what the future of the Company of Jesus will be. Will another leader be found to carry on the work with the same devotion and success as Elsmere, or did it depend for life on his inspiring presence? Did they follow him for himself or for what he taught?

Whatever we may think of this we must agree that as an example of true manliness, of steadfast seeking for the best and noblest of life, the character of Robert Elsmere will live and will deserve to live. It is a perfect illustration of the principle that Dr. Peabody has called, "the sovereignty of service."

AT MIDNIGHT.

FROM far within the boundless evening sky
When white mists rose to dim his liquid light
The moon has slowly drawn anigh to earth;
And as the soothing night winds far and wide
Are roaming lightly o'er the unvexed world
A soft beam kisses every new born wave.
This hour the fond moon wooes the tranquil sea
Until she swells her bosom to the night
And murmurs to her sands in ecstasy.

John R. Corbin.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

BBROWN is a moderate grind. He believes in studying, and likes it, if he does not have too much thrust on him at once. Having fair parts, he does his work better than the average, though without ever rising to the very highest rank. In a word, he might be technically designated as of Grade B.

To-night he has dropped in to see a friend for a few minutes after dinner; and when he reaches his own pleasant room in Matthews, he finds the evening is nearly half gone. He is sorry. He meant to devote the whole of it to working on the narrative theme that is due next Tuesday. A fortnight ago he had difficulty in getting his theme into the box in season; and with this one he means to be beforehand. Besides he has an examination in Natural History 4 threatening, and a party or two that he really cannot miss, whatever happens. So he is determined to make a good inroad on his work to-night, though the hour when he begins is a little later than he meant it to be.

While he gets out his paper and tries his stylographic pen to make sure that that it will write, his eye falls on the *Herald* he had not had time to read at dinner, and a vivid headline allures him to waste a few minutes over an insane anecdote about a woman in a Washington Street horse-car. Presently, however, he throws the paper aside with a start, and squares himself to his work.

The choice of a subject for the theme which had to be made this afternoon, came rather hard. Brown is not particularly imaginative and narration does not seem exactly in his line. When the hour came for handing in the brown card which in an idle moment a week ago he signed and dated, he felt it rather a strain on his general confidence in his own powers to believe that he could write a narrative at all. He had never seen a shipwreck, nor fallen in love, nor lived in the Latin Quarter. The only available adventure that he could think of to narrate was the ascent of one of the lowest of the White Mountains a year or two ago; and at last, driven by the warning hands of his watch to some desperate action, he reluctantly

filled in the blank on his card with the words, "Climbing a Mountain."

He had no special faith in his subject at the outset. Now as he tries to begin the theme, he has less respect for it than ever. But he sets his teeth, and begins to write.

"There were seven of us who started out from a certain hotel in the White Mountains in August a year or two ago to climb a mountain, which with continually increasing ambition we had been watching from the piazza ever since our arrival." It is a bad, loose sentence, but he pushes on. He tells who the party were; uses his most suggestive adjectives to describe the learned professor, the youthful matron, and the energetic and talkative small boy. He tells how there was a charming uncertainty in the expedition, because all they knew about the mountain was that there was no path, and that none of them knew the way. He even brings them as far as the foot of the mountain.

Then it occurs to him that it is desirable in narration not to forget the point of your story, and he begins to ask himself what is the point of his story. He has a lively recollection of the way in which they pushed through the tangle on the side of the mountain, sitting down every few minutes to rest, of how they came out finally on the top, and then chose for the descent a steep way that led over broken rocks. He can still see the whole party lying flat on their backs by the side of the road that ran past the foot of the mountain. But none of these things seem to have any special point if you tell them. Nor does even the luncheon they got at the house down the road, when in the good housewife's absence they ate up the pies she had in the stove for Sunday's dinner, while the farmer, come in from his haying, sat by, and with loyal pride in all his wife's accomplishments told them in inimitable fashion how he met her first. These things were all very pleasant at the time, but they do not give Brown any help in finding a point to his story. He is almost convinced that it has no point; and in his perplexity casts about for some way of telling a story in which the method shall

draw off attention from the deficiencies of the matter.

It occurs to him that he might write out a series of reflections at intervals of five minutes or half-an-hour or whatever you please through the day. He could then tell the steps in his acquaintance with the young ladies of the party; his impressions of the people of whom the professor inquired the way; how at one point they met a boy whose country dialect could scarcely be understood by unaccustomed ears; and how at another he learned about the string of gold beads that some of the older women in New England country districts wear round their necks from the day of their marriage to the day of their death. He could describe the view as it affected him at different moments while they walked through the intervales and across the upland, and when they reached the top of the mountain, and saw the whole valley through which they had come spread before them. He knows he could tell how he felt when at noon all he had for dinner was a doughnut and a slice of graham bread.

But, somehow, this plan, when he begins to carry it into effect, does not prove so practicable as he had hoped. He soon concludes that he does not remember precisely what his impressions were at a good many important points, and that what they were at others it is not worth while to write down; and he makes up his mind that this sort of narration is almost the hardest imaginable for telling a series of events which roused so few feelings except the pleasure and the weariness of exercise and the comfort of rest after hard work.

Perhaps, after all, a fictitious narrative founded on his own adventures will be the best thing he can write. But his sense of humor is too keen to let him think seriously of

the commonplace, melodramatic situations which suggest themselves to him, and his invention, too limited to supply him with anything more satisfactory.

He grows anxious about the theme as the evening goes on. He can think of nothing but

"The King of France with forty thousand men
Marched up a hill, and then marched down again,"

and he cannot help feeling that his own expedition to the Doublehead Mountain might with advantage be told in about as few words. At last the rhyme itself running in his head suggests to him a plan. The King of France was a man of sense. He used all his forty thousand men to accomplish the march. Why should not he, too, use all the resources at his command? He has worked out several fragments of a theme. Why not combine them all to fill his three pages? This solution of his problem is the only one that occurs to him and he seizes it as his last hope. The theme is soon written; indeed all he has to do is to copy off some of his unsuccessful attempts and string them together with a few words of connection, and—to his own great surprise—the thing is done. So he goes to bed and drops asleep happier than he had hoped to be.

* * *

A few weeks later the instructor in Sophomore themes read to the class a theme. "An amusing caricature," he said, "which showed decided appreciation of the nature of narrative." Brown recognized it as his own. His bitter realism had been mistaken for the product of an ingenious fancy. This story of his own struggle for the humor of a satirist! Perhaps his experience was only the humble type of what has befallen more famous story-tellers.

A CAMP FIRE STORY.

BUZZ. Buzz. Slap—slap—slap. Ugh. Ugh. It was a hot night up there on Moose Head Lake. Though we had built a large smudge fire before our tent, still the mosquitoes had

swarmed through, undaunted; and then—our night's sleep was at an end. As we lay on the sweet smelling spruce boughs, groaning and tossing about, suddenly a voice rang out, "Oh,

fellows, there's no use in trying to go to sleep. Let's get up."

We all agreed with the speaker, and in desperation we arose, freshened up the fire into a cheerful blaze, and, notwithstanding the heat, sat around it to wait until the first light of the morning should appear and the tormenting insects should disappear. The darkness was so intense that we could see nothing except the shadows which waved all around, thrown by the light of the fire. And it was dull work sitting there and watching the fire flare up and then become a dull glow again, according as it struck the pine wood or some water soaked branches. At last some one proposed that we should tell stories. It was better than nothing, and we all beset Bill Rodney; for he was fresh from the medical school, and his stock of stories seemed endless, though it required rather strong nerves to listen to some of the worst of them, especially since he delighted in relating them at meal times.

The silence of the night was so deep that we could almost hear each other's hearts' beating. Not a breath of wind stirred the trees. The usual rippling wash of the waves on the shore had ceased, and the only thing that broke the stillness was the occasional sound of a fish out on the lake jumping and falling back with a dull plunge into the water. Then Bill Rodney began his tale while we fellows in a very *négligé* costume lay around trying to get some coolness from the mossy ground:—

"At the beginning of last October one day, Sam Sturn, Ned Grieg, Bill Seaver, and I, were sitting together in a corner of the dissecting room. We were thoroughly tired. There was nothing fresh or exciting happening. We were still at work on the same old subject, and the Professor did not seem to advance a step in his lectures or in his dissecting work. In fact, we were almost beginning to be dissatisfied with the entire study, when suddenly Ned Grieg burst out, as we were patiently working, 'I say, fellows, I have an idea. There was an Italian emigrant buried yesterday out in East Avenue Cemetery, that old, pauper Catholic place.'

"His meaning broke suddenly upon us. 'You

have a large brain, my boy,' we cried enthusiastically.—We were medical students and very young and inexperienced. And it was natural, though it may seem shocking, that we received his plan with eagerness. But Heaven knows, we learnt a lesson afterwards.

"The next night about eleven o'clock we four drove out of the city along East Avenue. It was a clear, biting cold night, one of those which announce the nearness of winter by their cutting blasts. The wind was blowing now in a steady gale, now in great gusts, rapidly stripping the trees of their dried leaves. We drove out about four miles and were in the suburbs. The houses, now all wooden, were thinly scattered along the road, and the pavements had ceased so that we rolled on noiselessly, hardly attracting the attention of the few lonely wayfarers we met. Though we tried to enliven our journey with stories and jokes and laughter, still as we drew nearer and nearer to our destination a gloom seemed to fall upon us, until, when we suddenly stopped the horse with a jerk at a place where a lane went off from the main road, we were thoroughly sobered, and spoke in grave tones.

"'Now, you fellows,' said Ned Grieg, 'get out and take out the tools. This lane leads up to the cemetery; but it is very narrow so that there is no room to turn the carriage, except by driving into the cemetery, which, of course, we cannot do. Therefore, I will drive about and come back to this place here for you in three-quarters of an hour.'

"'But,' said I, 'isn't there a chance of our being disturbed, somebody may come up the lane meanwhile.'—'Oh no,' he replied, 'the lane only leads up to a big farm about a mile beyond the cemetery, and the old man and woman who live there will be in bed; so you need fear no disturbance.'

"Off we started, one with a shovel, another with a pickaxe, and the third with a coil of rope slung over his head. The first part of the way was through a thick forest. It was a lonely road, and if it had not been for an occasional flower stalk, crushed and withered, we should have thought that no one had passed that way for years, since the grass and bushes had grown all

over the lane. The trees above overhung the way and we walked along quietly on the soft turf amidst a great darkness, except that every now and then the wind would sway the branches and a stream of light would fall across our path and vanish. We had come out into a cleared spot and were rejoicing that we had passed through the darkness, which to our excited minds was particularly gruesome, when suddenly Bill Seaver stopped, let his shovel fall, and cried out, 'The moon—the moon.' We all started and began to tremble. It was true. The great, round full moon was shining brightly and not a cloud was in the sky. In our excitement we had never once noticed or remembered during our long drive that there was a full moon to-night. How distinctly everything was standing out. Every stump, every post, every stone was clearly outlined in the moonlight. Every leaf that moved in the wind threw a great black shadow. Good Heavens! What could prevent our being seen if anyone should pass by! However, we had gone too far to turn back now. We went on creeping along under the shadow of the stone wall which ran along the high sides of the lane. We were thus stealing through a stretch of open country and of fields of sweet fern and brakes which made a ghostly rustling as the wind swept violently over them. The only sign of mortal man was the little twinkling light in the observatory on the top of a distant hill which stood sharply defined against the horizon.

"'Are we not nearly there,' asked Sam, with a quivering voice. Even as he spoke we turned a sharp corner, and there directly before us behind a rusty iron fence rose the obelisks and slabs of the cemetery all glistening and glittering in the frosty moonlight. The sight was so unexpected that we all jumped, and I dropped my shovel which, falling against a stone, clanged out into the silence like a great bell. We trembled at the noise even; but then taking courage we advanced towards the fence. By good luck we found a broken place in it near the gate, and we squeezed through. We soon found the grave, for it was the only one where the earth had been freshly turned. But when we had found the place we stopped. Oh, if it was only dark and not this fearful glare all around! And

yet if it had been dark we should have been just as terrified. For there was not even a clump of trees near by. All was bare and desolate. No one stirred or started forward to upturn the earth again. At last I made a desperate dash. My shovel sank into the earth, struck a stone and rebounded as if the dead was repulsing the intrusion. But after the first shovelfull of earth had been dug and flung away we all set about our task with terrible earnestness. We worked on without saying a word, and our hands were nearly frozen before the coffin was uncovered. Not much care had been bestowed upon the poor emigrant, for a great stone had crashed through the frail pine wood, and as I was scraping the dirt away so that we might raise the coffin out of the damp hole, suddenly the dead man's face glared up at me from out of the splintered wood. I never shall forget the horror of that moment. The eyes of the body had not been closed before burial, and the moonlight now glittered viciously upon them. I shrieked out loud and ran away as fast as I could, but my legs grew weak and I tumbled down upon the ground, where I lay gasping and trembling. Meanwhile the other fellows had raised the coffin from the grave. When the light shone clearly upon it the fellow who was nearest loosed his hold, and it crashed back again into the hole.

"Then during this pause the wind brought down to us a noise, a sound of a man shouting. This completed our terror, and as fast as we could we hid ourselves behind a large gravestone. Soon we heard a horse come galloping down the lane, while the shouting grew louder. Now he came into sight, we saw on the horse's back an old man dressed only in his shirt, who was crying wildly 'Fire, Fire, Fire!' In a moment he had galloped past, and we heard his shouts dying away. We looked up the lane, and there was a great red glow lighting up the sky. We might have escaped then; but the disturbance seemed to have paralyzed us and taken away all power of thought, for we crowded there looking at each other in blank dismay, until we were awakened by some one driving up the lane at a furious pace. I looked carefully around the edge of the stone, and saw

Ned Grieg driving past in our carriage, and the old man urging him on. As he passed the cemetery I could see him throw an anxious glance at it; and then he was gone. Behind him came three or four people on foot. Evidently we would have to remain where we were for some time; for soon we heard a great shouting and the fire engine dashed past with bell clanging and clouds of smoke and flame pouring out of the chimney. Soon that, too, was gone; but the cloud of black smoke hung around and drifted over us. Then followed a great crowd of people, yelling and hurrying on to enjoy the sight. How long we hid there on our knees behind that great gravestone I cannot say, but it seemed ages that we cowered down lest we should be seen in the bright light, and closed our eyes lest we should see that terrible thing that lay uncovered right behind us. Even the carved names on the stone became a source of horror; for as we looked at them they seemed to become vivified and reproach us for our violation of the dead. Those names will remain in my mind as long as I remember the night when I knelt with my face against the cold marble. 'Mary, well-beloved of Thomas ——. Rebecca, lived and died in virgin maidenhood. John, infant lamb of Mary ——.'

"Finally there came a lull. Nobody seemed to be stirring in the lane. All was still except the wind which howled over and around the gravestones now more than ever, and the puffing of the engine up at the burning house. With one common impulse we made a dash for the fence, squeezed through again and then away over the fields we ran as if for our lives. If we could but get out of that cursed, glaring

moonlight! In my fancy I heard the dead coming after us. I heard their light, flitting steps gaining upon us. They were upon us. What!—No. It was but the field mice which we had scared from out of the grass. Now we had torn through a mass of brambles, now through muddy ditches. The darkness of the woods did not allay our fears, but the shadows of the trunks only seemed pursuers. When we stopped, panting and trembling, we were in a little obscure street in the city, four miles away from where the poor Italian emigrant was lying ruthlessly torn from his resting place. It had been a fearful lesson."

When Bill Rodney stopped, his hearers were sitting upright almost breathless. The fire had gone out, and the silence of the woods was as profound as ever. We were shivering with excitement, and even the faint crackling of the wood made us start. As we sat there without stirring after the end of the story, suddenly out over the lake a red glow gleamed on the water, just a faint light, but enough to announce that the night had passed. A fresh breeze now came across the water, rippling the surface gently at first, then more decidedly, until soon the water was splashing and churning merrily on the little stony beach. A hermit thrush somewhere out in the woods piped up, and a chorus of warblers followed his lead. The branches on the spruce trees waved and tossed about, fanning away the dull, hot air of the night. "Come, fellows," Bill cried, "it is a splendid morning for a bath. The water is just cool enough. Come, and clear your heads from that story."

Charles Warren.

BOOKS.

ITALIAN POETS. By Leigh Hunt. Knickerbocker Nuggets. N. W. Putnam & Sons, N. Y. This addition to the charming series is as interesting and valuable for one's library as the preceding volumes. Leigh Hunt's delightful essays are known to all, but these poetical prose translations of Dante, Tasso, and other Italian writers are not so widely known, however much they deserve to be. Hunt's prose style is so easy

and fluent yet forcible withal, that the reading of this book is a constant source of pleasure. To those who have been accustomed to the prose translations of poets, contained in Bohn's Library, we can imagine what a relief will come when they take up this little book.

SYLLABUS TO HISTORY 2. PRINTED NOTES TO HISTORY 2. LECTURES ON CONSTITUTIONAL GOV'T.

LABORATORY EXPERIMENTS IN CHEMISTRY I. LECTURE NOTES ON CHEMISTRY I. These four pamphlets are all published by W. H. Wheeler, 416 Harvard St., and are for sale. We cordially recommend them as careful, trustworthy and valuable.

OUTING for November contains an interesting article on "Progress of Athletics," giving a long account of athletics in English Colleges. This article is to be followed by one in the December number entitled, "Athletics at Harvard." This paper is more entertaining than ever this year and we recommend it to all.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ABBOTT, EVELYN. A History of Greece from the Earliest Times to the Ionic Revolt. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.25.
ADAMS, OSCAR FAY. *Editor*. Chapters from Jane Austen. Lee and Shepard. 1888.
ELAM, CHARLES. A Physician's Problems. Lee and Shepard. 1889. \$.50.
FULLER, EDWARD. *Editor*. The Dramatic Years [1887-88.] Ticknor and Company. 1888.

HOWE, E. W. A Man Story. Ticknor and Company 1888.
HUNT, LEIGH. The Wishing-Cap Papers. Lee and Shepard. 1888. \$.50.
JERROLD, DOUGLAS. Fireside Saints. Mr. Caudle's Breakfast Talk and other Papers. Lee and Shepard. 1888. \$.50.
LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE. The Pentameron; Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare. Minor Prose Pieces. Criticisms. Roberts Brothers. 1888.
MANATT, IRVING J. Xenophon; Hellenica. Books I-IV. *College Series of Greek Authors*. Ginn & Company. 1888. \$1.65.
ROLFE, WILLIAM J. and ROLFE, JOHN C. *Editors*. Lays of Ancient Rome. By Thomas Babington Macauley. Harper & Brothers. (Through A. C. Stockin, 50 Bromfield St.)
SMITH, ALEXANDER. Dreamthorp. Lee and Shepard. 1888. \$.50.
STEELE, RICHARD. The Lover, and Selected Papers from "The Englishman," "Town Talk," "The Reader," "The Spinster," Lee and Shepard. 1888. \$.50.

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

Oct. 20. Cricket. Lowell, 67; Harvard, 31.
Oct. 23. Bicycle Hare and Hounds Run. Won by the Hares, Bailey, '91, and Brown, '91.
Foot Ball. Freshmen, 6; Cambridge High, 6.
Chess and Whist Club: W. H. Thayer, '89; McLeod, '90; J. A. Stetson, '91.
Oct. 24. Foot Ball. At Williams. Harvard, 14; Williams, 6. At Exeter. Exeter, 14; Harvard Second Eleven, 10.
Chess and Whist Club. From '89, Dodge, Downer, Hunneman, Lee, McPherson, Newell, Talbot; from '90, Darling, Endicott, Harrison, C. T. Judson, O. B. Judson, Thorndike; from '91, O. F. Black, DeNormandie, Harrison, Mulford.
Oct. 25. Harvard Union Canvass. Total vote cast, 1171; necessary for a majority, 586. Harrison, 659; Cleveland, 493; Fiske, 18; Streeter, 1. Total number of men eligible as voters, 470: for Harrison, 255; Cleveland, 202; Fiske, 12; Streeter, 1.
Union Debate. "Resolved, that the present attitude of the Prohibition party is antagonistic to the advancement of prohibition. Affirmative: C. F. Ayer, L. S.; W. C. Green, '89; negative: Stebbins, '90, D. C. Torrey, '90.
Merits of question, aff., '84; neg., 10. Principal disputants; aff., 24; neg., 104. Debate as a whole; aff., 2; neg., 18.
Foot Ball at Andover. Harvard, 68; Andover, 0.

Hare and Hounds won by Hares, Gorham, '90, and H. A. Davis, '91.
Directors elected by Dining Association: E. L. Conant, L. S., P. R. Frothingham, D. S.; from '92, F. S. Newell and S. K. Wood.
4th ten of the Institute from '91: Brooks, Hammond, Leland, Cryder, Stokes, Winthrop, Bates, Randol, Blanchard, Lamb. Honorary member, R. W. Atkinson, '91.
Oct. 26. Fall Class Races. Won by '89, followed by '90, '92 and '91.
Lacrosse Meeting. Pres., M. A. Kilvert, '89; Vice. Pres., L. Griswold, '89; Sec'y, Tudor, '91; Manager, E. S. Rawson, '90.
Oct. 27. Foot Ball. Harvard, 68; Worcester Tech., 0. At Exeter: Exeter, 10; Freshmen, 4. At Andover: Harvard Second Eleven, 12; Andover, 12.
Chess and Whist Club: from '90, Balch, P. K. Brown, Chamberlain, Cobb, Emmons, C. A. Lewis, Littell; from '91, Baker, Brackett, K. Brown, Perkins, Rogers, Valle.
Oct. 29. Freshman Athletic Meeting. Events: 2-mile bicycle race, W. D. Greenleaf, 6 m. 23 1-5 s.; hundred yards dash, J. P. Lee, 10 2-5 s., Hawes, 2nd; mile walk, Bates, 8 m. 36 s., Wood, 2nd; half-mile run, Batchelder, 2 m. 7 4-5 s., Priest, 2nd; running broad jump, Lee, 19 ft. 3 1/2 in., Duane, 2nd, mile run, A. M. White; running high jump, Lee, 5 ft. 3 in., Duane, 2nd; quarter mile run, W. H. Wright, 54 1-5 s.

Rhoades, 2nd; pole vault, Duane; 220 yards dash, J. P. Lee, 24 s., Hawes, 2nd.

Dudleian lecture in Appleton Chapel by Rev. G. P. Fisher of Yale.

Oct. 30. Foot Ball. At Cambridge. Harvard, 74; Dartmouth, 0.

M. Coquelin lectured in Sanders Theatre, on "L'art du Comédien."

Oct. 31. Foot Ball. Harvard, 42; Technology, 0. At Andover. Andover, 32; Freshmen, 0.

Hare and Hounds run. Won by hares, Seelye L. S., and Priest, '91.

Second Presidential Canvass of Law School, reverses 1st canvass, and gives Cleveland a majority.

Officers of '90 Signet: President, E. A. Darling; Vice-President, G. P. Wardner; Secretary, P. S. Abbott; Treasurer, L. W. Pulsifer; Librarian, R. W. Herrick.

Nov. 2. Harvard Republican Meeting in Tremont Temple.

Conférence Française: from '89, Burbank, W. D., Clark, Prindle, Richards. G. E. Turnure, C. Warren,

from '90, W. N. Bates, Blaney, Gill, Glazier, Livingston, H. T. Parker, Stewart: from '91, H. A. Davis, Van Rensselaer, Hastings, sp.

Nov. 3. Foot Ball. Harvard, 102; Amherst, 0.

Nov. 5. Fall Sports. 100 yards dash; Hawes, '92, 10 2-5 s., Moen, 2nd; running broad jump, White, Gr. 20 ft. 2½ in; mile walk, Bates, '92, 8 m., How, '91, 2nd; mile run, Dodge, '91, 4 m. 34 3-4 s., Davenport, '90, 2nd; running high jump, E. W. Dustan, '89, 5 ft., White, Gr, 2nd; 440 yards dash, Stead, '91, 52 1-4 s., Wright, '92, 2nd; half mile run, Batchelder, '92, 2 m. 3 s., Downes, '90, 2nd; 220 yards dash, Wells, '91, 23 s., Hawes, '92, 2nd. Harvard Battalion of 650 men, G. T. Keyes, '89, commander, marched in Republican Torchlight procession. Drum Major, K. Fairbanks, '90. Managers Harvard Assemblies, L. H. Morgan, W. S. Ellis, H. M. Sears, R. F. Perkins, all from '89.

Nov. 6. Foot Ball. At Exeter. Freshmen, 22; Exeter, 10. The Faculty forbids the Harvard-Yale foot ball game to be played in New York.



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THE
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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., NOVEMBER 23, 1888.

W. H. Wheeler, Printer, 416 Harvard Street Cambridge.

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., NOVEMBER 23, 1888.

No. IV.

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. The Editors cannot undertake to return manuscript.

THE WEEK.

IN three months the present Senior editors will retire from this paper which will then be left in charge of the editors from Ninety. Never before in the whole existence of the paper has it happened that only two men from the junior class have been on the board of editors at this time of the year. We ask Ninety if she will allow only two men from her class to represent her. Does this speak well for the literary men of the class? Is she unable or is she too lazy to supply the deficiency? In either case pride ought not to allow her to see more editors from the Sophomore class on the *Advocate*, than from her own ranks. Shall it be said that Ninety had no literary men? In justice to the gentlemen who are to take the paper from our hands we call for the last time on Ninety to do something.

The last Conference Meeting on "College Loyalties" was a matter for congratulation in two ways. The fact that so large a body of men as crowded Sever Hall should be present is a sign of a re-awakening of a true spirit of interest in college affairs and certainly all men who were there must have a higher sense of their responsi-

bility in listening to Professor Peabody when he said that everything seemed to point to a new era in the college, that notwithstanding attacks, the college was developing in every way, that the men were becoming more *men*. In the second place it is a privilege to have President Eliot speak to us. Men here, and especially freshmen, have so little connection with the President, have so little chance to hear him that sometimes it almost seems as if the college was without a head. We do not underestimate the amount of work which falls on the shoulders of the President of a great college, but at the same time we earnestly wish that President Eliot could be prevailed on to speak oftener to the student in the informal way of last Wednesday. Surely he must see from the large audiences which attended this year, and on the single occasion of his addressing us last year, that the men are anxious to hear him and to come into closer contact with him.

The *Advocate* proposes for serious consideration of the authorities the following proposition supported by prominent graduates who are on the lookout for the best interests of the college and the students. Hitherto different college societies have tried to make arrangements and in many cases have succeeded in getting some distinguished man to come out to Harvard and deliver a lecture. The expenses attending have been paid to the societies. Now why should not the college provide a series of lectures to be given by prominent men outside, men who are doing a world work. The chances to become familiar with the individuality of such men, to see them, and to hear men who have increased the world's knowledge and have perhaps helped on its progress would be grateful to all students out here. And not only grateful but it would be broadening in its influence, enabling one to

see the world in all its phases through many interpreters. These lectures from outside the college circle would, moreover, help the different departments here in the college, and would serve as adjuncts by allowing men to look at a subject from different points of view; each prominent gentleman would bring some new aspect different from what we have been taught here. The college authorities at present provide different lectures through the winter, but these are mostly technical or on special points connected with courses such as the Greek Readings. Now while we do not undervalue the advantages to be derived from these, we nevertheless, think that this other plan would help still more to form a broad education. And we would suggest that lectures given by these outsiders should be not wholly on a technical subject but on something which should show the man himself, his personality, his work. We feel confident that on some question of the day, perhaps, or some original work on past history, some new light on an old subject, there are men from what we have heard, who would be glad to aid in a project like this. Moreover, here at Harvard we have one of the finest places in which to speak in the country; and yet Sanders Theatre is scarcely used six times in a year. Why would it not be possible for the college to arrange a regular set of lectures every week or every two weeks through the winter, with different speakers each time, or after the plan of the Lowell Institute Lectures. If the necessary expense should hinder the carrying out of this, some arrangement might be possible by which the students should be admitted to special seats free, while outsiders might be charged a small admittance fee. That a general interest would be taken among men is evinced by the fact that the Historical Society, the French and German Societies, even some of the clubs, have tried to start some such an idea, but their influence with outside gentlemen, of course, is not as great as that of the college would be.

There are several customs among college men which tend to bring the college into disrepute and which are merely the result of carelessness and thoughtlessness. The first of these,

the most important, absurd, and at the same time disgraceful is the habit which cannot be concealed, and which might just as well be talked about and held up in its proper light. We refer to the "dry drunk habit." Puerile it is, senseless it is, and yet harmful to the reputation of the college. Especially since the last torchlight procession we have heard remarks among outsiders of the intoxication of some of those marching; and we have been obliged to correct this idea by stating the truth, that a large number of these were merely what is popularly known as "dry drunk." Everyone knows in what this consists. Everyone has seen men who without having touched a drop of liquor feign intoxication. The men who act thus disgracefully do so presumably because they wish to make themselves conspicuous, or else because they think it the correct thing to appear in a state unbecoming a gentleman. Certainly there can be no real fun in it. The excitement of the moment may carry them away, but we ask them candidly if they do not fall in their own estimation, if the afterthought is not one of regret at having made such fools of themselves. We venture to say that most of the disturbances on Bloody Monday are caused by men in this condition. We think that the college and all thinking men support us in considering the whole business childish, and more than that, despicable. We call on all those men who, we are sorry to say, appear in all four classes, to remember when though sober, they wish to appear drunk in public that they have something else to regard besides what poor sport they can obtain out of their performance. If their moral sense is not lowered, if they do not perceive that as gentlemen they owe something to the preservation of their own character in the public mind, at least they must look to it that the reputation of Harvard College receives no harm from them. We have spoken thus plainly because we think that through such action of some thoughtless men, probably unintentionally, the welfare of all out here is suffering.

Another thing small in itself, perhaps, but which goes to form the general impression of

the college in the mind of outsiders is a student's conduct in the street cars and in public places. Because the Cambridge cars are largely patronized by college men that fact does not give any proprietary ownership, or any exemption from rules of public order. And as it is here that cases of the "dry drunk," vulgarly called, are frequent, we wish to urge a little more care.

We have heard a gentleman remark when seeing some trifling, disorderly conduct, "If that man only knew how foolish he appears he would subside." We ask men to think this over carefully. And the same thing applies at the theatre. A little regard and little more thoughtfulness of probable results would do more than anything else to restore the true impression of Harvard to minds of outsiders, whose faith has been shaken by the late bitter and slanderous attacks.

NEW HAVEN, NOV. 16.

To the Harvard Football Management:

Dear Sirs:—Your letter of the 14th inst., in answer to ours of the 12th, is at hand. We are sorry to learn from its contents that you have failed in your endeavors to persuade your athletic committee to allow the game to be played as scheduled. Considering the fact that Harvard has had since a year ago to play at New York, in which time the constitution stated that the two leading teams of previous years shall play at New York, in which to come to her present conclusion, we do not feel in any way under obligations to grant any possible change of position on the eve of the promised contest.

(Signed) W. H. CORBIN, Captain.
C. S. KING, President.

President King said to-night: "Yale rests her case solely on the constitution of the football association, and if any change is made it must be by vote of the association and not by a single college. Harvard's peremptory demand that the game be played in Cambridge is very extraordinary, to say the least. The Gill-Beecher letter, on which Harvard founds her claim, was merely the private opinion of two members of the university, and was never intended as an agreement binding the college; but even if it was, the later action of the two colleges, agreeing unconditionally to play in New York, would have annulled it. If Harvard persists in her demand there will

be no game and the responsibility for the result will rest solely on her shoulders."

Boston Post, Nov. 17.

Does Yale think that she has used any argument here? She says Harvard has had since last year to decide whether she would play in New York. This is a mis-statement of the fact. The matter lay in the hands of the Faculty who decided that power over athletics should be given to an advisory committee. This committee was not organized until about the end of October and in a short time made the decision that Harvard could not play in New York. When Yale makes the preceding statement does she suppose that we can compel the Faculty or Committee to act? Does she suppose either body has no other business to attend to? President King is reported to say that the Gill-Beecher letter was a private expression of private opinion. When a man writes under his official title of President of the Football Association does that seem to be a "private" opinion? Does Yale suppose that Harvard would ever have played at New York last year unless it had been given her to suppose that the game would be considered as having been played at New Haven? Did Yale herself last year when allowing that supposition to be sent to us consider it as a private letter of Mr. Gill?

Even if the letter was not in the fullest legal sense official, was not it the intention of the gentleman that it should be thought in some way a guarantee in order to get Harvard to play at New York? Moreover because Harvard has been compelled to break her engagement at New York, what possible right has Yale to demand that the game shall be played at New Haven? Why should it be played there any more than at any other city in New England. Was there any stipulation that in case Harvard could not play at New York—and the doubt was expressed by our management at the convention—that Yale should decide where it was to be played? We consider Yale's position entirely untenable and without basis, and we urge our management not to yield in their perfectly fair demand.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

ONE evening in the last week of last April, my friend, Jack Hunter, of the class of '88 in Harvard University, set out to make calls. First of all he had a party call to make in Roxbury, which should have been made a week before. But what he cared about more was to call on the charming Miss Young of Mt. Vernon Street, Boston. Jack had met her late in the winter and lost his heart at first sight. He soon got an invitation to call, but never once had the luck to find her at home. To-night he was determined to see her for he intended to make her change her mind about Class Day. She had declared she hated it and that nothing would ever tempt her to go to Cambridge again on that day. Yet Jack Hunter felt certain that in half an hour he could make Miss Young promise to grace his spread at least, and without her his spread would not be complete. To accomplish all this it was of the greatest importance that Hunter should arrive at the Youngs' that evening, for Mr. Young was one of those rich Bostonians who are so fond of nature that every year they want to give their families the pleasure of seeing the first delicate budding of the trees in the country. This budding invariably begins just before the first of May.

Hunter had calculated that he could easily make both of his calls in one evening. He would arrive in Roxbury at eight, stay about half an hour and reach Mt. Vernon Street, after nine—a very good time, for he would probably be the last caller and so sit out any one else who might be there. And then there would be a clear field for him with Miss Young, for he had heard that Mrs. Young was one of those delightful mammas who never go down to see their daughters' callers.

Hunter's plan was working well. He arrived at the house in Roxbury just before eight, stayed the proper five minutes after the clock struck half past to show that he had not been listening for it, and then declared he could not possibly stay longer to look at a large pile of views of Bermuda. In front of the Norfolk House he found no car ready to start, so he walked down the hill, met a car at the foot, and

soon, settled comfortably in a corner, he was speeding slowly (for horse-car drivers are firm believers in the maxim of Augustus—*festina lente*) along Washington Street to Boston.

The car had hardly crossed the Roxbury line when it stopped and in got a handsome showing girl of about twenty. She sat directly opposite Jack who was the the only other passenger in the car. Being a very good-looking young fellow he at once made an impression on the girl. And she at once made an impression on him. So after much unavailing smiling and ogling she dropped her handkerchief at Hunter's feet. He picked it up, handed it to her and touched his hat as she thanked him, but made no further advance. The girl bit her lips in vexation, Hunter thought he heard her mutter something about a "man with no sand," but then putting on a smile again she returned to the attack. She smirked and sighed and sighed and smirked and looked invitingly from Jack to the seat beside her but to no purpose. At almost any other time he could hardly have resisted such a winning creature, but to-night Miss Young was ever present in his thoughts. He reasoned thus. "If I sit beside this girl and talk to her I may forget to get out at West Street. If I do not get out there I may be too late to find Miss Young and she may go out of town to-morrow. Besides, if I talk to this girl I shall only be encouraging a bold, brazen jade. Yet she looks as if she'd be pretty good fun. But no. This girl is Vice. Miss Young is Virtue; and Virtue is its own reward. I will have nothing to do with Vice."

Therefore, when the young lady on the seat opposite leaned over to ask "does this car go to Chelsea Ferry?" which Hunter had heard her previously ask the conductor, he answered, coldly, he believed it did. "I shall almost be afraid to be alone there," she remarked confidently, "its a very bad part of the city isn't it?" "Hardly worse than where you got in," he said shortly and drew distantly back in his corner. He was determined to crush the impertinent girl, so he sat a little sideways to avoid looking at her. Yet again, he

wished there was something to entertain him. Having been up very late the night before and having played tennis all day he was very tired indeed. In his comfortable corner seat, two or three times he came so near dropping off to sleep, that he had serious thoughts of talking to the girl to arouse himself up; but in the end he kept on with his original plan of humiliating her. Accordingly he brought forth all the awful artillery of his virtuous superiority. First he stretched out his long legs and made a great parade of crossing them in order to dazzle the enemy with his new light trousers of a large plaid. Then he half closed his eyes, tilted his hat forward, crossed his hands over his cane, and leaned back with the dreamy expression of self-satisfaction peculiar to all well-dressed young men, but which perhaps reaches perfection in a Harvard Senior. And so Hunter sat until the car was passing West Street. Then feeling exceedingly righteous he stalked out without bestowing one glance on poor, conquered Vice.

Washington Street was bright as day from the light of the glaring electric lamps. Jack nervously looked at his watch. Five minutes past nine. He need not hurry. At that moment a street urchin tore the watch from Jack's hand, wrenched the chain from his button-hole and in a second was down Bedford Street. "Stop thief, stop thief," cried Hunter rushing after the boy. How the boy flew. On they went block after block, at lightning speed. There seemed to be no one in those winding side streets to stop the young rascal, who certainly ran as if he had wings on his feet. Apart from losing his watch it was very vexatious to Hunter to run so fast. He held his hat in his hand but that did not stop his perspiration. How limp his collar was growing. But at last the boy turned a corner into the arms of a policeman. My friend has a kind heart of his own so, as soon as he saw the little fellow's piteous face, he said to the policeman—"Let him go. He's frightened enough I imagine. And here's a dollar to pay you for the trouble of stopping him." At the mention of the dollar the policeman was all smiles. He let go the boy whom he had been clutching savagely and began to shower compliments on Hunter

who did not stay to hear them. He was already hurrying up the street. "Where in the world am I now?" he said to himself. Then looking at his watch—"Only quarter past nine after all. I had no idea I was such a good runner—I'd better enter for the mile run. They'll certainly send me to Mott Haven. Well it's still early enough for me to get to Mt. Vernon Street at a reasonable hour."

Soliloquizing thus he had walked some distance when he saw a little girl sitting on the curb-stone crying bitterly. In true story-book fashion Jack asked her what the matter was and she replied that her mother was sick and that they had no money to buy medicine. So Jack took the girl into an apothecary's and purchased the medicine. Then he went to see that she reached home safely, and at her home who should her brother turn out to be but the little boy who had stolen Jack's watch. Of course there was a very affecting scene and they all called Jack the savior of the family. He felt he fully deserved the title. Indeed, he was surprised and affected to think what a lofty-minded fellow he was. And then, having distributed his money very freely, Jack at last started off for Mt. Vernon Street. Something told him that, after all his noble conduct, he would at last find Miss Young and that she would be more charming than ever before. So, filled with the expectation of a most delightful call, he pushed on in haste. Quicker and quicker he went in spite of his assurances to himself that he had plenty of time. He gasped for breath but could not stop. People, shops, lights all flew by him in utmost confusion, until, suddenly turning a sharp corner, he brought up with a jerk. A door was rattled open with a bang. "Chelsea Ferry. Chelsea Ferry. Far as we go," shouted the conductor. Jack started up rubbing his eyes. Impossible that he had been asleep and dreaming. Yet he must have been, for he was still in the horse-car. The driver was changing the horses. Through the open door a whiff of salt air came in. A whistle was blown, there was a ringing of a bell and outside, in the blue glare of the electric light, Hunter saw a stream of people hurrying into the ferry house. Instead of being at the Youngs' on Mt. Vernon Street,

here he was at the very extremity of the North End. Oh! it was maddening. And there, standing before him with a mocking smile was that odious, yet handsome girl. If he had only talked to her he would never have gone to sleep and probably might have been then where he wished. To think of it made him unreasonable. "Why the devil didn't you speak to me at West Street?" he said savagely. "If some folks," she rejoined, "are so high and mighty that they take your head off if you speak to them when they're awake, much less you'd dare to speak to them when they're asleep." And with a cutting glance she swept out of the car.

"Is there a herdic or a carriage, any thing to be had in this confounded part of the town?" Jack asked the conductor. "A herdic? Why, this is the ferry. Don't you want to go to Chelsea?" "Chelsea be damned," shouted Jack. "I want to go to Mt. Vernon street as soon as possible, and how shall I get there?" "Well, there aint any herdics or hacks about here generally as far as I know," said the conductor. "I guess the best way'd be for you to keep in this car. We go back in five minutes."

How that car did crawl up Hanover street. It seemed to Hunter a full hour before he reached Washington street. At last he was at West street. The corner looked so natural that he could hardly realize that all his recent adventure had been only a dream. He did not dare to look at his watch now for two reasons; partly for fear his dream might come true, but chiefly for fear the hour should be too late. He knew, however, that it was not quite ten, so he started towards the Common at a tremendous speed. On the Common he quickened his gait. He rushed up the steps to Beacon St. so fast that he tripped near the top and in falling knocked off his hat which rolled back to the bottom of the steps. Were his misfortunes never to end! He fairly raced up Walnut St., faster even than he had run in his dream. He knew that his hurrying would make a very big red band around his forehead when he took his hat off, but that was a minor consideration. His chief aim was to be in the Young mansion before the bells rang out ten. At last he was on Mt. Vernon St.

He was in front of the house, he darted up the steps two at a time. As the door opened, breathless he asked "is Miss Young at home?" "Next door," said the servant. Of course. Idiot that he was, in his hurry Jack had wasted time by going to the wrong house. But all those houses with the little gardens in front were so much alike. Now, however, he was sure. He read the name "Young" on the door-plate and there boldly rang. How thoroughly patrician, how still and peaceful that side of Beacon Hill was! The street with its great trees, the houses with the substantial, aristocratic air which age only can give, were looking their best in the soft light of the moon, which here had no upstart electric lamps to rival her. The continual dull rumble of the horse cars did not penetrate here, only occasionally was heard a footfall sounding sharp on the brick sidewalk. Hark! What was that, breaking in upon the stillness? It was the first stroke of ten from a distant clock on the Back Bay. Gradually one clock after another took up the refrain, and soon it seemed to Jack as if all the clocks in Boston were declaring to him with the greatest glee that it was ten o'clock and rather late to make a call. Jack had half a mind to run down the steps again when the door opened. The sight of the man with his expanse of shirt front was reassuring, for by no means all Boston families have men servants, and those who do presumably keep more fashionable hours than those who do not. Nevertheless, Jack was so weak and nervous from his excitement and hurry that he nearly fell into the man's arms as he asked "Is Miss Young at home?" "Yes, she's at home," said the man, showing Jack into the reception room. Jack meekly handed out his card and waited. It seemed an eternity before the servant reappeared. Then he said merely, "Miss Young's been busy all day getting ready to go to Beverly. They are going to move down to-morrow morning, and Miss Young was feeling tired so she's gone to bed." Dazed, Jack Hunter found his way to the door, down the steps and down the hill towards Charles street. And this was the reward of his strictly virtuous behavior.

G. H. Maynadier.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

ONE of the most noteworthy effects of the general spread of cultivation in our day, is the way in which the terms and ideas of separate arts and sciences are becoming generally used and known, and the increased amount of each particular knowledge which is expected for general knowledge. An example of this is the recent movement toward the more exact spelling and pronunciation of foreign words, implying an increased knowledge of foreign languages.

Close upon this increase in the elements of general knowledge comes increase in its complexity. The idea that all sciences are related together and that each has a bearing upon the other, if we only knew it, is bearing fruit in the application of one science or art to another. Matthew Arnold has accused Americans of lack of culture and aesthetic perception. It would be strange indeed if we were in all respects like older countries, and yet I think we are on the eve of a great development in this respect, the signs of whose dawning already appear. In one department in particular there is ground for hope. It is noticeable how the love of good music has grown rapidly of late. Until the last twenty years the number of people in America who cared for and were able to appreciate anything higher than a brass band were very few, and the opportunities to hear good music were proportionally small. Americans as a people are not musical, as is shown by the dearth of composers.

The place where a change in musical taste is most certainly shown is in the kind of music children are taught. Not that a change starts there, for that is the place usually the last to feel its effect. Changes have been largely introduced by a few people in cities—the travelled, the cultivated. Then small concerts arise and foreign ideas, methods and standards of excellence are adopted. Yet I think nothing is more cheering than the way in which the old ideal of “young ladies’ playing,” the formerly universal trash superficially drummed over,

the products of careless practicing at great speed, are giving way to something really better. I am speaking more of the country, the average. In the city the standard has always been higher, but now the range is much broader. Good music is much cheaper and more abundant than twenty years ago, when many things had to be especially imported. Musical people demand good concerts and these react on them and on a host of others besides. Concerts like those of Mr. Thomas and Mr. Geriche, the way these concerts are attended, even with due allowance for hypocrisy of fashion, the enthusiasm shown,—these things prove the distinct growth of musical appreciation.

But the thing that suggests both how far we have got and the possibility of great progress is the increasing definiteness of relation between music and ideas. It is really a new art. Formerly a movement stood for one general idea, if it stood for anything, and usually it embodied nothing more than some onomatopoeic picture of natural scenery. Now each motive, each theme, stands to mark the presence of an idea, and to an extent sympathetically embodies that idea. Musical expression is becoming definite as never before.

The outward result of this is seen in that recent invention—analytical programmes. A few years ago only musicians and critics—specialists—knew anything about the pieces played at concerts; now such information can be had by every one. The importance of this lies in the fact that the number of people able to make use of scores, though increasing, will always be small and this use is limited to the people who play. But if without scores, without requiring technical knowledge of musical construction some measure of the poetry and purpose of music can be given to every one and then the music left to make its own impression, we have a means of education and refinement which in some respects and advantages is second to none. As yet it is but a beginning; most of the music we hear is old and does not come

under this kind of analysis, so that merely its history, or facts about its author can be given; but if the movement inaugurated by Wagner is developed to the extent it bids fair to be, the analytical programme of the future will take its place with the grammars of the languages.

While each will carry home from a concert thus properly interpreted an awakened interest, to many the way is already being prepared for its gratification. There has been as great a revolution of aim in the study of music as in the study of languages. I use study here in the ordinary sense, not referring to the study of theory. The standard of technique, especially in piano playing, has become so high that many people no longer attempt to keep up with it; and the effect of this has been to make people ask whether this is really the object of playing.

Just as in languages, reading at sight is slowly but certainly coming to the front, and knowledge of an author's works and ideas is coming to be thought more important than ability to render a *presto* accurately. With the faculty of reading at sight, a faculty distinct from that of playing, and the habit of looking at works as wholes instead of being occupied with this and that run, will be supplied an element hitherto wanting in most people who play. When this is recognized it seems likely that the mechanical part necessary for reading will be embodied in shorter and simpler methods and be opened to many who cannot now afford it. To people thus prepared, concerts in the future will have a new meaning, while, as above suggested, all will have an increased measure of pleasure and profit.

A STOLEN VISIT TO A FISHING CAMP.

WE were a little excited and no wonder for we had just climbed out of a second story window at twelve o'clock one winter's night and were hurrying towards the outskirts of the town. We kept to the byways and alleys, for we were in constant dread of meeting some one of the professors, though I cannot imagine what they should be doing abroad at this time of night.

The way it came about was this. While skating on the Exeter river that afternoon, Tommy and I stopped by an old fisherman, who was spearing eels through the ice. He was a rough looking fellow, but we started a conversation with him.

"How's luck, Captain?"

He dropped his spear and looked at us in a rather savage way, which took us back at first. Then he growled out something which I could not understand. This was not a very encouraging beginning, but we persevered. Gradually the old captain thawed out.

"New," he said, "luck ain't much in this 'ere part of the river. Ef ye wants to get some fish,

ye jest go down river to the fishin' camp. Why the 'boys' catches tons on them every night."

We were all interest and attention. "Where was the camp? What was it like? What kind of fish did they catch? The old fisherman sat down on his sled and lit his pipe, and with a curious twinkle in his eye, he commenced a marvellous tale that filled us with wonder and excitement. The camp was four miles down the river in a thick grove of pines, where each night some twenty men from the towns around would come to catch smelt. He told us of miraculous hauls of fishes, of encounters with strange animals, of the wonderful adventures the "boys," as he called them, had met with; soon he spread around the camp such a charm of mystery and romance, that our silly young heads were completely turned. Nothing would do but that we should make it a visit. The old man laughed when I suggested this.

"I rather guess ye kids"—we were too young to mind such nick-names—"would be skeered clean out of your life, if ye'd try to walk down

to the camp by yerselfs, an' all us uns go down in the afternoon."

We were not to be frightened off, however; we made him point out the road. It did look lonely, I confess, winding through the pine forests close to the river, not a house within sight. We pretended to be very brave and arranged with the old fisherman to meet him at the camp at one o'clock, when the nets would first be cast.

We went early to bed, but not to sleep; we were too excited for that. I do not know what Tommy thought, but I had half made up my mind that this camp must be a secret meeting place for robbers or outlaws. At eleven we were both up. It was a glorious night outside, clear and cold, and the moon in its full glory. The thought of the long, lonely walk made us hesitate, but we were careful to seem perfectly brave before each other. The Academy clock struck twelve. With many a misgiving we opened the window and slipped out. Slipped out! How? Ah! many a good housekeeper in Exeter would throw up her hands in honest amazement to see—but I must not tell tales out of school. Well, out we went and off to the river. How beautiful everything was. A foot of snow lay on the ground, covered with a hard crust that glittered like a mirror in the moonlight. Up from the river on both sides sloped the hills, one sheet of shining white, till they lost themselves far in the distance. Here and there, against the banks of glistening snow, rose groups of fir trees, the advance guards of the black pine woods a short way down the river. Suddenly from far down the river, there came the report of a gun, echoing and re-echoing amongst the hills until it died away. A signal to the fishermen that the tide had turned, and it was time to cast their nets. We hurried on toward the dark line of evergreens. A shudder passed over us as we reached the edge and peered into the darkness. Too late to change our minds now. With one glance at the glittering fields behind us, we plunged in. For half an hour we stumbled on, the road leading us now in and now out of the forest, till at last we turned a bend in the river and the camp lay before us.

Close by the river side were three or four

large bonfires which lit up the black wood behind them with a fiery glow, revealing several log cabins hidden away under the trees. Down on the ice the men were busy at work. The great fires blazed away, roaring and snapping their fingers at the cold, hurling in their glee great balls of fire upwards into the shadow. The figures on the ice, tinged with red from the flames, as they worked in silence, heaving at long poles, seemed only half real. The sombre, black woods and the hills clad in ghostly white made a fitting background for this weird scene. "Hendrick Hudson and his goblin crew!" I involuntarily exclaimed. We quickly found our friend, the old Captain, who welcomed us cordially.

"Wall, I swan, ef ye kids ain't got pluck. I'll be blowed."

Then he introduced us with: "Here's a couple of kids from Ex'ter thet hev come down to see ye boys fish."

The men came crowding around us; they were a rough-looking set, with great overcoats stiffened with freezing water, heavy boots reaching to their hips, and worsted caps pulled down over their eyes and ears. Their voices sounded harsh and strange as they broke upon the silence.

"We's glad to hev ye come an' we hope ye've brought good luck an' lots of fish with ye."

"I hope so, too," I replied, politely, "and if you will show me how I'll pitch in and catch some for you."

At this they all roared with laughter, and the old Captain mumbled something about "kids" and "pluck" again. The nets were like huge tennis rackets with very loose strings. These they slipped through narrow cuts in the ice across the current, "to ketch the smelts as they come down with the tide," as the Captain said. Tommy and I took hold of the handle of one of these nets and tried to draw it in, while the crowd stood by and laughed at our efforts. We kept at it and finally pulled it out on the ice, though our hands were nearly frozen by the cold water that was splashed on them. The net was full of fish; "five dozen smelts—the biggest haul yet," the fishermen

announced with a shout. We were at once installed as favorites. When the crowd dispersed to tend their nets, we stayed by Captain Pete, as everybody called him. Sometimes he would pull in three or four dozen and then again a single fish would be all he found. Between hauls he regaled us with stories of the wonderful catches his father, or his uncle, or some of his friends—all dead now, he said—had made in past years. "One on 'em cotched twelve hundred to onct," he told us as we sat open-mouthed with wonder, "an' two hundred warn't nothin' unusual." Some how Captain Pete himself had failed to inherit the family luck, for his highest catch was only forty-nine. We ran races back and forth on the ice, stopping at the nets to see how luck was running, chatting and laughing with the men, until the tide began to slacken and the smelt to grow scarce. The nets were then drawn up for the night and a general scramble was made for the bank.

Captain Pete took us under his protection and with a good deal of ceremony, showed us into his cabin. There was only a single room, but half lighted by an old lamp and made still more obscure and dark by clouds of tobacco smoke. In the centre was a kitchen stove, around which coats and boots were hanging to be dried; close by was a rough table, and back of the stove a packing box that had been converted into a side board. As my eyes became accustomed to the dim light, I saw a series of rude bunks at one end of the room, in some of which men were lying. The walls were covered with flaming posters, gaudy circus bills, and illustrated papers. From the rafters swung coils of nets, spears, and chains; a rusty gun hung against the wall. The room was full of confusion; men already snoring in the bunks, others pulling off their boots and rough coats; in one corner an exciting game of cards; and everybody with a pipe in his mouth.

"Wall, boys, what do ye say to havin' some

hard cider all around?" said the Captain. Here the good man gave such a remarkable wink that I was afraid there was something in his eye. He produced a big bottle and filled a number of glasses.

"Here's to the health of the kids. May they come of 'en and al'ays bring good luck." With a shout they emptied their glasses.

"Ye see, hard cider ain't good fur kids, so I don't give ye none," he added with another, remarkable wink, at which the crowd roared loudly. I remember plainly wondering what they were laughing at.

"Come boys, the kids has a long walk afore them an' I'm willin' to bet the're hungry. Lets fix 'em some grub."

Some potatoes were soon boiling away in a battered pot, while the frying pan began to sputter at being waked at so early an hour. The Captain cleaned a few fish and threw them into the pan. Oh! what a delicious odor, and a few moments later, what a delicious repast. We were hungry, and hardly needed the Captain's encouragement "to pitch in." Hunger, they say, makes the best sauce. I never enjoyed a meal more in my life.

"Wall, my kids, come agin an' see us," said the Captain as we shook hands all around. The crowd gave a big cheer as we moved off.

"Come agin," they shouted. "Yes sir," we answered with emphasis.

We hurried through the pines and stopped but for a moment in the fields beyond, for the moon had sunk low in the west and far off on the hillsides we could hear the cocks crowing.

In less than an hour we were at our house.

A few innocent looking nails helped us to the roof of the porch, from which we quickly disappeared into our room.

Five minutes later we were both fast asleep and dreaming of beautiful moons and awful forests, of twelve hundred fishes flopping about in one net, of "hard cider" and fried smelt, and of Captain Pete and his jolly crew.

F. S. Duncan.

THE DARK RIVER.

BROOKDALE, like all New England country towns had a Methodist church with its rapid succession of pastors. In the summer of 1840, the Reverend John Gettis became shepherd of the Brookdale flock. He was well suited to minister to the spiritual welfare of his honest parishioners; his mind had not been troubled with the doubts that beset stronger natures. Prayer and faith were his religious remedies and they answered well the needs of his simple congregation.

John Gettis was well advanced in years. He had married late in life a pretty young school-teacher in one of his former parishes and their only child was a girl of five years. Pretty Mrs. Gettis' health was very delicate; but her life was bound up in her daughter and as long as the child lived, the mother must live for her.

As the cold weather crept on, Mrs. Gettis grew more frail and the minister looked forward with anxiety to the bleak New England winter. At the same time the mother's love for her child grew more intense; the child returned affection in an equal degree, they were never separated now. Perhaps the mother felt that the time with her daughter was growing short.

Winter settled down on Brookdale. As the cold strengthened, the minister's wife failed. At first she could no longer visit her friends; then she stayed in her room waiting for a sunny day to give her strength to go about her duties; at last she lay on her bed, with her child beside her, while the minister sat by and read aloud.

One morning the pastor coming in to speak to his wife found only her lifeless body and by it the child asleep. Kneeling by the bedside, he gave himself up to his grief, for his heart was broken. But the girl; he had something after all to live for. He took the sleeping child in his arms and bore it to a kind woman near by. Then he returned to the mournful preparation for the funeral, striving to bear the heavy burden which God had put upon him.

When all was over the child came back to the parsonage. She cried pitifully for her mother. The old parson tried to take the

mother's place. During the long winter evenings he would hold the child on his knee, soothing her grief, and trying to explain a little the mystery of death.

"Don't grieve, little Sallie, mother has not left us; she has only gone before to that happy land where we in the fullness of our time shall go if we are worthy. She has crossed the dark river, and is standing amid the bright angels on the other bank, looking back at you and me."

"Is the river far from here?" asked Sallie. "Not for some of us, dear," the old man answered. The figure of the dark river made a deep impression on the child, and night after night she asked her father about the river and of the mother waiting on the other side.

One mild day in early spring, Sallie begged to be allowed to go out and her father gave her permission to play with Neighbor Weeks' little girl who lived farther down the road. The minister stood at the window as Sallie went out and wondered at the sober face under the big poke bonnet. "What can the child have on her mind? She misses her poor mother, I fear, but it was God's will, it was God's will," and he sadly went back to his work.

The child hurried along the road, murmuring to herself, "Father said mother had crossed the dark river and is waiting for me. I am going to look for her, I want her so." She passed the Weeks' house, not even stopping to glance up at it, hurrying on to the brook which gave the town its name. Leaving the road she turned into the open fields through which the stream flowed. At last she came to the bank. The child stood for a moment looking at the black water before her and the woods on the opposite bank. "I can't see mother anywhere," she faltered, "Father said she was waiting on the other bank for me; I'll walk along, and perhaps I shall see her and the white-winged angels around her." With her heart full of anxious love the little girl began her search, following the stream, and looking eagerly across into the gloomy woods for a sight of the mother. Sometimes she stopped, and called "Mother,

mother, here is Sallie," and as the woods gave back the echo, "Sallie," the child thought she heard the mother calling, and trembling with joy hurried on to catch a glimpse of the dear face. On and on Sallie wandered, and when the sun went down she was far away from the towns in the woods bordering on the stream.

It was not till late in the afternoon that the minister finished his sermon, and strolled down to the Weeks' for his child.

"She has not been here, to-day," said Mrs. Weeks.

"Not here?" cried Mr. Gettis, already terrified.

Frantically, he rushed about in every direction, but no trace of the child could be found, till a farmer said he had seen her in the direction of the river. Then the men collected, and with torches and lanterns, began to explore the stream, standing and listening at intervals. The search was in vain till late at night a man,

saw by the light of his torch something white in a pool of water where the current was not strong. Plunging into the brook the man tenderly raised poor little Sallie Gettis.

How the child met her death was never known. It is probable that she made a misstep and fell into the stream, or she may have fancied she saw her dead mother and forgetting the dark river had rushed to embrace her.

Sadly they bore the body back to the parsonage and laid it in the minister's arms. The father fondled the little cold hand, and tears of agony ran down his wrinkled cheeks. "Poor little Sallie, poor little Sally," he moaned, "God wanted you, too. You are happy at last, for you are with mother; you, too, have crossed the dark river and stand waiting on the other side. Poor father is all alone now, all alone now."

Softly creeping out, they left the father alone with his dead child.

Carleton Hunneman.

LEAP YEAR.

THEY strolled beneath the maple's shade
The month it was July,
They thought it "just the place" out there
To sit, and so did I.

And as I got there first, you see,
I thought 'twould not be rude
To stay, so watched them unperceived
And this is what I viewed.

A figure clad in creamy white
With sash of azure blue,
A jaunty little tennis cap
On curls of golden hue.

Two little hands that smoothed the curls
A glitter of gold rings,
Two feet that I could scarcely see
They were such tiny things.

Another figure on the grass
Trying to get a light
A cigarette all nicely rolled
A dozen smoke rings white.

A snowy stiff piqué cravat
A collar most absurd,
Now that I've told you what I saw
I'll tell you what I heard.

A gentle sigh, while two blue eyes
Look into two of brown,
Another sigh, and then, "What day
Do you go back to town?"

A few long puffs, the brown eyes watch
The smoke rings curl in air
The answer comes indifferently
"I do not know nor care."

A frown upon the snowy brow,
"Do throw that thing away,
I'm sure you've smoked it long enough
Now hear what I've to say."

"You think I'm nice, you know you do,
I suit you to a T
And I am very fond of you
And think that you'd suit me.

Papa is rich, and he'll allow
The proper thing a year
And, coming to the point at once,
Suppose we marry, dear?"

Now don't look frightened, gentlemen
I have not finished yet
'Twas *he* that had the golden curls
And *she* the cigarette.

Nan.

BOOKS.

THE PENTAMERON. Walter Savage Landor. Roberts Bros. Boston. \$2.00.
Landor stands alone in English literature. His talent was unique and individual, and when once his peculiar style and manner has impressed us, we have found

an author whose power over us will never fail, to whom we can always turn with pleasure for entertainment and instruction. He has been called a great dramatic prose poet, and for want of a better term this exactly suits him. If Landor had not been a great

writer it seems to us he would have been a great actor, for his power of conception of a character whether historical or imaginary is wonderful. In his conversations between famous people Landor himself has lost. He has sunk his own individuality in that of his creation. Nowhere are we more struck with the fullness of his power of mentally resurrecting the characters of the olden time than in the *Pentameron*. Boccaccio, Petrarch discourse together in the delightful Old World way and the reader is transported by the simple force of the narratives centuries back. In the same way in the "Examination of Wm. Shakespeare" for deer stealing, which is included in our book, the great humor, the classic Elizabethan language, the want of any incongruity to mar the effect, the happiness of each thought, each in turn renews the sense of pleasure with which the reader turns the pages.

The book is printed in excellent style, but the binding and covers are extremely poor giving no suspicion of the good things within. We wish that American binders could take a few lessons from the English who now have the art of binding neatly, plainly, yet handsomely, to perfection.

THE DRAMATIC YEAR 1887-1888. Edited by E. Fuller. Ticknor & Co. Boston. 1889.

This book consists of a series of criticisms of the most important dramatic events of the past year in New York, Boston and London. The fact that the papers are written by such critics as Howard M. Ticknor, Wm. Archer, Lyman H. Weeks, C. T. Copeland, G. E. Montgomery and B. E. Woolf speaks for their worth and impartiality. The size of the book forbids any detailed account of all the productions at the various theatres, but those which are commented on are those of which it will be most valuable to preserve any account. Some of the most interesting articles are those on Irving's *Faust* and Irving's *Scenic Art*, on M^{de}me. Janauschek and on "Wall Street on the Stage." We have also found Mr. Archer's account of the London season written in a lively, entertaining manner and far more successful than the account of the Boston season. The book is edited and published in a very pleasing form, and should appeal to all of those men who form a large part of the nightly Boston audiences.

CHAPTERS FROM JANE AUSTEN, edited by Oscar Fay Adams. 1889. Boston, Lee and Shepard; New York, Charles T. Dillingham.

"*Chapters from Jane Austen*" is a volume of chapters chosen from the six novels which made Miss Austen famous. The book is edited by Oscar Fay Adams. It is not intended for systematic readers of Miss Austen's novels, but for those who not having time for a thorough study of her writings still wish to gain a fair idea of her works and literary style. The book well

fulfills such a purpose. Notes are added to the text wherever necessary and each selection of chapters is prefaced with a descriptive list of the *dramatis personae*, of the novel from which the selections are taken. A detailed sketch of the author, by Mr. Adams, serves as an introduction to which are added some valuable critical matter by well known *littérateurs*; at the end of the volume is a complete bibliography of Jane Austen. A portrait of the novelist and several illustrations serve to light up the book. Mr. Adams in thus preparing a condensation of Austenism has already done us a great service. He makes it possible for the schools to take up a representative of literature, who before was beyond their reach. The edition is tastefully gotten up, but we cannot approve of the action of the publishers in dating the books ahead.

A MAN STORY. By E. W. Howe. Ticknor and Co. Boston. 1888.

The first mystery that confronts one in reading Mr. E. W. Howe's "A Man Story" is the name. Having successfully passed through this mystification, the reader plunges into a somewhat involved story in which the important events are a double marriage and a divorce. Although this theme was long since divested of newness, it must be admitted that the story is well told. At times the novelist's art is not sufficiently hidden and one catches glimpses of the machinery, but it is not often and does not really mar the sense or weaken the interest. In fact it is a good background to heighten the effect of the more natural parts. In Mr. Tom Spaulding's conflict between himself and his love for a noble woman, Mr. Howe takes the opportunity to indulge in a little psychology, an amiable weakness peculiar to writers of the day. The disposition of the leading characters are very skilfully worked out and the personages are paired off to suit everybody. Whether one may like the story or not, he cannot deny that Mr. Howe has great capabilities in the treatment of character and mental analysis.

DREAMTHORP. By Alexander Smith. Good Company Series. 1889. Boston, Lee and Shepard. New York, Charles T. Dillingham.

This is a collection of essays written, as the first page says, in the country. The subjects of the essays extend over a broad field, ranging from death and the fear of dying to vagabonds. Mr. Smith has a happy rambling style which is very attractive in treating this kind of a subject, and is especially successful in his description of Dreamthorp, an ideal English village. The author states that his nature is rather thoughtful and melancholy, but as he strays along his path, he indulges in just enough moralizing to give a hint of sadness to his pages. Mr. Smith is rather more successful in his descriptions than his reflections.

INDIANA. J. P. Dunn. American Commonwealth Series. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.

The latest volume issued in the American Commonwealth Series is the history of Indiana by J. P. Dunn, Jr., of the Indiana Historical Society. Mr. Dunn's chief object in preparing this book is to emphasize the facts, unknown to many people, that the question of slavery was one of the most important factors in the early life of Indiana, and to give a complete account of the struggle which finally ended in abolishing the evil. Instead of slavery being an unlawful condition in the early days in Indiana, as many believe, the author states that the system received full sanction and enters into an exhaustive discussion of the physical and political conditions which brought it about. He is authority for the statement that the local slavery question was the paramount political influence in the state up to the time of the organization of the state government. It is idle to try at this late day to attempt to praise the Commonwealth series. The books themselves are sufficient recommendations of their merit. Suffice it to say that this new volume on Indiana is not a whit inferior to its predecessors.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ARNOLD, Sir EDWIN. With Sa'di in the Garden, or The Book of Love; Being the "Ishke or Third Chapter of the "Bostan" of the Persian Poet Sa'di. Roberts Brothers. 1888. pp. 211. \$1.00.

DUNN, J. P., JR. Indiana; A Redemption from Slavery. [American Commonwealths]. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1888. pp. viii; 453.

FITZGERALD, EDWARD. Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1888. pp. 124.

THE GUARDIANS. By the Authors of "A Year in Eden" and "A Question of Identity." Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1888. pp. 412.

TRUE OR FALSE FINANCE THE ISSUE OF 1888. By a Taxpayer. [Questions of the Day. No. 55.] G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. paper; pp. 41. \$.25.

TORQUATO TASSO, GOETHE. Calvin Thomas, editor. Boston, D. C. Heath & Co. 1888.

LAMARTINE'S MEDITATIONS. Geo. A. Curme, editor. Boston, D. C. Heath & Co. 1888.

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

Nov. 7. Football at Groton. Freshmen, 40; Groton-Academy, 0.

At Berkeley A. A. races in New York. Davis, Harvard, '91, won first place in mile bicycle road race, and in mile tricycle race. Two-mile intercollegiate bicycle race, won by Brown, Harvard, '91, first; Davis, Harvard, '91, second; Greenleaf, Harvard, '92, third.

First eight of Phi Beta Kappa from '89: Cabot, Jacobs, Moore, Ropes, Shoemaker, Ward, W. H. Warren, Winkler.

Chess and Whist Club. '89, J. W. Merrill; '90, P. Cheney, McDuffie, Burrage, Stevens, Walker, Fullerton, Faulkner, Vaughn, Dennison, P. S. Parker; '91, G. Jones, H. Small.

Provisional Commencement Parts: Orations, — Cabot, Jacobs, Moore, Ropes, Shoemaker, Ward, W. H. Warren, Winkler. Dissertations, — Babbitt, Batchelder, Bunker, Burdett, H. H. Darling, Dodge, Dunham, Giese, F. Green, Haynes, Hunter, Lathrop, Le Favour, Newell, Pillsbury, Reisner, C. Warren, Wright. Disquisitions, — Albee, Bentley, Bigelow, Burbank, Chard, Chase, Faxon, Goodale, B. G. Gunther, Hall, Holliday, Hooper, Hunneman,

Jellinek, Lord, Marsh, J. W. Merrill, Naumburg, Potter, Prescott, Prindle, Richards, Russell, Strong, Trafford.

Nov. 8. Harvard Union in Sever 11. "Resolved: That the government should suppress trusts." Aff.: G. A. Reisner, '89; E. P. Sanford, L. S. Neg.: J. A. Bailey, L. S.; A. P. Butterworth, '89. Merits of Question: aff., 21; neg., 9. Merits of Principal Disputants: aff., 34; neg., 8. On debate as a whole: aff., 13; neg., 5.

Bicycle handicap road race: Barron, '91, first; Greenleaf, '92, second.

Fifth ten of Institute from '91; Cushing, Lee, Perkins, Tudor, Potter, Vingut, Corning, Stockton, Moen, Parker.

Elected to Harvard Union: '89, Kilvert, Griffing, Gibbons, Huntress; '91, Hill, Dodge; '92, Morton, Cummings, Gifford; Beckwith, Sp.; Krebs, Warren, L. S.

Hare and Hounds. Won by the hares. Gorham, '90; Dodge, '91. First hound in, Seelye, L. S.

Nov. 11. Foot-ball in Cambridge. Championship game. Harvard, 50; Wesleyan, 2.

Nov. 12. Shooting Club Match at Watertown.

Match A: Greene '89, 1st; Post, '91, 2d. Match B: Ellis, '89, 1st; Lydig, '89, 2d. Match C: Lydig, '89, 1st; Post, '91, 2d.

Lost, or taken by a freshman, The Advocate Shingle from University.

Nov. 13. Football at Cambridge. Freshmen, 10; Cambridge High, 4.

Nov. 14. First College Conference Meeting this year, in Sever 11. Pres. Eliot and Prof. F. G. Peabody spoke on "College Loyalties."

Hare and Hounds run; won by hounds, Davis, '91 and Priest, '91; hares, Gorham, '90, and Downs, '90.

First Meeting of Conference Francaise in the Old Pudding Building. Candidates initiated. Elected to St. Paul's Society, '90: J. C. Barr, W. S. H. Lothrop; '91: F. H. Curtis, J. H. Walker, Jr., A. W.

Wild, S. Van Rensselaer; '92: G. Chapman, E. H. Child, F. A. Googins, C. H. Blodgett; Specials: E. L. Atkinson, A. B. Papineau.

Nov. 15. Meeting Historical Society in 7 Hollis. Pres. Ladd of University of New Mexico spoke on Indian policy of United States. Summer Prize, (\$100) awarded to H. H. Darling, for essay on "Great National Amendments in Time of Peace." Toppan Prize awarded to J. H. Robinson, A. B., 1887, for essay on "The Original and Derived Features of the Constitution of the United States."

Officers Phi Beta Kappa from '89: Secretary, M. Winkler; 1st marshal, J. H. Ropes; 2d marshal, C. H. Moore.

Nov. 16. Meeting of Deutscher Verein in 16 Hollis. First public reception of Hasty Pudding Club to graduates, in new building.



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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., NOVEMBER 30, 1888.

W. H. Wheeler, Printer, 416 Harvard Street Cambridge.

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XLVI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., NOVEMBER 30, 1888.

No. V.

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THE WEEK.

WE take pleasure in announcing the election of Mr. R. M. Fullerton as regular editor of the *Advocate*, and Mr. C. B. Barnes, Jr., as Business Editor, both from 'Ninety.

Gentlemen of '91, you have a charge to keep this year, that other Sophomore classes have had and have neglected. To your care is now confided the oldest society in college, the Institute of 1770. That institution, once so vigorous and useful, has for a long time been a thing without life. It is in your power to revive it, and we ask, we beg you to do so. For years the Institute has occupied a false and unnatural position in connection with the D. K. E., an utterly different society. When, why, or how they were ever joined no one at present in college seems to know, but it makes no difference. They *are* joined, and they should be separated, and the old Institute should be re-established. You who are members of the Institute now and you only can do this.

You can not make the Institute what it used to be, a debating society, for the Union fills that place now; but you can revive its social side,

and make it a big Sophomore club. Such a club would be of inestimable advantage, and is really needed now. It would bring men together who would be likely to meet in no other way. Every member would not have to be intimate with every other. They need not live like brothers, such a thing is impossible in a large club; but every man could meet the man he wanted to. It would be a very bright place in the social part of many a man's college life.

Classes are so large now that it is impossible for a man to know all the members of his class, but in such a club as this he would get to know a great many. It is absurd and snobbish to say that in a class now-a-days, fifty men comprise all who are worth meeting at all. A man naturally cares to be intimate with only fifty, or in fact with much less than fifty, but he would lose half the advantages of his college course if he never met more men in his class than that.

The undertaking would not be expensive or difficult. The Institute rooms are there now, and, if the old building should be found too far off, more central rooms could be hired for comparatively little. A good reading room, and a sitting room would probably be all that would be needed. The details of the plan and the constitution could be arranged by committees, and adopted or amended at a regular meeting. All that, however, is in the hands of you who form the present Institute.

We earnestly hope gentlemen of the Institute, that you will take this suggestion in good part, that you will give it your careful attention and not throw it away as not being worth your consideration. Do not put it aside with the shameful remark "It is too much trouble." We beg not only for your consideration, but for your prompt action.

The change to which we call your attention not only would strengthen your society, but it

would strengthen every athletic organization in the college, and most of all your class teams. If you do not believe this ask the Captain of the Foot-ball Teams, ask the Captain of the Crew; ask anyone connected with athletics.

You yourselves must see how it would help your own societies and your own class.

Do this thing for the good of your college and for the honor of your class.

There are probably not more than a half dozen men here at Harvard asking whether the 'Varsity Crew will win at New London next June. The rest of the eighteen or twenty hundred men are seeking to know why the crew has not won during the last three years,—and for the benefit of the ignorant we will say that the Harvard crews have had no knowledge of watermanship. Not only have they had no such knowledge,—but there seems to be very little enthusiasm to acquire that knowledge. It is a recognized principle among rowing men that watermanship, so called, wins races,—and an oarsman should be learning and practising watermanship all the year round,—for it is a fine art, and few men become perfect at it,—though when it is learned, like the art of swimming, it is never forgotten. The only men in college who have shown the proper enthusiasm and spirit to learn how to handle an oar are the members of the class crew of '90. These men have practised constantly during the whole year thus far, but winter has come now, and the Charles River is practically closed up. What will the '90 crew and the other rowing men (if there are any) do now?

Wait until spring? To be sure,—but experience has demonstrated that spring in Cambridge is a very uncertain quantity. The Charles River has so many bends in it that the current is not swift enough to break up the ice quickly and carry it to sea in the spring, and when other New England rivers are free from ice, the Charles is packed with solid blocks. This is a source of delay which hinders Yale and Columbia crews. Yale gets ten or fifteen days start of Harvard in putting crews on the water:—Not only that;—Yale has the start all the year

round because her crews can always be on the water. The water is in a tank, to be sure,—but it answers very well for helping to learn enough about rowing to defeat Harvard—and that suits Yale men fairly well. A tank for learning watermanship is an open secret,—and it is an experiment no longer. Something has been said here among us to the effect that a tank is an old Harvard idea. That may be, and we grant it,—but Yale meant business with her crews sufficiently to get a tank first. It would put a Harvard oarsman, accustomed to his finely equipped gymnasium, to shame, to see the Yale men plugging away, day in and week out, with their meagre appliances, and rowing on their tank, in a room very much like an unventilated cellar, with their heads in close proximity to the rafters of a floor above. On that tank, Yale men learn to row before Harvard men know what rowing means,—and while this condition of things lasts, Yale will win every June. In fact, Yale will win next June,—unless it is at last settled that a tank may be built for the Harvard Crew this year. And the trouble is, the old, old story—"No money." The crew is out of debt, and has a surplus, for which last year's manager, Keyes, is to thank. This is a condition of affairs contrary to Harvard rowing-finance precedent of late years. Will it happen again? We leave the question to the new manager of the crew and to the college which must support him in his efforts this year. And to make sure that our readers do not fail to see what the question is, we put it plainly:—"Will the 'Varsity Crew have to beg as hard for money this year as it did last year and now that it is out of debt, will it stay so and be so in June, 1889?" This question is a hard nut to crack,—for two reasons. *First:*—Money should be raised (which means, should have been raised by this time) for a tank. *Second:*—Money **MUST** be raised (and our readers see that this word "*must*" is spelled with a capital)—Money must be raised (we say again) for a launch—that is all the time under the impression that the college wishes to beat Yale. If the college does not care, let it say so and we need not have a crew; unfortunately it is said that we cannot have a tank. To have a launch, if

here is to be a 'Varsity crew, is imperative. When spring comes and the ice is out of the river, the 'Varsity Crew men will know what rowing is and looks like, but they will not know how to row, — and to attempt to teach them under the same disadvantages that the Rowing Committee worked last spring (disadvantages such as no men ever had to put up with before in coaching a crew) — to attempt to teach a crew, we say, under such disadvantages as existed last year between the first of May and the end of June, will bring defeat to the Crimson as long as such conditions are allowed to continue. The eyes of Harvard men who care anything about Harvard success in athletics should be kept fixed on New London, and every day should see something done to help along the possibility of victory. Will it be done? And since we shall not, as we had hoped, see a tank built at Harvard for the 'Varsity Crew, — we do indulge in the hope to see the right kind of a launch floating the Crimson at her prow on the Charles River next May. And some offer a suggestion to Harvard undergraduates (and graduates, for that matter). A special subscription list should be started at once for funds to buy a first-class launch: every one must help, — for the collection of money enough to cover all the items of the year before us will be too large a task for any one man. We think Jay Gould would have a sorry time of it, were he treasurer and manager of the Harvard 'Varsity Crew.

And to help the manager this year, materially and morally, every man who can, should make it a point to put into operation his own spirit of enterprise, and try to help swell the amount of money in the safe of the Harvard Boat Club. Why cannot some men get up some private theatricals in their own city this Christmas vacation, — or some of the societies plan to do some such thing for the crew this winter? We had a curious dream the other night, in which we read a report of the Treasurer of Harvard College in 1907, in which he stated that the interest on the \$25,000 raised in 1900 as a permanent fund for the 'Varsity Crew's expenses, amounted to twenty-two hundred dollars, entirely sufficient to cover the current year's expenses. Oh, that such a dream might some day be a reality.

Who thinks it will? This appeal should not remain unanswered. We have just failed to win any athletic honors this fall. We have been beaten, and, although the teams worked hard and faithfully, there is no use in glossing over the fact that they could not play so well as our important opponents. We condole with the college and the team for its ill success. The next thing we have to do is to win next year.

As it seems that a recent editorial of ours on athletics has been somewhat mistaken, we again affirm that it is the duty, duty as college knows the term, of all those who approve of or enjoy athletics, to support the teams. Those men who think that athletics are wrong, who think that they occupy too large a place out here must choose their own way. But as for the others let them not be disheartened by our defeat this fall, but try all the harder later on.

The President of the United States had issued his Proclamation that throughout the land on the 29th of November there should be Thanksgiving and a general holiday. The Faculty of Harvard College had issued their edict (see College Catalogue) that for those whose homes were more than a few hours from Cambridge there should be no Thanksgiving — only a thankless holiday. For truly why should one give thanks for being obliged to remain in Cambridge on a day when in all parts of the land, if ever, families are assembled at the parental hearthside and the jollity is ringing out? To any man who is desirous of observing the regulations of the Faculty, who does not wish to cut his recitations, the one holiday is rather more than a matter of irony. If he lives within twelve hours of Cambridge, he may arrive at his home the night before, or Thanksgiving morning. He hurriedly goes through the list of relatives, finishes his dinner, has no time to ponder quietly over it, he has to fly about in a very uncomfortable *après diner* manner to pack his bag and set forth for Cambridge that night, in order not to miss his nine o'clock recitation.

All men from a distance sit, however, in their rooms in Cambridge; they can not call on their friends out here, because the latter

are at their own celebrations. They cannot be thankful for Memorial Hall's festive dinner. They may flock together, it is rather old and worn fun. They cannot go to the theatre, the crowd is too large and too promiscuous. They cannot get drunk. Moral character forbids that, and all shops are shut. They cannot even indulge in the lowest of low acts, become dry drunk. The *Advocate's* censure would fall on them. What can they do? Perhaps the Faculty will say: Is not this discrimination against localities? Where are the barbarities of the slong and short haul law? What are the law

against cutting rates in comparison to those cutting recitations?"

Why is it that three or four days might not be allowed, or even a week at Thanksgiving? It used to be done in "ye goode olde tymes." "Yes," the Professors reply: "but think of the short summer vacations." We do think of them, and we think that even if it cost a week cut off from the end of September, this would not be very greatly missed by the students, or even the Professors themselves, and it could be "put where it would do the most good" right about the 30th of November, next year

A KNIGHT OF TO-DAY.

*"Auf Weiber stellt'ich nun mein Sach
Fuchhe!
Daher mir kam viel Ungemach
O weh!"*

Goethe.

Scene: the smoking room of the Maryland Club in Baltimore at two o'clock on the morning after the late election. Gordon and Tremaine, worn out with the excitement of the day, are sitting lazily before the fire. Conover, who is just back from the newspaper offices, stands on the hearth lighting a cigarette.

Conover. Yes, there's no doubt about Satterlee's pulling through; twelve hundred majority sure, and may be fifteen, when the lower wards are heard from.

Tremaine (sneeringly). Gain there fast enough. The Shepley money will do good work with the boys.

Conover. Shepley money be damned! It's not his wife's pocket book that's elected Satterlee. It's a straight case of an election by the upper classes. They couldn't do otherwise than elect him, in a fight with a worn out politician that's had his hands,—and his feet too,—in the public crib, God knows how long. That's what did it,—and of course, tariff reform—I don't mean to underrate that.

Tremaine. But it takes money all the same to

beat such an old fox as Hunt,—and your wife's money is as good as any other.

Gordon (rising impatiently). Money, even the Shepley money can't do much honorably,—and Satterlee's canvass was the canvass of a gentleman—unless there's some one who knows how to spend it. Satterlee's too interesting a mediocrity to understand that sort of thing. He'd have lost the election if Guy Vinton hadn't half killed himself for it.

Conover. What the deuce started Vinton into the campaign anyway? Satterlee and he aren't anything more than acquaintances and cold ones at that. He never cared much for politics,—“very American thing” I have heard him call them,—but in this campaign he's turned enthusiastic reformer.

Tremaine. Vinton reformer! Don't think he's one of those worse than fools who want to make the world over to suit their own minds, and then put their names with “fecit” down in one corner. Vinton's just like the rest of us. Satterlee knew his executive ability, and will probably pay him well.

Gordon (walking to the window and look-

ing out in disgust). You fellows are discussing something you don't know the least thing about. It isn't money or reform that's nearly killed Vinton in the campaign; it's something better worth dying for.

Tremaine (interrupting). If a man will die for something and not of something. (*Gordon starts toward the door*).

Conover. Oh, Gordon, I say. Don't go off speaking in riddles like that damned old Sphinx. Come back and explain yourself,—you don't want to go to bed so early,—and don't leave us to mull over your oracles.

Tremaine (rising). Don't lose your temper, old man, at my sneers at virtue and reform. Come back, do, and convert us to your admiration of Vinton,—every reformer is hard after converts.

Gordon (coming back from the door). Can't a man stretch his legs a bit? Don't be so apologetic. I know you both. And if you scoffers at everything but yourselves, must know why I believe in Guy Vinton, I suppose I may tell you,—but you know the saying about casting pearls. Sit down, Conover. (*He gently pushes him into a chair*). And ring for a bottle of Chambertin, Tremaine? Let me have your cigarettes, Conover.

(*The men smoke in silence until the wine is brought. Then Gordon begins his story, standing by the fire and looking intently into his glass, while the cigarette goes out as it hangs in his fingers.*)

Gordon. You know Vinton and I were both in '71 at the University of Pennsylvania, and I probably saw more of him than any one else. Shy fellow naturally, living by himself in his books and a little set of Baltimore people who believe that the Lord made the earth for them first of all, and then happened to think of the rest of mankind. Vinton went out a great deal in his senior year, and, somehow or other came to know Agnes Shepley—

Tremaine (interrupting). Not old Shepley's daughter that used to send out rotten vessels to be wrecked, insured for God knows how much.

Conover (sharply). Campaign lie. Old as Grant's first term.

Gordon (resuming). No matter about the

father. At very first sight Vinton and Agnes Shepley fell tremendously in love with each other. He was so far gone that he would have been plucked, if the thought of having her with him at Commencement hadn't kept him at work. Not that he talked about her, and stuck photographs of her over his bed, and wrote abominable verses "To A. S." He thought too much of her for that. His love was his ideal, and everything he did he did for Agnes. At first the Vintons wouldn't have the match. They called Shepley too hard names. "He was bourgeois you know." "People will say we are marrying the money the old scoundrel has virtually stolen." But they couldn't refuse Guy anything; and they were fond of Agnes, too, in their cold way, and so after a little persuading they consented. Old Shepley, meantime, was supposed to be pleased as puss at the marriage, but the old fellow's pride got the best of him at last. "Young Guy Vinton was marrying the dollars he had slaved to get, while old Guy had been pleasantly calling him thief and scoundrel." "What did he care for the Vinton family name, he could buy a better one in Europe."

Tremaine (sotto voice). National custom, you know.

Gordon (resuming). So Guy was practically forbidden the house, and Agnes was whisked off to the Continent.

Guy went around Baltimore looking like Death on a pale horse for nearly a year, doing nothing, seeing no one, every bit of hope and pleasure gone out of his life. In time the news came that Agnes Shepley had married Arthur Satterlee,—who was more of a mediocrity than he is now,—less in love than in anger, to escape the Count von Something or Other that her father was trying to force on her. Then old Shepley died, and the Satterlees came back and settled here in Baltimore. You know how they've lived,—she in ambition, not in love for her husband, pushing him socially and politically wherever she could, and using her wealth, as he uses his father's reputation. When Agnes was married, Guy began to pluck up a bit. He buried himself in his lawbooks, and began to make the name he has now. Still he kept to himself, and went around with a sort of hope-

less look in his eyes. Satterlee and Guy had always been cold enough to each other; but Satterlee, after he came back was more formal than ever. Vinton scarcely ever saw Agnes. and, when he did they might have been the merest acquaintances.

Tremaine (deprecatingly). Too well bred for a scene, I hope, Gordon.

Gordon (resuming). So things went on until Satterlee was nominated for Congress last month. Most people, you know, sneered sily at the choice; said commonplace things about Satterlee, and declared that his wife's money and ambition were his only chances of election. Then when the other side put up "old wire-puller" Hunt, everybody said Satterlee was beaten. He didn't seem to care; but Agnes couldn't hide her disappointment. One night Guy and I were sitting here smoking, when old Swayne came in, and called out in his swaggering voice,—“Satterlee's sure beaten, and it'll damn near kill his woman.” Vinton was up in a flash, his eyes blazing, and his face pale and set. “This is no place to talk of such a woman, fool,” he snapped at Swayne; and was off before the old man could tell what had struck him. The next day there was an item in the *American* saying that “after long consideration the Committee of the Eighth Congressional District has invited Guy Vinton Esquire, the well known lawyer of the firm of Vinton, Wheelock, and Gordon, to manage Arthur Satterlee's campaign, and that he has accepted.” The truth of the thing was that Guy had gone to the committee and offered to give all his time to the campaign for a month. The committee,—mostly old “heelers,”—didn't know what to make of the offer, but were only too glad to get the help of such a man.

They let him have his way the more they saw of him, and he has practically managed Satterlee's campaign.

Tremaine (interrupting). Dealing out the “soap” of course.

Conover (sharply). In heaven's name, shut up.

Gordon (resuming). You know how he's worked night and day,—from Tuesday till Friday last week Guy didn't take his clothes off. He's looked after everything from the composing of public addresses, to the printing of stickers. And without seeing Satterlee once,—the committee's been a sort of interpreter between the two. Satterlee knows the truth of the matter, and is too cowardly to dare meet Guy face to face. Last night Guy came into the office, looking as nearly worn out as a man could look and not drop. “Malcolm,” he said, coming up to me as I sat at my desk, and letting his hand fall gently on my shoulder as he used to do, “Satterlee will have at least a thousand majority. I'm going home and to bed.” To-day he was in the office, quiet and busy as usual, but there was a change in his eyes and his voice that made me think of him as he used to be just after he left college. To-night he went off with a lot of neglected papers and was grinding at those, while Satterlee and all his friends were celebrating. Of course Satterlee wasn't cad enough not to invite him,—for in his thick skinned way, he understands it all. And so does Agnes. Good night, Tremaine. Come on, Conover, you go my way. (*Gordon and Conover go out.*)

Tremaine (rising and standing with his back to the fire and yawning profoundly). Oh, damn it all!

H. T. Parker.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

RELIGIOUS HARVARD.

THE religious set at Harvard is reputed to be a very small one; and yet I venture to say that no set is larger. It is reputed, at least among the college men themselves, to be made up of the non-thinking element, of those who believe, but never or very seldom doubt, who study, but never conclude, who see much, but understand little; and yet, again, I boldly assert that no set includes so many thoughtful and serious-minded men, that no set so distinctly represents the ability and the spirit of the University, and that no set so impresses the investigator of Harvard life and character with its power and genius. Evidently, by the religious set I do not mean the few men who meet together once a week or oftener for a religious service, and who in many cases stand in religion at graduation just where they stood at entrance. While I include these, I deny their sole right to the name; and while I express no disparagement of their attitude and aim, or of their usefulness, I am ready to say that they are not necessarily the most religious. The Harvard atmosphere is full of religion, the members of a few societies and of the Divinity School are not the only men who breathe it.

My use of the term religion seems to differ from that which allows certain writers and correspondents to call Harvard irreligious; from that which confines the religious spirit to a small association or school; from that, in fine, which excludes men and includes only worshippers and theologians. My use of the term is meant to be broader. The common orthodox meaning, narrow in its application, of course is equally narrow in its origin and conception. Men looking from without pretend to be able to judge religious Harvard. As well might they try to see their images in the back of a mirror. They find religion only where they detect organization and creed. But Harvard's motto is not "creeds," but "truth." They listen to an Aleck Quest, whose morbid taste invites their own suspicions and narrow inclinations to ac-

counts of reckless living, and cry in all their wisdom and reason, "Irreligious, God-forsaken Harvard!" An Irishman uses better logic. The price of truck does not *a priori* determine the value of a painting. Harvard religious societies *are* small; there *is* a fast set; yet, notwithstanding, Harvard deserves to be called religious. But outsiders are not likely to know this, partly because they are outsiders, and partly because many of them at least incline so to narrow the term religious that besides themselves, it can apply to but a very few. In their sense one is glad to have Harvard *irreligious*. But when, applying the word in our sense, they immediately turn about and interpret it in another, the injustice becomes painfully apparent. Harvard is certainly "irreligious." But Harvard is not *irreligious*.

Carry religion into every day life — this is the exhortation. We do do this more than people are willing to see. We have it to-day in our athletics, in our studies, in our social intercourse, in our inner thoughts and impulses. Pure religion cannot be a passive worship; it can not be an end and ideal in itself; it must be an activity, a spiritual activity, if you will, with an ideal of beauty, goodness, and righteousness before it, an ideal to be measured only by knowledge and circumstances and power of imagination or conception. Ambition, wherever it be, if honest, contains a promise of religion. The spirit of religion is sincerity; its impulse is the impulse to higher attainment. An English writer says that we seek a better because we conceive a best. True; and as soon as we seek, we look toward religion and at once become in greater or less degree religious. Whether the best be an absolute best or not makes no difference; if it only be our best we are religious. The ambition for attainment of ideals is the very essence of religion. It originated the earliest religions. It won for Christianity its early acceptance, and has perpetuated it. It pervades the deepest religious

spirit of our modern times. The heathen religions lost meaning as soon as they lost power to help. Men have always been seeking help; and have always been finding that they must help themselves. The strength of Christianity is that it can be interpreted in very human terms. Not a Brahma, nor a Jupiter, nor a Mahomet, but the Christliness *in* man is help and protection and assists the fulfilment of ambitions. Divine providence is fast becoming only human genius and activity. Christianity recognizes and dignifies the individual, encouraging the individual, and herein lies its present worth and power. Moreover, it is ever being interpreted to enjoin on men more independence and self-realization; and herein it has a future. Herein, too, it makes room for the Harvard thought and earnestness.

Harvard men are religious. For they have in them the service and power of religion. The passion for truth and the impulses to be better and greater, to do something well, and to benefit mankind are better signs of a religious nature than the "religious" societies and services and creeds of all the colleges in America. Harvard men are religious. For their life is full of restless endeavor, eager speculation and lofty ambition. Here doubt is honest, and skepticism is regarded as the best road to belief. The *sincere* atheist is a more religious man than the blindly dogmatic Christian or theist.

So I would broaden the term religion; so I make religion mean an attitude towards life rather than an actual manifestation in life, an inner active temper rather than an outer ritual or a passive spirit. Thus broadened religion includes all seriousness of thought and endeavor, and the religious set at Harvard com-

prises all her students of life and its problems, all her men who think, strive, aspire. With this view of religion in mind no one needs to be told that the religious set here is very large. One can imagine St. Paul's words to the Athenians to mean for these modern days: "The religion which you have in ignorance, that I declare unto you." The new religion makes room for the Harvard spirit.

There is a Hindu myth that the god Brahma, jealous of certain men who had found the true and absolute, went to them in disguise and asked: "What is the absolute?" and that they replied: "The absolute is in us." Immediately Brahma fell down and worshipped them, and by this flattery brought the mortals back to their first and relative existence. So a god's cunning defeated human wisdom. And let all take warning. For if in good impulses and ambitions and strivings we think that we have a perfect and final religion, this very thought, as soon as entertained, will destroy its own foundation. For the value of a religion is in the activity; if we cease to search for it, we cease to be religious. "Did the Almighty," says Lessing, "holding in his right hand *Truth* and in his left *Search after Truth*, deign to tender me the one that I might prefer, in all humility, but without hesitation I should request *Search after Truth*." Lessing's spirit is the true Harvard spirit; but search after truth with us must be more than speculation and mere mental activity; it must be also seeking truth in life, the progressing realization of our better natures. As the former, it is only philosophy; as the latter, it is religion. Harvard is religious only so far and so long as she is seriously searching in both thought and conduct.

ADVICE TO SOPHOMORES.

NO one realizes more fully than I do, my extraordinary presumption in offering advice to a sophomore, a being, who, as his name implies, has here reached the acme of wisdom. Yet as I look back to my sophomore days, I can see that there was still much to learn, and I had no better teacher than my sophomore year to show

me my errors. I was not very different from my classmates; and we were all like any other sophomores—no better, no worse—so that our experience may be worth something to those who are coming after.

To my mind the sophomore year is the worst or rather the least good year of our college life.

The position of the sophomore is one of great responsibility and on the whole of a responsibility but indifferently borne. He has been at college but one year, in which he has been the object of more or less good-natured ridicule for his innocent mistakes, and has patiently borne the humble title of "festive." For one year he has looked up with awe towards those wonderfully important men who form the class above him. They seem to him of far more importance than the seniors and not much more conspicuous. So the temptation is irresistible, when his turn comes, to overdo the sophomore part, and as a result our hero acts with eyes only for the freshman audience.

It is only natural that the upper-classmen should see the sophomore's weak points more readily than he himself does. They are older, and maturer, and with their extra years of experience has come a steadiness and thoughtfulness which they lacked a year or so ago. So in the light of their mistakes, they can criticise the sophomore; not harshly, for his mistakes are their mistakes; but as brothers who themselves have been "*haud ignari mali*." By brothers who have sinned themselves, the advice is given, and if any worthy sophomore should take offense at such plain speaking, he must remember that we are criticising not so much him, as our own sophomore year.

The sophomore is the model upon which the freshman tries to mould himself into a college man. He is but one step higher up the academic stairs. The freshman sees more of him than of the other climbers, and is naturally fascinated by his hero's easy and universal manner. But this hero-worship, beautiful as it is, is apt to combine with certain other elements to dazzle the worthy sophomore.

In his earnest desire to show how much more of a man he is than the freshman, he is very likely to prove the reverse. Sophomore rodomontade, though a great deal of it is harmless, shows too much thoughtlessness and too little seriousness. If the sophomore could only be brought to realize that college life has its responsibilities like other lives! The actual harm the sophomore gets from his performances is

slight, but it is to be regretted that this example should be set freshmen year after year. The sophomore glories in rushes on Bloody Monday, and punches, not particularly because he likes being banged around, or the taste of rum; but because they furnish valuable opportunities to show the freshmen what he can do when he tries. What I plead for is a little more seriousness in the sophomore year, a little less of the recklessness and bravado so often displayed.

The second year is necessarily one of the most delightful of the four. The sophomore has passed the freshman stage and has adapted himself to his surroundings. He has what might be called a "working knowledge" of college life. The time when he must decide on his life work has not yet come, and, having as few cares as any person in this world, he can afford to be happy.

But, it is this freedom from responsibility which is the sophomore's curse. He is apt to go too far for want of some restraining power. The D. K. E. might exercise a healthful influence over sophomores if it would. There are men in every class who, being members of the D. K. E., forget that they are responsible human beings. They are an injury to the college and their society, tending to bring both into disrepute. If college sentiment was strong enough to condemn such practises, they would soon cease. The men themselves generally recover in the end, but the bad influence they have exerted does not cease, the breach in the reputation of the college is not healed, the society continues to stand in the public eye for the evil side of college life.

No doubt the sophomore feels that I have been unduly severe, that only the unfavorable side of his character has been held up to view. But I am giving advice, and to that end I must treat of his faults (and I have not exhausted them) rather than his virtues. He must remember that I am talking of myself as well as of him, and, that when these sophomore weaknesses rise before my mind, I too, guilty, but now repentant, meekly hang my head and say "*Peccavi*."

THE ROSE OF HARVARD.

WHEN the sons of Fair Harvard for fatherland died
And deep soaked the soil with their own crimson tide,
It flowed on a flower, the fairest that grows
And it's hue is preserved in the Jacqueminot Rose.

Deep colored by Valor 'tis fit to adorn
The presence of Beauty, and often 'tis worn
As a badge of devotion, for every one knows
The true loyal tint of the Jacqueminot Rose.

There's a maiden, whose eyes, I acknowledge, are Blue
But her lips in their color to Harvard are true,
On her cheek the bright crimson now comes and now goes
While oft in her hair shines a Jacqueminot Rose.

Fair flower shine on, may thy glory ne'er fade,
Nor ever less bright be that dear crimson shade,
Loved, cherished by friends, and envied by foes
Fit emblem of Harvard, sweet Jacqueminot Rose.

HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE.

MOIDIER'S is a very unpretentious restaurant in Boston. A small sign stating that a table d'hôte will be served from five to nine every evening is all that there is to attract people's attention. It was the merest accident that I happened to drop into the place one evening. The room was nearly filled, but I found a vacant chair in a corner. I had not more than finished my soup when an elderly man approached the table and seemed somewhat annoyed to find the seat taken. He was about to turn away when he thought better of it and took the seat opposite. I was so much pleased with the place that I determined to come again on the following evening. When I entered the restaurant the next day, I found my former seat taken by the elderly man who sat across from me the day before. I resolved to come earlier the following night and get my old place, because from that position one might get an excellent view of the little groups of reporters,

young artists, and actors, as they sat together talking on a thousand and one different subjects.

As I reached the door of Moidier's the next evening an old man appeared, at the same instant, from the opposite direction, so that we walked up the steps together. We entered the door side by side, and keeping step we sauntered down the narrow aisle, between the rows of tables. I made for the table in the corner and I saw that my companion did the same. I turned and recognized at once my acquaintance of the previous evening. As I laid my hand on the back of the desired chair, he asked very courteously:

"Have you any particular reason in sitting there, sir?"

"Only that I can see better."

If it would not inconvenience you I should like to sit there greatly. I am Inspector Mason, and I am trying to work up an important case."

I was only too glad to give up the chair for the

privilege of being face to face with a real, live detective, even with the disadvantage of having my back turned to a lot of long-haired, chattering Bohemians.

The Inspector was very amiable, as if making amends for the sacrifice to which he had subjected me. He talked very pleasantly, and listened to me, but not so attentively that he could not overhear the conversation of a couple of fierce whiskered German reporters, who sat near by. In reply to my audacious request that he would relate one of his professional experiences, he assented cheerfully, and what he told me is, as nearly as I can remember, as follows:

"I dare say you know that I have accomplished a great deal of difficult detective work. I have unearthed two or three mysteries that for years had remained inexplicable. But I'll not tell you about any of these great cases because it would take too long, and the evidence is so varied and intricate that it would bore you. I will relate to you, however, my first experience in the profession, an incident small in itself, but one that had a tremendous influence on my career."

The waiter now approached with finger bowls, so the Inspector stopped for a moment. Presently he lit a cigar and began again, after the table had been cleared.

"When a young man, just about your age, I should say, I came to this very city. That time was many years ago. The population was much smaller then, but there was a wide field for a man, acute and energetic, in the profession to which I had looked up from my earliest boyhood with admiration and respect. I was fresh from the country, and the sight of this busy town at first was strange and wonderful. I was not altogether without friends in the city. I had a distant relation here, who was, moreover, at the head of a secret service bureau. But he did not know me, and, as I found out later, was not conscious of my existence even. I did not know that then, so summoning up my courage I made for his headquarters.

"I had some difficulty in getting access to him. Finally when I was ushered into his presence I felt as abashed as if I stood before the Czar of Russia. He spoke very kindly to me, and asked

me what I wanted. Then I told him who I was, explaining with a sense of pride in what way I was related to him, and why I had come to the city. I know that my eyes glistened and my cheeks glowed with fervor as I unburdened my mind about my ambition to be even an humble drudge in the 'great profession.' He saw at a glance, of course, that I was inexperienced and callow, but he discerned in me a resolution and spirit to succeed that pleased him, and convinced him of my sincerity. He said that there was a vacancy on the force for a young man who was willing to work. Here I broke in with many a protestation of my eagerness to plod in the most menial capacity. But he waved his hand good naturedly and bade me cease. 'You have had no experience,' he continued 'yet I'll give you a trial, because I see in you, I think, a determination to be somebody in the service.' I thanked him with a heart overflowing with joy and gratitude.

"Mr. Mason, he had the same name as mine, said that as my first duty he wanted me to go out and catch a pickpocket. I confess I was as much startled as if he had requested me to track a murderer. But he went on to explain that several persons had complained of thefts from pickpockets on the streets near the depots. He told me to go just as I was with my coat open displaying a cumbersome gold watch chain he loaned me. The sharpers would be attracted by my rustic appearance and fall into the trap. He cautioned me not to appear too watchful, but to saunter slowly along, and to be sure to look into every attractive shop window.

"In less than a couple of hours I made my report that I had caught, after a hard struggle, a notorious crook just in the act of filching my watch. Mr. Mason was delighted and patted me approvingly on the back. He then told me of a respectable boarding house where he said I had better live for the present. He advanced me enough funds to make me feel thoroughly independent—for a week, and then, after telling me to learn well the streets of the city, bade me good-by.

"I found my boarding place very satisfactory. The people were all very pleasant, and I soon felt at home. When I had been settled two or

three days a very pretty young lady with dark hair and brown eyes, took her place beside me at the table. She was so frank and manifested so much interest in me, that one evening after supper, I told her all about myself. When I spoke of my connection with the secret service bureau, in a low whisper, she opened her brown eyes very wide, looked at me very curiously, and said: 'Why, how strange. I am in the New York department of the same service. I am here waiting for orders to co-operate with your branch in working up the great Shane Case.'

"Both of us were much delighted over the coincidence, and shook hands very warmly on the fact. But I begged her not to mention to Chief Mason that I had found out her mission, because he might censure me severely for being indiscreet in speaking of my business to strangers. She cordially gave me her promise, asking me at the same time not to divulge her secret. I agreed of course, and after that we were exceptionally good friends.

"A little less than a fortnight after my exploit with the pickpocket I received word, while I was at supper, to come at once to Chief's office. Although I had not been at the table five minutes, I seized my hat and made all haste towards the headquarters. But before I went out of the door, I uttered the word 'Business' in the ear of Miss Polly, my friend of New York. She looked up, and said 'Be brave,' smilingly.

"The moment I entered the door of Mr. Mason's office I saw that notwithstanding his long experience in the profession he was excited. He bade me be seated, and told me hurriedly that he had just received word that the great "Mulgan gang" were going to break open the diamond store of Fitzallen on Tremont street, late that night. I leaped up like one shot. Now I might have a hand in a piece of *real* work. Mr. Mason was somewhat disconcerted by my display of youthful exuberance, but after a second's pause he continued that most of the men on the staff were out of town, and in consequence he would have to throw an important part on me. He explained that a clerk in the store whose duty it was to lock the street door had been discovered

to be an accomplice of the "Mulgan boys" thieves had made a duplicate key from it in the clerk's possession, and shortly after o'clock they would enter to break the safe. All the diamonds were kept during the night. The windows in the shop were boarded up so that it would be possible to get enough police to surround the place. But the gang were known to be very wise before the whole gang would enter, or would thoroughly examine the premises to see if there were any police concealed. But even so, if he could hide himself in an obscure place, he might be able to elude the vigilance of the police who came to scout the place. As the store was opposite Fitzallen's there would be no chance to stow away the police except in a drug store half block below. Here about a dozen men would wait. Provided the spy could find me—and there was no probability of doing so since I was to crawl under the window showcase,—I was to wait until the gang were at work on the safe, then run and after pulling out the key, slam the door and its spring lock to, and blow vigorously on the whistle. It was supposed there would be a man of the gang stationed inside the door on the watch for intruders; but, if he offered the least resistance, I was either to threaten him with a pistol or to knock him down. The Chief then told me to go home and get my pistol, and hide it where he had directed. His last words were 'Do this thing correctly, and you will cover yourself with glory.' He saw that appealing to my ambition he could drive me to my best efforts.

"Nerving myself up to the enterprise I hurried home. As I was rushing up the stairs I saw Miss Polly coming down. I told her the plan to which Mr. Mason had assigned me.

"'But,' said she, fearful, 'if the thieves see you they will shoot you.'

"'They won't have a chance, I am hidden under the window showcase.'

"'But you are not going to capture them alone?'

"'No, when they are all in, I am to run to the door and whistle for the police.'

"'Be careful,' said Miss Polly, laying her hand on my arm, 'you must not get hurt'

"With audacity unusual in me I snatched a kiss, and decamped in a hurry. I put my pistol in my breast pocket, and in less than twenty minutes I was on Tremont Street. The performance at the Museum was just over, and the people were filling the sidewalk. I mingled with the crowd and unobserved I slipped through the door of Fitzallen's diamond store. I secreted myself without difficulty, and stretched out at full length on the bare floor I bided my time. People passed by less and less frequently, until finally all that I heard was the slow tread of an officer as he passed his beat, at intervals of every fifteen minutes. It was cold where I lay and, as I grew chilly, I must say my courage began to sink a little. I began to realize what a dangerous business I was undertaking. Suddenly I heard a soft footstep. It could not be a policeman for one had gone by two or three minutes before. Presently I heard a voice saying 'Mr. Mason, Mr. Mason.' It was Miss Polly, and she was inside the door! I stuck my head out from underneath the showcase and demanded what she wanted.

"She replied: 'You needn't get saucy, sir; Chief Mason sent me to tell you that it wasn't necessary for you to stay here any longer, as the thieves are scared off. If that is the way you thank me, by getting mad, I am sorry I did not let you lie there all night.'

"My apologies were so sincere that Polly's anger soon subsided. While she was helping me brush the duds from my coat she asked me if I was not hungry. To my ejaculation of 'I should say so,' she said she knew of a little restaurant, near by, which kept open all night.

"Polly took my arm, and we were soon at the little eating-house, which was on a disreputable alley, two or three blocks away. The waiter showed us into a little room and asked us what we wanted to order. I never drink wine, but Polly said I must take some to warm myself up and drive away the cough which she was sure I had caught. I yielded at last and drank the glassful which the waiter had brought. The heat which the wine imparted made me drowsy,

and before I knew it I was going to sleep.

"It was broad day light when I awoke. I went out of the wretched restaurant feeling cramped and uncomfortable. I had no sooner reached the street when a newsboy rushed up to me saying, 'Paper sir, paper? All'bout great dimon' robbery at Fitzallen's.'

"The conviction of what had happened, and how it had happened, came upon me like a douch of ice water.

" 'Why,' I said aloud to myself, 'I was there at Fitzallen's until after one o'clock.'

" 'You were, were you?' broke in a burly policeman standing at my back, 'well then, I guess you can furnish some valuable evidence. Come along with me, my young man.' I attempted to explain in vain. He grabbed me by the coat collar and pushed me into one of those villianous little cages, which are made under lamp posts for arrested people until assistance comes, and signalled for a patrol wagon.'

"As soon as I got to the station-house I sent for Chief Mason. When I had told him every detail of the affair, he forgave me freely, and said he was sure he could trust my discretion in the future. One of the 'gang,' he told me, had been caught in the very act of boarding an out-going train. All the diamonds were found on him, and when he was offered his freedom if he would tell the whereabouts of the rest of his party, he said he would provided they would not touch Miss Polly. This was agreed to, and in consequence seven notorious criminals, all all of whom were wanted by the law before the Fitzallen episode, were taken."

At this point my table companion, Inspector Mason, ceased. He arose and put on his hat and coat, shook my hand, and was bidding me "good night," when I said:

"Tell me what became of Miss Polly."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you she was in love with the scalawag who was caught with the diamonds, and they left for the West together, shortly after my first experience in the 'profession.'

Carl Bailey Hurst.

QUESTIONS.*

BEauteous child, sweet gift from Nature,
Wondrous in thy fresh simplicity,
Tell me, though thou yet can'st scarcely prattle,
Why, so peacefully, thou smil'st at me?
To thee, so said the loving Nazarene, the deep, rich mysteries are shown,
Teach them to me, and let them to my aching heart be known.
See'st thou, still clinging to the human visage,
Ploughed deep with furrows tracked by Satan's hoof,
Scarred freely, where in thousand spots **BEELZEBUB** has stung it,
Some semblance to that One who once took fleshly birth?

Thou trusting child,—will not my ridgy fingers,
Bristling with thorns where Stygian spray
So oft has wet them, sting the velvet clasp
With which thy tender fingers seek to hold me?
Though, with thy searching touch, perchance
Thou feelest, yet, some friendliness akin
To that great Love that lately gave thee—
Whose hand, forever kind, let slip thy infant palm
And placed it in my own, that through thy touch
So mild, I might, for all Eternity, receive the grace of God.

Emil Chas. Pfeiffer.

*To a little child.

HOW DO YOU LIVE?

WHAT a sad thing life is, cries the gloomy Schopenhauer; every step I take only saves me from a fall. What a happy world this is, says the cheerful some one else; every time I step I get ahead a little. Says the savage: All nature is alive, the rivers and trees with spirits, and the clouds and stars and oceans with dreadful Gods. But the civilized man declares: Nature is dead; trees are organisms, not souls; the waters flow, but do not live. Your friend across the yard sees comedy or tragedy in everything; he finds nothing ordinary; while you, on the other hand, see no break in the monotony of existence; things have their natural causes, and why should one trouble himself about them? Why, indeed? And who is right in his estimate of life? The savage? Yes. Your friend? Yes. Schopenhauer? Yes. All are right; life is sad; the world is happy; nature lives, and is dead; there is tragedy, and comedy,

and there is monotony. All are right; and all are wrong. The rainbow has many colors. No one looks at only one of them. Life is a rainbow, as beautifully shaded with the same unseen hues at either end. Look upon it, then, as such; don't fear to exclaim your hearty "Oh!" of admiration once in a while. You trembled at the thunder half an hour ago; or had an attack of ennui for the long storm. Why not catch the beauty of this mingled storm and sunlight?

Why is life dull? Because men make it so. How many college yards we have; as many yards as students. A barren waste; a muddy, wetty place; funny; gloomy; clear; indifferent; homely; romantic, as Class Day; dreaded, as U. 5; common place, as a factory; strange, as a foreign city; bewildering, to Simple Green; as nothing, to careless Knowall. Then color life; are the cause of their sorrows, and

of their delights. This man enjoys himself; he has a happy nature, an imagination, a vein of humor, a little love in his heart, humanity, what not. Only selfish men don't enjoy themselves. Selfishness is the murderer of happiness. We are selfish with others, or with nature, or with thoughts, or with events. Who would get, must give, whether he keeps a store, or talks, or thinks, or only looks. Life is give and take everywhere. But do the giving; your taking follows. Men are not like machines; with men the scales must work, or the candy drops out, before the nickle finds the slot. Who get few nickels have only themselves to blame. "Drop in a nickle," says somebody, "and I will help you, love you; and I will enjoy you, play with you; and I will give you another." But the nickle never, or seldom, comes. Life is a seeking; if we don't seek, we don't find. Some forget this; some never knew it. Pleasure, however, is an incident of finding; it should never be an object of search. Yet you can never feel it without searching. So search for something. Of course, searching for trouble, you will find it in every step, a fear to fall. Search for what you think good, true, honest, beautiful. The most ordinary things have treasures in them. Newton found a law in an apple; Bruce, a victory in a spider's web; Columbus, a continent in stories; Homer, a poem in ruined Troy; Washington, independence in some raw troops; two or three wise men, a Christ in a manger.

It is only necessary to force yourself into your environment; make it admit you; master its obstinacy, resistance, coyness. Skating, some one tells me, is like poetry. The different figures are different metres or different moods. Around and outward you go on your right foot,—how smooth the verse flows—here now is the caesura, and now the gliding to the end—now

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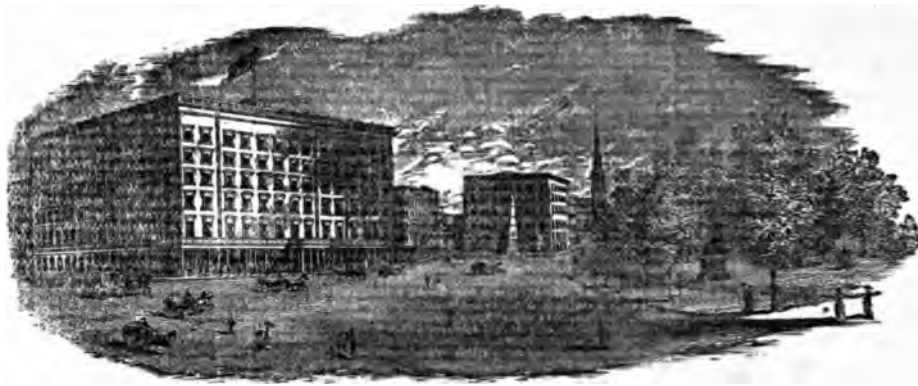
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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., DECEMBER 21, 1888.

W. H. Wheeler, Printer, 416 Harvard Street Cambridge.

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THE WEEK.

AT last, after unceasing effort by the members of the Glee Club year after year, the Faculty has given the club permission to travel and give concerts. We congratulate the Glee Club and are elated, with them, at the prospect of their making the tour of the principal cities of this country, and showing the inhabitants how Harvard men look, act, and sing.

The Faculty, to tell the truth, has made a large concession to the wishes of the students and will await the result with interest,—with anxiety. There seems to be every reason for believing the common report among us here that people generally know very little about Harvard, especially the people outside of New England. Then, too, what little is known is exaggeration,—distorting somewhat the advantages of Harvard and its surroundings,—and lamentably overstating the evils and dangers that beset the men who come here. How it happens that Harvard stands in such a false light, it is not our purpose to discuss:—the fact sadly enough for all of us who love Harvard, is only too true: misunderstanding of our University does exist to a surprising degree all

over this country. Perhaps it is because they expect so much that people are often disappointed in Harvard men; perhaps the tales and rumors, be they true or be they false, which are to-day more than ever at the tongues' end of so many people all over the country,—astonish every one, simply because the conditions of life that tend here towards true culture and refinement do in every particular outweigh the temptations for evil. Hands are raised in horror concerning stories of Harvard and Harvard men with more of sorrow and despair, than of exultation and ghoulish glee. The prosperity and growth of Harvard, the administration of President Eliot, and the standards set up by the Overseers have attracted the attention of thoughtful people more and more every year, until it has come to be taken for granted that a Harvard man is, or shall be,—something superior to the general run of college men. If we are wrong in our opinion as we have thus expressed it, we regret it; but we cannot feel that we are very far from the expression of what is the truth of the matter. If the Glee Club does go, we know that every man will look upon himself as the representative of his University,—a son who goes out before the world to honor his mother, the Alma Mater who unclasps her hand from his with solicitude as he leaves her and gazes after him with a beating heart as he goes out of sight. It is our opinion that no member of the Club can let his voice ring out in fullest measure, with any manly resonance and thrill in it,—if he harbors the least intention, in any direction, which would bring the tears to the eyes of Mother Harvard. We all of us know that there is a feverish craving for Harvard news at all times: and that this fever has become a delirious frenzy at this present time. People everywhere all on the *qui vive*,—and

three days a very pretty young lady with dark hair and brown eyes, took her place beside me at the table. She was so frank and manifested so much interest in me, that one evening after supper, I told her all about myself. When I spoke of my connection with the secret service bureau, in a low whisper, she opened her brown eyes very wide, looked at me very curiously, and said: 'Why, how strange. I am in the New York department of the same service. I am here waiting for orders to co-operate with your branch in working up the great Shane Case.'

"Both of us were much delighted over the coincidence, and shook hands very warmly on the fact. But I begged her not to mention to Chief Mason that I had found out her mission, because he might censure me severely for being indiscreet in speaking of my business to strangers. She cordially gave me her promise, asking me at the same time not to divulge her secret. I agreed of course, and after that we were exceptionally good friends.

"A little less than a fortnight after my exploit with the pickpocket I received word, while I was at supper, to come at once to Chief's office. Although I had not been at the table five minutes, I seized my hat and made all haste towards the headquarters. But before I went out of the door, I uttered the word 'Business' in the ear of Miss Polly, my friend of New York. She looked up, and said 'Be brave,' smilingly.

"The moment I entered the door of Mr. Mason's office I saw that notwithstanding his long experience in the profession he was excited. He bade me be seated, and told me hurriedly that he had just received word that the great "Mulgan gang" were going to break open the diamond store of Fitzallen on Tremont street, late that night. I leaped up like one shot. Now I might have a hand in a piece of *real* work. Mr. Mason was somewhat disconcerted by my display of youthful exuberance, but after a second's pause he continued that most of the men on the staff were out of town, and in consequence he would have to throw an important part on me. He explained that a clerk in the store whose duty it was to lock the street door had been discovered

to be an accomplice of the "Mulgan boys." The thieves had made a duplicate key from the one in the clerk's possession, and shortly after twelve o'clock they would enter to break the safe, where all the diamonds were kept during the night. The windows in the shop were boarded up, and it would be possible to get enough police inside. But the gang were known to be very wily, and before the whole gang would enter, one man would thoroughly examine the premises to see if there were any police concealed. But *one* person if he could hide himself in an obscure place might be able to elude the vigilance of the spy who came to scout the place. As the Common was opposite Fitzallen's there would be no place to stow away the police except in a druggist's, a half block below. Here about a dozen policemen would wait. Provided the spy did not find me—and there was no probability of his doing so since I was to crawl underneath the window showcase,—I was to wait until all the gang were at work on the safe, then rush out, and after pulling out the key, slam the door with its spring lock to, and blow vigorously on my whistle. It was supposed there would be one of the gang stationed inside the door on the alert for intruders; but, if he offered the least resistance, I was either to threaten him with a pistol or to knock him down. The Chief then told me to go home and get my pistol, and hide myself where he had directed. His last words to me were 'Do this thing correctly, and you will cover yourself with glory.' He saw that by appealing to my ambition he could draw out my best efforts.

"Nerving myself up to the enterprise, I hurried home. As I was rushing up the stairs I met Miss Polly coming down. I told her the duty to which Mr. Mason had assigned me.

"'But,' said she, fearful, 'if the thieves see you they will shoot you.'

"'They won't have a chance, I am to hide under the window showcase.'

"'But you are not going to capture them alone?'

"'No, when they are all in, I am to shut the door and whistle for the police.'

"'Be careful,' said Miss Polly, laying her hand on my arm, 'you must not get hurt.'

"With audacity unusual in me I snatched a kiss, and decamped in a hurry. I put my pistol in my breast pocket, and in less than twenty minutes I was on Tremont Street. The performance at the Museum was just over, and the people were filling the sidewalk. I mingled with the crowd and unobserved I slipped through the door of Fitzallen's diamond store. I secreted myself without difficulty, and stretched out at full length on the bare floor I bided my time. People passed by less and less frequently, until finally all that I heard was the slow tread of an officer as he passed his beat, at intervals of every fifteen minutes. It was cold where I lay and, as I grew chilly, I must say my courage began to sink a little. I began to realize what a dangerous business I was undertaking. Suddenly I heard a soft footstep. It could not be a policeman for one had gone by two or three minutes before. Presently I heard a voice saying 'Mr. Mason, Mr. Mason.' It was Miss Polly, and she was inside the door! I stuck my head out from underneath the showcase and demanded what she wanted.

"She replied: 'You needn't get saucy, sir; Chief Mason sent me to tell you that it wasn't necessary for you to stay here any longer, as the thieves are scared off. If that is the way you thank me, by getting mad, I am sorry I did not let you lie there all night.'

"My apologies were so sincere that Polly's anger soon subsided. While she was helping me brush the duds from my coat she asked me if I was not hungry. To my ejaculation of "I should say so," she said she knew of a little restaurant, near by, which kept open all night.

"Polly took my arm, and we were soon at the little eating-house, which was on a disreputable alley, two or three blocks away. The waiter showed us into a little room and asked us what we wanted to order. I never drink wine, but Polly said I must take some to warm myself up and drive away the cough which she was sure I had caught. I yielded at last and drank the glassful which the waiter had brought. The heat which the wine imparted made me drowsy,

and before I knew it I was going to sleep.

"It was broad day light when I awoke. I went out of the wretched restaurant feeling cramped and uncomfortable. I had no sooner reached the street when a newsboy rushed up to me saying, 'Paper sir, paper? All'bout great dimon' robbery at Fitzallen's.'

"The conviction of what had happened, and how it had happened, came upon me like a douch of ice water.

" 'Why,' I said aloud to myself, 'I was there at Fitzallen's until after one o'clock.'

" 'You were, were you?' broke in a burly policeman standing at my back, 'well then, I guess you can furnish some valuable evidence. Come along with me, my young man.' I attempted to explain in vain. He grabbed me by the coat collar and pushed me into one of those villianous little cages, which are made under lamp posts for arrested people until assistance comes, and signalled for a patrol wagon.'

"As soon as I got to the station-house I sent for Chief Mason. When I had told him every detail of the affair, he forgave me freely, and said he was sure he could trust my discretion in the future. One of the 'gang,' he told me, had been caught in the very act of boarding an out-going train. All the diamonds were found on him, and when he was offered his freedom if he would tell the whereabouts of the rest of his party, he said he would provided they would not touch Miss Polly. This was agreed to, and in consequence seven notorious criminals, all all of whom were wanted by the law before the Fitzallen episode, were taken."

At this point my table companion, Inspector Mason, ceased. He arose and put on his hat and coat, shook my hand, and was bidding me "good night," when I said:

"Tell me what became of Miss Polly."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you she was in love with the scalawag who was caught with the diamonds, and they left for the West together, shortly after my first experience in the 'profession.'

Carl Bailey Hurst.

QUESTIONS.*

BEAUTEIOUS child, sweet gift from Nature,
Wondrous in thy fresh simplicity,
Tell me, though thou yet can'st scarcely prattle,
Why, so peacefully, thou smil'st at me?
To thee, so said the loving Nazarene, the deep, rich mysteries are shown,
Teach them to me, and let them to my aching heart be known.
See'st thou, still clinging to the human visage,
Ploughed deep with furrows tracked by Satan's hoof,
Scarred freely, where in thousand spots **BEELZEBUB** has stung it,
Some semblance to that One who once took fleshly birth?

Thou trusting child,—will not my ridgy fingers,
Bristling with thorns where Stygian spray
So oft has wet them, sting the velvet clasp
With which thy tender fingers seek to hold me?
Though, with thy searching touch, perchance
Thou feelest, yet, some friendliness akin
To that great Love that lately gave thee—
Whose hand, forever kind, let slip thy infant palm
And placed it in my own, that through thy touch
So mild, I might, for all Eternity, receive the grace of God.

Emil Chas. Pfeiffer.

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Nov. 24. Foot Ball. Championship game at New York. Yale, 10; Princeton, 0.

Meeting of Canoe Club. Elected: '89, E. W. Grew; '90, Sturgis, Lothrop, R. Fessenden, R. Walker, R. M. Fullerton, A. P. Emmons, H. H. Hunnewell, H. O. Poore, H. F. Strout; '91, S. Van Rensselaer, E. C. Hammond, S. D. Parker, W. Wells, S. K. Flint; '92, R. D. Amory, C. H. Lockett, J. Hitchcock, C. P. Cheney elected freshman director.



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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOLUME XLVI.—No. VI.

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CAMBRIDGE. MASS., DECEMBER 21, 1888.

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XLVI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., DECEMBER 21, 1888.

No. VI.

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THE WEEK.

AT last, after unceasing effort by the members of the Glee Club year after year, the Faculty has given the club permission to travel and give concerts. We congratulate the Glee Club and are elated, with them, at the prospect of their making the tour of the principal cities of this country, and showing the inhabitants how Harvard men look, act, and sing.

The Faculty, to tell the truth, has made a large concession to the wishes of the students and will await the result with interest,—with anxiety. There seems to be every reason for believing the common report among us here that people generally know very little about Harvard, especially the people outside of New England. Then, too, what little is known is exaggeration,—distorting somewhat the advantages of Harvard and its surroundings,—and lamentably overstating the evils and dangers that beset the men who come here. How it happens that Harvard stands in such a false light, it is not our purpose to discuss:—the fact sadly enough for all of us who love Harvard, is only too true: misunderstanding of our University does exist to a surprising degree all

over this country. Perhaps it is because they expect so much that people are often disappointed in Harvard men; perhaps the tales and rumors, be they true or be they false, which are to-day more than ever at the tongues' end of so many people all over the country,—astonish every one, simply because the conditions of life that tend here towards true culture and refinement do in every particular outweigh the temptations for evil. Hands are raised in horror concerning stories of Harvard and Harvard men with more of sorrow and despair, than of exultation and ghoulish glee. The prosperity and growth of Harvard, the administration of President Eliot, and the standards set up by the Overseers have attracted the attention of thoughtful people more and more every year, until it has come to be taken for granted that a Harvard man is, or shall be,—something superior to the general run of college men. If we are wrong in our opinion as we have thus expressed it, we regret it; but we cannot feel that we are very far from the expression of what is the truth of the matter. If the Glee Club does go, we know that every man will look upon himself as the representative of his University,—a son who goes out before the world to honor his mother, the Alma Mater who unclasp her hand from his with solicitude as he leaves her and gazes after him with a beating heart as he goes out of sight. It is our opinion that no member of the Club can let his voice ring out in fullest measure, with any manly resonance and thrill in it,—if he harbors the least intention, in any direction, which would bring the tears to the eyes of Mother Harvard. We all of us know that there is a feverish craving for Harvard news at all times: and that this fever has become a delirious frenzy at this present time. People everywhere all on the *qui vive*,—and

first items that has attracted his attention is this: "Miss Daisy Digram, the belle of Passedge this summer, is receiving, we understand, much attention from all youths, and from one gentleman in particular."

In one instant the paper is crunched up and thrown out of the window.

* * *

In the fall of 1886 the following letters passed through the New York General Post Office:—

(1) *Letter from Mr. H. Esmine to Mr. Albert Master, Boston.*

DEAR OLD CHUM,

I arrived here last night. I need give you no description of the place. It is like all summer resorts: the usual amount of talkative old ladies, a few invalids who sit around and look interesting, still fewer youths ranging from fifteen years old to twenty, who stalk around in hideous blazers and imagine that it is the most becoming style of dress; more than twenty girls of, well, I won't say what ages, the usual proportion of the plain, studious kind, a few really interesting, and many "summer" girls. As I write, there is one of this species before me on the piazza. She is lying in a hammock; she does her execution there. Around sit or lie, in extraordinary positions supposed to be graceful, four youths. She has just dropped her handkerchief three times; I am waiting to see the fourth fellow get a chance. I can hear you say she must be very pretty, for me to take up so much of my letter in writing about her; well, I admit that she is, but she disgusts me. Her efforts are too apparent to drag all men into her net. She has just looked into the writing-room at me, and as a result her satellites look wildly jealous.

The girl has just gone down off the piazza; as she jumped, four hands were put out to help her, though the distance is only two feet. She is a good planner; I noticed she managed to take hold of all four.

I would not advise you to come here, old man, for there is no smoking-room in the house, and you cannot get away from anybody. I have already discussed my ancestors with three "old friends of the family." Whenever I do not remember the "family tree" I invent branches and

stick them on. One old lady seemed much shocked when I told her I had undisputable proof that my great great grandmother was an Indian queen.

Later. There has just been a great hop to-night. Girls are rather despicable creatures, are they not? Oh, vanity! my partner was half an hour late simply because she could not find a correct colored fan to carry.

By the way, the girl I was telling you about was my neighbor at table d'hôte, Miss Daisy Digram. I had hardly got seated before she burst into a torrent of conversation, and before I had finished the fish, she had asked "How do you like us, down here in Passedge?" I was decidedly aghast, but managed to ejaculate sarcastically "How could I help liking you down here?" This, I was glad to see, effectually put an end to her gushing.

Afterwards at the hop I had hard work, when dancing with her, to keep myself from being dragged out on the piazza every few minutes, and you know what a piazza is at a summer hotel at night—a set trap.

Well, old man, this is nonsense, what I've been writing. Sell out my Wisconsin Central if it reaches my figure; if anything important is up, send for me.

Yours,

HARRY ESMINE.

(2) *Letter from Miss D. Digram to her friend Edith Morton, New York.*

DEAR EDITH:

Of all the lovely places in the world, Passedge is the finest. I have been having a great time here, and would have had a better the last few days but for the arrival of a new young man, no addition, I can tell you. Last Tuesday he walked up from the station; Boston from head to foot, I could see at once. Head in air, blue blood look, high collar without polish, top hat with much, clothes new and pressed, cane at right angle, intellectual sneer. As he came upon the piazza he looked round, as much as to say, "Oh, yes, western crowd."

For the first day he wandered round, would speak to no one, no one of us, that is; for he confined his superior attentions to several old

ladies from New York—Van somebody, who I suppose he considered in his set.

The next night I sat by him at dinner, when suddenly he began. My dear, I was annoyed, for he looked at me, simpering straight into my eyes, and uttered the most barefaced, direct, spoony compliment I ever heard. I was disgusted. Then all that night he followed me about at the hop. He danced like a—well, I cannot get a comparison bad enough. Out of self defence to my dress I tried to lead him out of doors. My dear, defend me from Boston men. Every time we danced by a looking-glass I noticed that he tried to fix his necktie or his hair!

Do come down here, for you will have a splendid time, however. A lot of foolish boys who have nothing else to do but fancy themselves in love with you are down here.

Ever affectionately,

DAISY.

(3) *Letter from Mr. Esmine to Mr. Manster.*

MY DEAR ALBERT:

I am in New York. Come on and we will have a great time and celebrate a genuine Thanksgiving. I have just barely escaped the wiles of a Venus-Circe, and I now shudder to think of it. I wrote you from Passedge, where I went expecting to meet Edith from New York. For after my engagement with Miss Morton came out, she wrote that she and mother were going to Passedge.

I stayed five days and they did not come, and then as I will tell you, I had to go. I wrote you about Miss Digram. Well, I soon saw that that girl was making a fling at me. So forward, so gushing, so utterly barefaced a western girl I never saw. She was very pretty, to be sure, and I felt myself being dragged into her clutches. It was awful, old man. I shut myself up in my room, but it was no use. Whenever I appeared, she always seemed to be on hand. Why my dear fellow, if I even handed her anything that she had dropped, she would say in a languishing tone, "Oh, Mr. Esmine, you are always so kind." If we were all to play tennis, she would say, "Oh, Mr. Esmine, you will play with me, won't you?" She was so pretty, too, that if she kept on I knew I should say more than I ought.

One day, as we were taking a walk together, she fainted from the heat. I merely threw some water over her, yet to my disgust she said that I had saved her life, and that she could never forget it. Then she looked at me and asked softly if, since I was so kind, I would not let her lean on my arm as far as the hotel. Well, I knew that that would finish me. I knew what she was, and yet I was attracted to her.

Finally people began to notice my seeming infatuation. I could not tell them that she was dragging me on to perdition. Every day I feared lest Edith would come down from New York.

The next day after the fainting fit, Miss Digram had made me go out into the Cathedral Woods with her, though I felt it would be my ruin. As soon as we entered the dark, shady grove, like all girls she began to talk about the birds, the trees, the flowers, the philosophy of nature. Suddenly, I don't know how, we fell on the subject of love. She asked me if I did not think love was a beautiful thing. I said, "Yes, in its place," while inwardly I began to tremble. Then she asked me if I believed that two people were always created foredestined to meet and marry. I felt that I must do something. I knew I was a fool, and I could see that she was urging me on; yet all of a sudden, words which I could not control burst from me: "O, Daisy, we are the two—" All at once she gave a scream and pointed to a large black spider on her dress. Never before did I bless an animal so much. I vowed to leave in my will money for a society for the prevention of cruelty to spiders.

We reached the hotel safely. I saw that she was disappointed. I would not trust myself with her another day, so I packed up my things ready to leave early the next morning. That night I received a note from Edith, saying she could not come down to Passedge. I am very glad, since it would be awkward if she got wind of anything down there. I left suddenly. I am here in New York, safe, I believe, from that fiend's clutches.

Excuse length of this letter, kind father confessor, and come on and visit

Your deluded friend,

HARRY.

(4) *From Miss Digram to her friend Miss E. Morton.*

DEAREST EDITH:

I was awfully sorry that you decided not to come down here. But I must tell. I have had quite a romance, though a very disagreeable one.

Such an excitement as there is here. You know that odious young man Esmine, I wrote to you about. Well, the other morning he left very suddenly before sunrise, and no news has been heard of him. People say that a great sum of money was missing from the hotel safe, but I do not know how true that is. At any rate, every one is relieved that the man is gone. Such a time as I had. I never could get away from him. He followed me everywhere and imagined that I liked him, the vain thing.

One day I fainted and he poured water all over my lovely tennis suit, just spoiling it. I had to thank him of course, but do you know whenever I said anything particularly cold he always looked as if it was most flattering, Boston conceit!—I know you, being a New York girl, will sympathize with me, dear—I cannot tell you how I hated the sight of him. One day matters came to a crisis. We were out walking. He became very spoony and began to rhapsodize on platonic love. I knew what was coming but I waited resolved to crush him. Soon he began to propose, but he never finished for a big bug luckily dropped on my dress and I, with much self possession, requested him to remove it. This spoilt his romantic situation and we went back to the hotel, I exulting, and he the most disappointed man you ever saw.

Now that he is gone I am relieved. I wish you could see my lovely new dresses. They are what we dreamed of when at boarding school, only finer. The papers have spoken of them and I pride myself in eclipsing everybody else here.

Faithfully I am your dearest friend,

DAISY DIGRAM.

(5) *Letter from Miss Edith Morton to Mr. Henry Esmine, Boston.*

MY DEAR MR. ESMINE:

I am very sorry if I shall cause you any

pain in what I am going to write but trusting that I shall not, in view of the circumstances, I write to say that it will be better for both of us if our engagement be broken off. If you really wish for more information, I will refer you to my dear friend, Miss Digram.

I am as ever your sincere friend,

EDITH MORTON.

* * *

It is very crowded at this ball of Mrs. de Vanyck's in New York. The music is still playing, but most of the dancers have retired to breathe the cool perfumed air of the conservatory. Under one of the palm trees a young lady is sitting alone. Two young men approach, "Miss Digram—Mr. Esmine," "Mr. Esmine—Miss Digram." Mr. Esmine begins the conversation. "Did we not meet last summer at Passedge?"

"Yes, I was there all summer."

"Wasn't it delightful? My stay, though all too short, I enjoyed immensely"—

"It was delightfully social and a remarkably nice set. But you left very suddenly didn't you? I seem to remember something about it. We all regretted your departure."

"I was very sorry to leave such company, but I was called away by sudden business." Mr. Esmine begins to wonder how many tears the Recording Angel has already dropped. Then he goes on. "Doesn't this conservatory remind you of that charming walk in the pine woods we used to take?"

"Yes. I hope we shall have many. You are going there next summer?"

"I hope so, are you?"

"Yes."

"Ah, then we shall meet again there, if not before. Are you to be long in New York?"

"No—ah—but—you will excuse me I am engaged for this dance."

After the ball two creatures of society, one male machine, one female machine depart for their homes with perhaps a slight pang of conscience at the falsehoods of convention. But society is a great revolutionizer and the formality of a society conversation grinds previous thoughts into new forms.

Mr. Esmine says, as he smokes his after-the-

ball cigar, "She is not so bad, after all," and Miss Daisy while letting her maid unloose the delicate dress, thinks, "Well, Mr. Esmine is very polite at all events."

Now in all truly proper and regular stories, the next thing that should have happened would have been a announcement later on of the marriage of Miss Daisy of Chicago, to Mr. Harry Esmine of New York. But they never were married. They met several times after the conversation I have related. Harry Esmine, I fancy, changed his mind about the girl. But whether she did the same about him is an open question. At any rate they say at the club that she refused him. But they say all sorts of things at the club. No one knows whether he ever proposed.

He went to call once in two weeks. He stayed his half an hour—went out again. The

two had always a pleasant talk; nothing was ever said about the experience in the summer, in fact nothing at all was said. What had happened? Had Esmine changed his feelings? Had she? Or had society varnished them both over with its winter compound. Why did they not marry as in good old romance they would have done?

Simply because in good new life they did not. Within a year she was married to a young broker from *Boston*. And he—well I think I heard sometime ago that the engagement with Miss Morton might be on again soon.

Then what was all this story. What then? Have you ever seen one of those looking-glasses made of glass cast in concave or convex shape? This is life—a photograph of life in one of those glasses.

Charles Warren.

THE SONG OF THE SEA SHELL.

THROUGH the long ages of infinite sadness
All of thy song is a still endless sigh.
Hast thou, then, never known aught of life's glad-
ness?

Canst thou not breathe me one joyous reply?

Tell me, thou thing from the depths of the ocean,
Tell me the beauties hid under the wave—
Sea grasses moving in rythmical motion,
Cool gliding currents—Nay, mute as the grave,

Save for the song that thou ever art singing,
Save for the breathings that ever reply,
Deep melancholy in sweet numbers bringing,
Song of the ocean that lives in a sigh.

Through these long ages of infinite sadness
All of thy song is a still endless sigh
Never an accent of all of life's gladness,
Never aught else than thy mournful reply.

John R. Corbin.

A VIRGIN PRIESTESS.

WHERE the Loire pours its waters into the eager embrace of the Bay of Storms, there stands a rocky islet. Here the sea-gulls build their nests, and live in peace, rarely disturbed by the tread of a weatherbeaten fisherman. When the west wind rages over the Atlantic, the white rollers break thunderingly on its shores, and almost hide it from view with their volumes of fleecy spray.

In the old days this was the chief stronghold of the Druids, and the island was sacred to Tarann, the god of storms—a fitting abode, indeed, for a divinity who wielded the thunderbolt, and lashed the sullen waters of the ocean until they fled, roaring, in a vain effort to escape his wrath, far up on the rocky shore.

In the long winter evenings, when the fishermen sit together over their fires of driftwood, and the rising wind whistles over the rocky island, the men piously cross themselves and say one to another, "Hark! Listen to the shrieks of the souls of the slain!" Then, as the fire grows dim, and the shadows deepen, the story of the last great sacrifice is told to the shuddering group.

In the old times, when the Druids ruled the land, lived Brigga, the daughter of the high priest. Left motherless in her childhood, she had been brought up by her father. Anxious as he was to keep her near him and thus to secure for her a safe refuge in those savage times, he could think of no better plan than to consecrate her one of the nine virgin priestesses of Tarann. They alone inhabited the sacred isle, and welcomed the god when he came amid the howling of the winds and the thunder of the waves to visit his sanctuary. At such times Brigga, clad in a white robe with a golden girdle, stood with her companions on the shore, and listened to the voices of the sea muttering the answers to their prayers. Every day the priestesses sat at the feet of the old high priest and learnt the charms which subdue the powers of nature. The hoary priest soon declared that Brigga was the especial favorite of Tarann, for the omens of the victims prepared by her hand were always favorable.

Day by day she grew up in communion with nature. Her only companions, beside the other virgins, were the white bearded attendants of her father. Now and then, young warriors with flowing hair and glittering arms came to consult the oracle, breaking in upon her solitude like beings from another world. She paid little attention to these visitors, for they were to her only a part of the ceremonial. It was often her duty, however, to row with these soldiers far out to sea, and, standing in the prow, to consult the omens of the ocean for the answer to their prayers.

One day as she sat in the skiff while the warrior rowed her back to the shore, she allowed her eyes to rest on the features of the handsome youth. No word was exchanged between them, but in her lonely wanderings she often longed, she knew not why, to see him again.

Soon he returned, and this time he rowed very slowly and kept his eyes fixed on her face, although she cast her eyes down and tried to fix her thoughts on her duties. As they started homeward, he rested on his oars and said:

"Beautiful priestess, why do you not deign to speak to your adorer? It is for your sake that he comes, and not for the oracle."

In her innocence she did not understand the true meaning of his words, and answered,—

"Only gods are worthy of adoration. I am only the servant of Tarann. Let your worship be given to him."

"Not so," said the youth, "for beauty is itself divine and secures willing worship to its possessor."

Brigga made no reply, for the words raised a strange tumult in her breast, and she did not trust herself to speak.

Day after day he came, and they went out in the skiff, forgetting the oracle and thinking only of each other. Then they drifted about until the setting sun poured its crimson rays on the distant island and reminded them that it was time for the evening sacrifice. Those were happy days for Brigga and her Vergenax, and even the terrible sea hesitated to interrupt their happiness by its storms.

Soon the news that the Romans had invaded Gaul came to destroy their bliss. Vergenax hastened to join the army, and Brigga was left alone. She had no time to bewail the separation, for her duties occupied all her time. The altars reeked with the blood of sacrifices, and the smoke of burnt offerings arose in a continuous pillar. Omen after omen proved unfavorable, and still captives were brought from afar to appease with their lives the angry god.

Brigga was spared these scenes of horror by being sent for mistletoe to the sacred groves on shore, to whose recesses no sound from without could penetrate. Now and then, however, news of her lover's exploits reached her. How she burned to go to the army, and at his side, clad in her sacred robes, to lead the way to victory. But battle after battle was lost, and the Romans continually advanced.

At last Vergenax came again, not on a mission of love, but sent by the Gallic chiefs to consult the oracle as to the fate of their country. Brigga mounted in the skiff as of old, and sought in vain for some favorable omen. On the shore the white bearded Druids were gathered about the granite altar, on which burned the perfumes sacred to the god of storms. The smoke, instead of ascending, sank to the ground in long, curling wreaths.

"Thus will our nation sink before the Romans," chaunted the priestess.

The sky above was covered with dark, impenetrable clouds. She gazed aloft, and said,—

"Thus does Tarann veil his angry face from his sinful children."

Then in her despair she invoked the god with the sacred Word, unutterable except by the high priest. As if in answer to her prayer, a great ball of fire flashed from the clouds and rolled seawards, amid the howl of the wind and the pattering of the rain.

"Thus does Tarann desert his people," sobbed she, and sank in tears to the bottom of the boat, while the angry waves hurled them toward the land.

"Brigga," said Vergenax, "do not despair. If the gods desert us, our own arms will defend us. Come with me to the army. There I will lead the charge, and you shall encourage the soldiers with your sacred songs."

"But my father — my duties — Tarann!" moaned the priestess.

"See! The god himself is dismissing you from his service, and sends you with me," said the youth.—"Let us fly to-night after the sacrifice. My horses and servants wait on shore. I will come for you when the fire dies from the altar."

When the answer of the god was reported to the assembled priests, a deep groan burst forth from the assembly. After an interval of silence the high priest rose.

"Tarann is angry," said he, "because the blood of slaves and captives alone has flowed. He demands our noblest and best. See, the altars are even now prepared for the sacrifice! Around us howls the storm, and the god himself is near in sombre majesty. I offer myself as the first victim. Every sacrifice offered by my daughter has always been accepted. Let her hold the knife! Come! I lead the way, do you fear to follow?"

Then leaning on his staff, with his garments fluttering in the blast, the intrepid old man led the way to the altar. The other priests followed in silent grief, bearing in their midst the trembling Brigga, not yet realizing her horrible task. Once arrived at the altar, the venerable Druid bared his breast, and called upon his daughter to strike. Suddenly rousing herself from the stupor in which she had been plunged, the girl turned to the assembled elders.

"I alone am guilty," cried she. "Tarann revenges on his people the faithlessness of his priestess. I have sinned. Let *me* be the victim!"

And with a quick sweep of her hand, she plunged the knife into her breast, and sank quivering upon the altar before the horror-stricken multitude.

Charles C. Batchelder.

WHAT THE TOWER SAYS.

WHEN watching a game on Jarvis Field
When the champions wrestled and ran
I thought how dull are the fools who say
Such training hurts a man.

As I looked across at the Southern sky
Where Memorial reared its head,
It seemed to me that the tower spoke
And these were the words it said :

“On this very Delta’s storied ground
Where stands my form to-day,
The game that the youngsters play at now,
Their fathers used to play.

Did those mimic battles do no good?
Go look on my transept’s side
And read on the sacred tablets there
How the Harvard athletes died.

Graven deep in my hallowed heart
A testament true I bear
That Harvard teaches her sons more things
Than are learned in the study chair.

Ye Powers that Be who hold the sway
In this man-perfecting place,
Take care how you fetter the sports that mould
The Anglo-Saxon race.

The sports you brand as a brutal game
Have been the nation’s shield.
The muscle and grit of the foot ball ground
Have told on the battle-field.

There have the sons of Harvard died,
There they may die again ;
Never forget that the world is led
By these “brutal” Saxon men.

W. K. Post.

A PARABLE.

ONCE upon a time in a House on the Charles there lived a great Mastiff who used to thrash all the dogs in the neighborhood. In fact he was king of the place ; all the little dogs used to admire him, and follow him around, and many people came to the House on the Charles because the Mastiff was such a good watch-dog. But his masters did not like to see the Mastiff fight, and one day they put a muzzle on him.

Near by the House on the Charles, over in the land of Connecticut, was the abode of Eli,

and there there was a Blue Hound who attempted to be a rival of the Great Mastiff. This Hound was famed for his fondness for Bones. Now when the Blue Hound heard that the Mastiff had been muzzled, he rejoiced exceedingly. His masters also rejoiced, for they knew that if the Blue Hound could vanquish the Great Mastiff, more people would come to the House of Eli.

Soon the Blue Hound came to the Great Mastiff and said, "See, here is a bone. Let us fight for it and see which is the better dog." The Mastiff was a high spirited brute and notwithstanding his muzzle he determined to try to take the presumption out of the swaggering cur. With his muzzle on, then, he fought the Blue Hound, and, of course, was beaten, but he shook the Hound up so that the latter was surprised and grieved.

When the masters of the Great Mastiff saw this they said to one another, "This dog of ours is too great a fighter. The first thing we know, he will overthrow the Blue Hound in spite of the muzzle. That would be terrible. Let us put a chain on him also and break his spirit completely." So they put a chain on him. That was the kind of masters the Great Mastiff had.

The Blue Hound had gone back to the House of Eli after the fight, very sore and much frightened. And when the masters of the House of Eli saw their dog's bruises they were alarmed and said, "Verily, the Great Mastiff bites hard through his muzzle. We must make our dog more crafty or the first thing we know, the Mastiff will overthrow him. That would be terrible." So they strengthened the Blue Hound and fed him on wooden nutmegs and pine hams, until he became a pretty good fighter and a very fine lawyer. That was the kind of masters the Blue Hound had.

When the Hound heard that the Great Mastiff had been chained, he howled with delight. He at once came, bringing another bone, which he carefully put down just out of length of the Mastiff's chain, and cried valiantly, "Come on and fight for the bone." For that was just the kind of an animal the Blue Hound was. The Mastiff answered him and said, "I can not reach you, as you see. Come within my reach and I will give you all the fight you want." But the Hound knew a good safe position when he had it, the wooden nutmegs were mighty in him. He walked up and down vaunting and saying, "What a great dog am I. The Mastiff does not dare to touch me. See my beautiful coat, not a scar on it." But he took very good care not to go within the length of the Mastiff's chain, for well he knew that if he did that he would get some scars on his coat right suddenly. The Mastiff told him to keep his miserable bone, but begged him to come closer. The Blue Hound knew far better; he had not been bred on pine hams for nothing.

A Small Young Ass who wore a fierce Tiger's skin and eat Scotch Thistles on a Jersey hill, kicked the Mastiff while he was muzzled, and felt very proud thereat, although the Mastiff had done many kind things for him before. This Small Young Ass in the Tiger's Skin, swollen with pride, went to the Blue Hound and said, "Lo! am I not a fit companion for thee. See, there is a strong Blue light all over me also. So the Ass lay down with the Hound, and all the little puppies came over to them, and they all barked and brayed and jeered at the Great Mastiff. The poor old dog could do naught but gnash his teeth with rage and curse his muzzle and chain. But when that muzzle and chain come off there shall be woe in the House of Eli.

JERRY'S CONSOLATION.

“JERRY, my good friend, there is dust on your coat-collar, a button has absconded from your breast, and your appearance is generally seedy. Tut-tut, man, you need not explain; I understand it all: your Sally has gone from you, and of a truth your right hand is lopped away. Let me give you my heartfelt sympathy in your affliction. But don't give up, my poor friend, there is plenty of consolation to be had for the asking. There's widow Calkins over the way has you in her matrimonial eye.” In this facetious, but kindly way of ours we tried to cheer Jerry up, but the morose policeman only ignored our playful attempts, and at the mention of that innocent adjective, “matrimonial,” his face assumed such a look of portentous solemnity that I inferred his relations with the quondam Mrs. Sniggings had not been to him a source of pleasure entirely without alloy. In my subsequent conversations with Jerry I studiously avoided a subject that evidently had such a depressing effect upon him. I am glad that I did not know Mrs. Sniggings.

Meantime Jerry's state was becoming alarming: the dust on his coat-collar grew thicker and thicker, while several buttons were in a position, precarious to say the least. In these, the days of his gloom, Jerry had a very salutary effect on the small boy to whom that misanthropic visage was a source of perpetual terror; an actuality by day, a horrid dream by night. To catch an unfortunate urchin was at this time Jerry's sole comfort. Then for a few hours he would become positively jovial. But once he set foot within his own house, the transient rays of cheerfulness were dissipated. Here things were in such a state of woful disorder, the very cat wore an apologetic look as she greeted her master. Did Jerry move a chair or open a drawer, up flew a cloud of dust that not even Jerry's emphatic comments could prevent from making its confiding way into his nose, and mouth, and lungs. And that kitchen, the cap and climax to his woe! Ye shades of all good house-wives, enter not there: your task would be greater than that of Hercules in the Angean stables. Oh, the forlornness of the unwashed

dishes, those unclean ghosts of past meals—of the sad-faced clock with reproachful silence appealing to be wound—of the soot-covered kettles—of the stove, dull and rusty, dreamily thinking of the dainty bits Sally had concocted with its connivance. What a dreary, dreary place to enter on a winter's morning! Ugh, how cold the water was! and the fire, how timid! and what a deal of persuasion it needed of kerosene and shavings, before it would decide to burn. All this Jerry went through, with the tantalizing recollection still fresh in his mind of a light step on the stair and a cheery voice exclaiming: “come father, get up; here's your hot water, and breakfast is all ready for you.”

Come, Jerry, confess now: you have been thinking how helpless you are, and of late the widow Calkins has seemed very fair in your eyes. Don't blush, man, there's nothing to be ashamed of. Surely woman is an incomparable creature, and better men than you have found life unbearable without her. There was the grim old Dean of St. Patrick's could not go to sleep without a bit of Stella's pretty prattle to put him in good humor. And the great little Mr. Pope could scarcely eat his dinner, unless smiling Patty Blount werethere to help him. To have had two wives matters not: there's Henry of England, must needs have six. Come, then, man, put on your most resplendent tie, get into your Sunday hat and coat, change your club for a cane, and go take tea with the fair widow over the way.

“Is it you Mr. Sniggings? Well I am that surprised, I could——”

“You could what? Mrs. Calkins, marm.”

“I could shout for joy, you are such a stranger, which is very wrong when you live so near, but then I suppose you are troubled about your Sally, and it's very sorry I am for you, but that's the way with the young girls nowadays, though I am sure she had the best of bringing up, and oh, dear me, here I am keeping you out in the cold, do come in Mr. Sniggings, I am just getting supper and you can sit in the kitchen while I set the table.”

Jerry had barely time to catch his breath, and ejaculate a hurried "thank you," when the widow, though Jerry was a big man, whisked him into the house, whisked him out of his coat, and into the kitchen before he had time to look surprised even. Once seated in this cosy sanctum, Jerry's heart overflowed with contentment. On the shelves a row of brightly polished pans reflected back his visage with such ludicrous contortions that he would have laughed outright, had he not feared to disturb the gravity of the solemn-faced clock as it ticked away in its easy-going comfortable manner. A neat, shining black stove spread out its affable warmth with great benignity, while a loud-mouthed tea-kettle was excitedly puffing, and panting, and flinging mad defiance at puss, who sat unconcernedly, and blinked at the sputtering thing, till the widow in her excitement trod on tabby's tail, and puss, much to the glee of the angry kettle, gave a howl, and beat a hasty retreat to the window. As for Mrs. Calkins, never, I think, was there such a healthy, charming, buxom widow in all the world. So thought Jerry too, as she tripped back and forth from the pantry to the tea-table, setting forth the dishes. What dainty little feet, and how lightly they move! What a pretty apron, so stiff and so white, with its strings marking so attractively the trim, tight waist. And what a distracting little cap sitting so saucily on the black curls. O, shade of the departed Mrs. Sniggings, verily you must now be making that proverbial turn in your grave: for truly your Jerry is recreant. He has forgotten you for this black-haired, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed widow of thirty-eight. As for Mrs. Calkins, she was all smiles and blushes, and her tongue like the brook ran on forever. Jerry was beside himself, the savory smell of the supper, the cosiness of the room, and the charms of the comely widow intoxicated him. He said nothing, and followed her movements with admiring eyes. But, when she lifted her pretty rounded arm so gracefully, and poured him out a cup of tea, he suddenly called out, in the tone he used when commanding unoffending persons to "move on": "Mrs. Calkins, marm, excuse me, marm, it may be very wrong, but I can't help telling you how pretty you are."

"O, Mr. Sniggings," exclaimed the widow, blushing.

"Mrs. Sniggings," went on Jerry, "was considered to be a very fine woman, but she could not compare with you, marm. I never saw such a handsome woman as you are, Mrs. Calkins."

"O, Mr. Sniggings," repeated the widow, "what an insinuating man you are, you men are such flattering creatures, one never knows when to believe you. Mr. Calkins was just the same, he got me to marry him before ever I knew what I was about, and better would it have been for me, if I had looked before I leaped, and there are many fail to make the choice of their hearts when they are young that are sorry for it afterwards."

Here the widow sighed, and looked tenderly at Jerry. Jerry's heart beat tumultuously; his eyes were riveted on his companion, who seemed to grow more and more lovely as he looked at her. In his efforts to maintain his appearance of superior calm, Jerry's face took on such an aspect of distress that the widow began to fear he was ill. But commanding himself, he went on:

"Indeed, marm, you were unfortunate, which I was myself in my first marriage. But, Mrs. Calkins, as you say, we all of us do things sometimes we are sorry for afterwards. It would have been a great blessing if we had known each other years ago."

"Indeed it would, Mr. Sniggings," murmured the widow.

"I have often thought marm," Jerry continued, "how much better it would have been, if I had fallen in love with you instead of Mrs. Sniggings."

"Yes, indeed, but what am I saying, dear me, you will think I am actually setting my cap for you, one has to be so careful of what one says, and I always was an impulsive thing. I always said just what I thought, though to be sure why should I not, and there's much harm done by people's not saying what they mean."

As she spoke the widow bent down her head and an honest blush overspread her face. She had no art or accomplishment, nothing beyond her own womanly beauty, and her kind true heart. But as Jerry gazed on the jaunty cap,

the glossy black curls, the soft blue eyes, the dimpled chin, the red lips, and thought how fair she was, for once he was hurried out of his pompous egoism. He rose, went over to where she sat and kissed her on the lips.

"O, Jerry," sobbed the widow, and that was

all she could find to say now.

"Maria, I am very lonely living by myself," said Jerry, "will you come and be my wife?"

"Yes, Jerry," she replied faintly; and thus Jerry found his consolation.

G. P. Wardner.

ALACKADAY !

She.

I'LL pass him by with a distant bow
 Tho' it break my heart to do it.
 I never loved him then, but now
 I would I had never answered no,
 But pride will not let me tell him so,
 And modesty would rue it.
 No tell-tale blush shall mount my cheek,
 No glance escape my eye;
 But with throbbing heart that burns to speak
 I'll coldly pass him by.

He.

I'll pass her by with a careless bow,—
 She'll surely misconstrue it,
 And think that I have forgotten how
 I loved her once a year ago;
 She jilted me when I told her so,
 Nor sighed that she must do it,
 And again my fate at her feet I'd seek,
 But her glance is cold and shy;
 I love her still, but I dare not speak;
 I'll coldly pass her by.

J. P. Denison.

BOOKS.

WITH SADI IN THE GARDEN. By Edwin Arnold.
 \$1.00 Roberts Bros., Boston.

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. By Edward Fitzgerald. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

ALL those who read the "Light of Asia" will be glad to receive this new book of poetry partly translated from the Persian, partly created as only Mr. Arnold knows how to create with all the languishing fervor of the old Persian. The eastern deliciousness of conception mingle here with the sweet tinkling verses until the reader is fairly intoxicated and fane to lay the book down and take a long breath. And still we cannot

help feeling that this last effort is not fully as good as that which first made the author famous. Perhaps it is that the tone of the eastern thought is dazing if read too much. Perhaps if a humble critic can say it Mr. Arnold's pen has lost a bit of its magic or perhaps this "Book of Love," as its subtitle reads, has not in itself the interesting subject which the "Light of Asia" possessed in narrating the life of Buddha. In places, too, the poetry becomes almost mystical, too full of eastern terms, so as (to make a bull) to form a Chinese puzzle for the reader.

While Mr. Arnold's verse is always pleasing by its

ease and grace, we turn to Mr. Fitzgerald's so-called translation of the Rubaiyat for a strengthening firm sentiment. This almost classic book is always new, always fresh and inspiring, no matter how often it is read. The edition before us is very beautifully gotten up. To the fourth edition or the final is appended the first edition. And we can see how much the translator wrote himself; how much he translated. It is interesting to compare the two editions and to notice how in every case the change the polish added was for the better. Here is a book on which it pays to think. Old Khayyam may or may not have been an old drunkard, writing drinking verses as many have tried to prove; he may have been a deedless pessimist, but he wrote some lines which will live forever.

FIRESIDE SAINTS. Mr. Caudle's Breakfast Talk. By Douglass Jerrold: Lee & Shepherd, Boston.

These pages, witty and yet with plenty of common sense in them are for the first time brought together. This book, however, is not new, having been published originally in 1873. However, the humor of one of England's most keen and fanciful satirists is never out of place in any library. The publishers are to be thankful for providing many good laughs and some sober thoughts for Christmas time, but we could wish they had seen fit to clothe them in a more fitting dress or binding.

LAMARTINE'S MEDITATIONS. Edited by Geo. O. Curme, A. M. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1888.

THIS book is a new and careful selection of the best poems from *Lamartine's Première et Nouvelles Méditations Poétiques*. It is intended for the use of the student of French poetry. The pieces are well selected and the appended notes are calculated to bring out every thought and feeling of the poet. This book is something more than a scholar's guide. It has been, says the editor, a work of love, and this certainly accounts for the charm which pervades it. The criti-

cism brought to bear on Lamartine is appreciative, not distinctive, and the aim throughout is to lead the pupil into a fuller and deeper knowledge of the poet's thought. The editor's aim to establish the study of Lamartine in American schools can hardly miss the mark. Would that all our school-books were as attractive as this little volume.

GOETHE'S TORQUATO TASSO. Edited by Calvin Thomas. Heath's German Series. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1888.

As Mr. Thomas states in his preface, this addition is addressed rather to the student of literature than to the student of German language for itself. This idea is logically carried throughout the book and is manifest in the sparseness of notes and in the literary character of such as appear. What constitutes the peculiar and real value of the book is the historical and literary commentary contributed by the editor. Goethe's works are admitted to be a part of his life and character and Mr. Thomas intends that we by reading between the lines of the *Tasso* shall recognize this fact. His purpose may be called an attempt to encourage scientific literary study. It appears from a superficial examination that he has succeeded; positive proof can only be had from the experience of those who use the book. The biographic introduction is very complete and interesting. This is one of the best editions which have so far appeared in the *German Series*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BABBITT, EUGENE H. An Introduction to German at Sight. D. C. Heath & Company, 1888 paper, pp. 29.

BURT, B. C. A Brief History of Greek Philosophy. Ginn & Company, 1889. pp. xiv; 296. \$1.25.

VAN DAELL, ALPHONSE N., Editor. *Träumereien; Märchen von Richard Leander.* D. C. Heath & Company. 1888. pp. 130.

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

Nov. 26. Harvard forfeits the game with Yale, being forbidden by the Athletic Committee playing the game in New York according to schedule. Yale refuses to play an exhibition game with Harvard on Thanksgiving day either in Cambridge or New Haven.

Meeting of the Chess Club. Elected: '89, H. H. Darling; '90, G. Rublee, L. R. Pulsifer, F. P. Cabot H. O. Poor; '91, S. Van Renssellar, J. Powers, T. Everett.

Nov. 27. Professor Toy's Lecture in Boylston Hall, on Moslem Civilization.

Meeting of Conference Francaise and Deutscher Verein.

Nov. 29. Foot Ball Championship game at Polo Grounds. Pennsylvania best Wesleyan 18-6.

Harvard Base Ball Association: Pres., L. H. Morgan; vice-pres., H. R. A. Carey; manager, J. C. McCoy; treas., J. T. Burnett, '91.

A. J. Cumnock, '91, elected captain of next year's foot ball team.

Honorary members of the Institute of 1770: Derby, M. S.; Farquhar, '91; Higgins, L. S.; Wadsworth, L. S.

- Dec. 1. Harvard freshmen eleven best Yale freshmen eleven at Cambridge, 36 to 4. Harvard: Curtis, Allen, Carpenter, Travis, Hunt (centre), Cranston, Newell. Brooks (captain); quarter-back, Harding; Wadsworth, Lee, Dennison, half-backs; Forbes, full-back.
- Dec. 3. Elected to Chess and Whist Club: '89, F. E. Parker, A. D. Hodges; '90, B. Dickson, T. Akin; '91, Stickney.
- Dec. 4. College Conference Meeting in Sever 11. Prof. Norton lectured on "Reading at College." The Faculty grant the petition of the Glee and Banjo Clubs for a western tour.
- Dec. 5. Union Debate. Question; Resolved, that the incoming President should reserve in office efficient Democratic officials. Aff., Wells, '90 and C. M. Thayer, '89; neg., Warner, L. S., R. C.

Surbridge, '89. Merits of the question: aff. 37; neg., 12. On the principal disputants: aff., 25; neg., 40. On the debate as a whole: aff., 22; neg., 8. Cambridge High school wins the inter-scholastic cup.

- Dec. 6. Symphony Concert in Sanders.
- Harvard Shooting Club. Monthly shoot for Founders' cup; won by Lamb, '91.
- Dinner of Hasty Pudding Club at Parkers.
- Sixth ten of Institute of 1770 from '91; Baldwin, Dean, Embick, Fitzhugh, Greer, R. B. Hale, T. S. Lee, Rhinelander, Valle, Woodworth.
- Elected to Conference Francaise; W. M. Woodworth, R. G.; H. O. Poor, '90; S. Thorndike, '90; J. B. Henderson, '91; G. Jones, '91; A. S. Walcott, '91.



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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., JANUARY 14, 1889.

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., JANUARY 14, 1889.

No. VII.

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. The Editors cannot undertake to return manuscript.

THE WEEK.

WE print, after the usual custom, the dinner oration and poem given at the Senior Class Dinner last week. It must be remembered in reading them, that they are essentially "dinner" productions but none the less worthy of careful consideration.

At last the restrictions which have proved so fatal to our athletic prospects have been removed. The athletic committee has come to see that there was some right in the students' arguments and the mass of argument and proofs from other colleges and from the graduates.

If we do not succeed now in athletics it will only be because our teams are poorer and do not work so hard. But first it must be thoroughly understood what has been given us. As far as playing with professionals goes, we are still under the athletic committee's control. They have supervision of all games arranged. This is no doubt a wise arrangement for the first year. For the committee will see whether the privileges already given are used in the right way or abused; and if the latter, they still retain the right to withdraw those privileges.

Therefore every man must guard against too wild a burst of joy or too immoderate an exercise of the powers granted. This first year will be the test to show whether all that we have been claiming for the advantages of professional coaches and playing with professionals is true and free from the disadvantages urged against it. We can now freely, if we will, maintain the standard and reputation of Harvard on athletics. This is a great matter of congratulation. The next thing to be done is to be sure and maintain the reputation and honor of the college in other ways.

We have said before that there are several tendencies among college men which hurt the college more than they think. One of these customs we mentioned with severe censure, the case of the "dry drunk" of the man who pretends to be intoxicated when he is not. It is unfortunately not a rare case, despicable as it is. The case we wish to speak of now and call attention to is that of the would-be swell, the man who tries to appear "fast" because he thinks it is the thing to do. There are plenty of men in college who, although innocent and not meaning any wrong at heart, consider it a great honor to have the reputation of being fast.

A man enters college as a freshman. If he is not very strong in character, he sees upper class men, many society men, not leading a quiet life. He thinks it a good thing to imitate them. He may get on in society perhaps this way. Everybody knows this type of man. Few realize how much harm he does to the college. In the first place the great thing to be avoided such a man thinks is any implication of study. So he carefully avoids any appearance of the dreaded "grinding." He may and he generally does do a good deal of work, but he tries to make people think that he does not. When away from col-

lege or when making calls he scoffs at the idea of grinding. He tries to give people the idea of a gentleman at leisure. "Work, oh no, I never do any work out at Harvard." He often knows he is lying, but then he must keep up his reputation of being swell. In this way he spreads entirely false ideas about life out here.

Furthermore, perhaps he goes into the theatre once a week, to see some burlesque. He comes out to college, talks round about the men as if he had been to the theatre every night and was entirely conversant with every actress. Perhaps he goes after the theatre to the Adams House or Parks, and has his mug of beer or ale. He is careful that the report shall get round that he "was on a h—l of a drunk" the other night.

This is not exaggeration. It is unfortunately the truth. Wherever he goes he tries to assume the air of a man of the world, though in his inmost heart he dislikes the whole life. To do his part he has to overdo it and represent himself as in the midst of a crowd of roués.

He likes to be seen going about with the men who are called the "bloods." He talks of "my friend X—." All this injures the college more than he suspects, more than he would wish if he thought seriously about the thing. Men out here may see through his character and perceive that he is all right at the bottom, but outsiders certainly do and will not understand this.

One phase in the career of such a man must be mentioned. There is unfortunately a class of beings in almost every town in the country who infest the streets at night. In his desire to appear tough, a man, as we have described him, thinks it the proper thing to go as far, perhaps once, as to walk up and down the street, jesting with one of these. He loathes his action really in himself, but then, his part—. Does he suppose that in this way he really helps himself? If freshmen especially could only be made to see that upper class men cannot and do not respect such action, we think the college would be greatly aided.

We do not wish this warning should be scoffed at. It is given in serious earnest. We hope that it will hit those for whom it is meant.

In face of all the attacks of college life, men have got to see that even if there is not the reported dissipation there must not be the appearance of it. At the beginning of the New Year we feel it the proper time to publish this.

The Glee Club has returned from its trip covered with glory and we hear that the trip was enjoyed as much by their audiences as by themselves. Now that it is over and rehearsals before long will begin again, we would wish to make a suggestion which was the only subject of criticism on their trip, and one which we have heard many college men say applies as well to the home concerts; that is that it would be better not to have solos in the Sanders Theatre concert. We say this without wishing to disparage the excellent work of the college soloists. But still we think that the songs of the chorus and pieces by the full orchestra are really enjoyed more by the audience. People come chiefly to hear the college songs and glees which they cannot hear elsewhere; where as the solos, as a general rule, can be heard at other concerts.

As it was, in the last concert in Cambridge, the programme was fully long enough without the solos; and so we would suggest this change for consideration.

We think Harvard can congratulate itself on having a captain of the 'Varsity crew possessed of rare energy,—or rather having had one, for we learn as we go to press that Mr. Finlay had thought it best to resign in order that a man from either the Junior or Senior class might be made captain. We wish to say, that for his work done this fall and the activity shown the college, we ought to thank the ex-captain heartily.

At the very time the college takes it for granted that the expense of a tank in the old gymnasium defeats the plan of having equipment to teach this year's 'Varsity proper watermanship,—presto,—a tank is in process of construction under the old Pudding building; while Harvard waited with curiosity to see who would try for the crew, who would coach, and what the candidates would do, already were these things settled, and two crews at work at South

Boston. Still, in spite of all this, we cannot help wondering if a whistle can be made out of a pig's tail. To make a 'Varsity crew out of material that has been seasoned but one year or not at all, able to show the Samsons at Yale the construction of the rudder of the Crimson shell,—to make such a crew, we say, will be a herculean task.

Where are the old men,—where are the men who elected the Captain and should now be supporting him? Do they think the sacrifice of self interests in a few places in Boston and vicinity too great to make, or are they afraid of defeat? There must be no man this year who

can row but will not. The college is waiting, we are waiting for an answer. Shall we get one within ten days? For it is sure as Fate, that if there is not an abundance of good, tough material available at once, and if the 'Varsity crew cannot be definitely chosen by the first of February and from then to July settle down to solid, hard, everlastingly earnest work,—that the Yale crew, to use an expression recently discovered by the American Archaeological Expedition, will lick Harvard again at New London clean out of her boots.

We have spoken.

SENIOR DINNER ORATION.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Almost a year has passed since the class of '89 last met around this hospitable board. You remember well the enthusiasm and good-fellowship which marked the occasion of our last dinner. You shared in the love that was manifested for the good name of our great University, and you joined heartily in the hope that in the months that were to come, success might follow the efforts put forth in every branch of University activity, intellectual, religious, social and athletic.

Our meeting this evening finds us, I believe, still animated, more than ever animated by the same hope. The conditions under which we meet are, however, somewhat different. Since our last dinner, we have lived through a period of comparative gloom;—a period characterized by the defeat of our athletic teams, by apparent hostility to the growth of our athletics on the part of the higher governing bodies of the University, by an unpleasant controversy with a sister institution, and by infamous attacks upon the fair name of Harvard in the columns of newspapers and magazines. The result of these naturally disheartening experiences has been, not a loss of interest in our work but, on the contrary, a new awakening. Never during the career of the class of '89 in college, has college opinion been so thoroughly aroused,

so urgently desirous of a change both in the spirit and in the method of our work, as within the last few months.

Those of you who were present at another dinner in this room a few weeks ago, at which '89 was well represented, will remember the speech of Mr. Dustan which was warmly commended at the time. The speaker, who was dealing chiefly with the question of athletics, believed that he could read in the signs about him, a prediction that a transition period had come, that a change was working at Harvard, destined to brighten the future with success. I must express my belief that not only in athletics, but in other branches of college life, a more satisfactory state of things are about to be inaugurated. The class of '89 has had its share in producing this transition.

Many of you have heard the saying, now almost passed into history as gospel truth, that the class of '89 is the worst class since '77. It is said, with how much truth I am not aware, that the Faculty believe this. If the Faculty believe it, then Cambridge believes it; if Cambridge, then Boston; if Boston, then the world. If the assertion is true, then my task to-night must resemble that of a white-washer, because presumably I am expected to relate that which has been done by the class of '89 and yet to say nothing that may be unpleasant for the ears of

those who are present here to-night. I am not going to use the white-wash brush, however, for I sincerely think the report that '89 is the worst class since '77 is like the famous article of Aluk Quest in the *North American*—it is based upon a one-sided view of the question and hence is as unjust and as untruthful as direct falsehood. I cannot think that the Faculty look upon us as worse than the average of classes; I must think that the future of the members of '89 will prove that '89 in the ability of its leaders is much above the average.

In the first place, I wish to speak of the influence of '89 upon public opinion through the medium of college organizations, among which I include the college papers. It is in this direction that the good or bad influence of a class may best be judged. The class which preceded us was, I am sorry to say, hardly equal to the trusts imposed upon it. It left its papers in debt, many of its societies gasping for life. It cannot be denied that there has been a radical change since '89 assumed control. The college papers have had their debts greatly reduced or wiped away entirely. One of them has even been able to declare a large dividend. The editorials of the *Monthly*, the *Advocate* and the *Crimson* have breathed a new spirit. Often it must be admitted, not all that could be desired, they have nevertheless been written with the aim of developing a more enlightened public opinion among our students.

I cannot speak here of the distinctly social clubs of the University, further than to remark that there is evident in them a tone of greater respectability. I see at present in our clubs formed for special purposes, in the O.K. and in the Signet, in the *Conférence Française* and in the *Deutscher Verein*, in the *Philosophical Club* and in the *Historical Society*, and lastly in our musical organizations, the *Pierian*, the *Banjo Club* and the *Glee Club*, an unprecedented wish to fulfil to the letter, the purposes for which the societies were brought into existence. Interest in these societies has been greatly strengthened. Lists of membership have grown longer where circumstances permitted, and connection with the societies has proved more than ever advantageous.

Apart from the regular work of college organizations, attempts have been made to unify sentiment in a way not generally known. In an unpretentious manner, informal meetings have been held from time to time to discuss matters of particular interest to students. It has been the aim at these meetings to draw out opinion from every point of view. Those who have been present have admitted that they have received direct benefit from the discussions, and thus have often been enabled to correct false impressions floating about among us. Not much of a tangible nature has resulted; not much could be expected from meetings of this character, but it is the purpose of them that I wish to emphasize, namely: to find some means of avoiding the petty evils which abound in college life, of promoting closer relations between the Faculty and the students by removing misunderstandings; of checking false rumors, of spreading abroad, as far as possible, whatever is of good. The example of these seniors is to be commended. We hope to see the practice thus inaugurated adopted by coming classes.

One or two of our classmates, recognizing the fact that good-fellowship at Harvard as elsewhere depends upon the extent to which men have been made acquainted with one another, have done what they could to promote a feeling of kin by entertaining in their rooms men hailing from the same preparatory school. The expectation has been that the tie already in existence would develop into something stronger. Nothing but good can come from this mingling of men of all classes. As I heard some one say not long ago, the career of a man in college depends much upon the way in which he starts. The start a man obtains depends much upon his knowledge of what lies before him. The seniors of whom I have spoken, have fulfilled a duty which assuredly belongs to all,—the duty of doing all that we can for the sake of the college if for no other reason, to point out to those who know little of life at Harvard what is to be courted and what avoided.

I come now to the subject of athletics. I might call upon many present here to-night who could enlarge upon this topic more satisfactorily than I can; those who have given time and en-

ergy to athletic work and who, whether they have been rewarded by victory or not, have the consciousness that they have worked hard and well in spite of obnoxious restrictions, in spite of adverse criticism, in spite of lack of advantages. I know that the class appreciates the efforts of its athletes.

The opportunity that is left for the athletic men of '89 to share in the work of retrieving Harvard's reputation is small, but in the few months which must pass before graduation, we may expect hearty work. Thanks to the policy of enlightenment that has been adopted by those who have the destiny of our athletics in their hands, and thanks also to the new determination which seems to be infused into our leaders, we are entering into the period of training with brilliant prospects. The college at large has a stronger interest in athletics, as proved by the increased attendance at the foot ball matches last fall. The cry "We must beat Yale" has acquired deeper significance.

While we are thus aroused for our 'Varsity teams, we must not forget the demands of our class teams. Our crew and our nine need the support of the class as much this year as before. We have begun well. The '89 colors came in at the front in the races last October. Let us take this as an omen. Let our interest be

stimulated also by the consideration that in the contests next spring, the class of '89 will have its last chance to make for itself a record in athletics. As we look to our captains not to disappoint us, so must we not disappoint our captains by failing in our support.

The duties of athletic men of '89 will not end at graduation. It must not be forgotten that much of Harvard's success in the future depends upon the attention given to the 'Varsity teams by men who shared in that work while in college. Readiness simply to cheer for Harvard will not be enough. It will be your duty, Mr. President, yours, Mr. Davis, yours, Mr. Parker, to give the University the benefit of the experience and the training you have acquired here. You must retain a personal interest in the men who will be striving hereafter to add more victories to our record. Harvard must have your direct support.

Members of '89, we shall probably not meet at dinner again until the allotted course of our class has been finished. We may hope that when as graduates of a day or two we gather together again, causes for congratulation may be still more abundant than they are this evening.

Herbert Henry Darling.

SENIOR DINNER POEM.

PROLOGUE.

LIKE some old mill-wheel toiling round and round
(Many the tale of corn the mill has ground.)
Weary and aged, near the journey's end,
Yet ever struggling in its whirling trend,
Eager the time to come when work is o'er
When all its labor and sorrows no more
Yet mourning a little the joys almost past,
Sadly regretting that time flies so fast,
Work was its pleasure, perhaps, after all,
Toiling each day for the wild waterfall.
So I was weary and tired in mind
Resolving so long this poetical grind,
And I looked forward with joy to the day
When all my troubles and cares fade away.

Harvard Advocate.

The goal rises plain, yet with sadness I view
 The bar that divides the old life from the new.
 I see after all that my work was my pleasure ;
 When at last all is over t'will be a rich treasure,
 To cherish the memory those times call to mind,
 And wonder in musing, how could I be blind ;
 For the old college days with their worries and strife
 Were in truth, full the happiest days of my life.
 So with troubles forgotten, grief-tempered, subdued,
 With heart full of love, and with courage renewed
 I finish my tale, full well now I know
 That life's deepest pleasure is toiling in so.
 And I would that instead of a yearning to sever
 I might be allowed to whirl on so forever.
 But enough, time is going, a little remains,
 As for grieving away, away sorrows and pains.
 The night will soon come, yet while lingers the day.
 Put away the dull cares, why not let us be gay ?

POEM.

It was fifty years hence, one day, when a lady,
 Don't start my dear R—s, she was not a bit shady ;
 On the contrary, sir, I will tell you my plan ;
 She's to be the grand-child of an '89 man.
 Like a nymph carved, I ween, from some fine marble block,
 But what else would you have from such wonderful stock ?
 This lovely young girl, so young and so fair
 Was standing one day by her grandfather's chair,
 This venerable man, unaware of the beauty
 Who was fixing his shawl more from pleasure than duty,
 This venerable man was, I grieve to say, snoring
 So loudly as quite to endanger the flooring.
 The nymph's baby brother ran in : "Quiet, dear"
 Hush, Grandpa is giving the '89 cheer.
 Now perhaps the old man way down in his soul
 Was dreaming that S— kicked a field goal
 Or perhaps at New London the 'Varsity crew
 Had downed Eli Yale by some lengths twenty-two.
 However it was, the old boy gave a roar
 And jumped right out of the chair to the floor,
 "Why Grandpa, Oh Grandpa," the lovely girl cries,
 "Oh damn," and the like, her ancestor replies.
 "You were dreaming of college?" the nymph softly asks?
 As she busies herself with her housewifely tasks,
 "Why when Bob came home last, ere he started for Paris,
 He said he had met with a M—s C—e H—s,
 He had seen her, he said, and was brought to his knees
 By her sprightly remarks at the Dean's daily teas.

"Well I never," growled Grandpa, "to tell you the truth,
My old friend takes the cake for perpetual youth.
And what else did Bob say?" asked the old man as tears
Trickled down his thin cheeks at the thought of the years
Which had flowed on so swiftly since he was in college,
When he thought that he knew all that's useful of knowledge.
"Oh, he said that G—r B—d was put on probation
And wouldn't be let off at least till vacation ;
And that C—e whose memory runs back to the flood,
Said *probation* must run through the whole B—d blood,
And that A—n B—r 3rd had just done up a proctor
In such a bad way that they called in the doctor.
"Great Scott," says Grandpa, " when a proctor and B—r
Come in juxtaposition, look out for the fur.
Just hand me my album, the class one, my dear,
It's long since I've seen the old faces, I fear.
My honest old class-mates, dispersed far and wide,
Drifting ever apart on eternity's tide."
The girl brought the old book, "Now Grandpa, you know,
Put it there in your lap and I'll sit by you so.
And as you turn the pages and ponder them o'er
Tell me all, all about these old comrades of yore."
"Ahem," growls the old man, "Miss, you are too young,
To hear all which in that case might slip off my tongue ;
We will pass by the wicked and as for the others,
I'll average it up with a few Christian Brothers.
Now there's T—d, my dear, who was chief of the class,
A good fellow at heart, for his faults, let them pass.
Four long years, he, as President, o'er us held sway
But his work turned his hair prematurely quite gray ;
He's chief justice now, he deserved it, thank Heaven,
And is Papa, my dear, to a flock of eleven.
N—d S—w old fellow, well how he did row
First he'd stroke, then he'd steer, then he'd turn and pull bow,
And I've heard that the old chap is not yet quite through
But is still busy paddling away his canoe.
A single canoe? No indeed, too much trouble,
He found it convenient to paddle on double.
And P—r, he rowed too, our class Secretary,
I remember he fell dead in love with a fairy
And then with another so sweet and so pretty
That he went off with both, baggage marked "Salt Lake City."
G—e K—s, yes I know, the great financier,
He is manager now of the world, so I hear.
And they say that his round face, set well on his collar
Looks for all the world like the almighty dollar.
There is P—r, old man, well, he went on the stage,
Henry Irving was great, but B—r was the rage
And then at the last when he couldn't go higher

Harvard Advocate.

The old fellow turned round and became a good friar ;
 And yet after all the life suited, he found,
 "His jowls and his paunch and his tonsure were round."
 Ah, my dear, could I live my life over again,
 I'd be a good friar and drink my champagne.
 Is that G—w quick, my darling, make haste to turn over,
 Your days, my sweet child, have been spent all in clover
 And I want you, my dear, to be good while you can
 So pray don't inquire about that bad man.
 As for "B—y," one day, while singing hosannas,
 He collapsed, and the verdict was 'too much bananas.'
 There's H—e on the next page, now take a good look,
 He's the government foghorn, just off Sandy Hook.
 K—g society man, you can see from his face,
 They say he has filled Ward McAllister's place.
 He yearned for the law and a judgeship to fill,
 But Apollos like that, they are paid to sit still.
 There is M—r, queer fellow, he took him a wife,
 And lived, strange to say, an exemplary life,
 Take my counsel, granddaughter, you never can tell,
 The worst of us sometimes will turn out real well.
 That stout youth before us is H—w, one fall
 He sailed for Australian lands to play ball,
 Turned missionaree, and like the old song,
 Ate every poor cannibalee up ere long,
 Then returned to the States and strutted round grandly
 And to run the U. S. helped our President M—y.
 That is W—r up there, with the tassels and cord,
 Would you think it, my dear, he's a great Irish lord.
 He crossed the mill-pond and talked Irish so well
 That the spalpeens all called him "Hibernia's swell."
 And the Queen made him lord, that broth of a boy,
 And gave him the castle of Ballymalloy.
 Now there's old J—k D—s," "I've seen him before,"
 The maiden breaks in, "so you needn't say more.
 He was here to see you only last week, Grandpa,
 His remarks were you know, 'For the Lord's sake, Ha Ha. ' "
 "Truly good" was his name, t'was I think Freshman year.
 T'would be now a misfit," quoth the old man, "I fear
 The S—s twins, dear, like two peas, as they say,
 They never have married, my pet, to this day ;
 They were so much alike 'twas thought best for their sakes
 To go it alone and avoid all mistakes.
 'Tis said long ago that one twin once did cry
 Am I P—p or H—t, and if so then why?
 That's enough, my dear child, you may put up the book,
 On my dear class-mates' faces, how long I could look,
 There's a host of fine fellows I'd tell you about
 But the sands of my life, are fast flowing out.

Some are gone, some remain, yet tho' fast melts the line,
Firm they stand ever true to our dear '89.
A class from whose very beginning till now
Wore victory's wreath on her fair noble brow.
Leave me child, for a little, I'll sit here and dream
Of the old college days, of each shadow and gleam,
Of all my dear class-mates who aided to shine
Like some beacon undying, our fair '89.

Carleton Hunneman.

THE 'ACE'S' LOVE AFFAIR.

I.

ISAAC BURWONTON was the superintendent of the Wild Den Silver Mines. There was no doubt about it. He had the papers in his pocket this very minute all properly made out, and stamped, and also a letter from the president of the company proclaiming him as such, which he had read to the men. He was sure of it, and the more he thought of it the surer he was. He was simply positive. But who doubted it anyway? Didn't he go down into the mine twice a day? Didn't he pay the men off every month, or hadn't he the money wherewith to pay them? Who was it that booked all the ore, that did the assaying, that didn't allow gambling on Sunday? In fact, that took charge of everything? Why, he of course. Of course he was superintendent.

And he tipped the stool he was sitting on back against the house to get his face out of the sun. "Guess I'll have to send for Fan after all," he said to himself. "It's a dull place up here, but I guess she'll enjoy the change well enough." And forthwith he wrote a letter and dispatched it to the "Creek" post-office, thirty miles away. When this was done he strolled back to the stool, hands in his pockets, and took out his pipe. He whittled some tobacco from a hard plug into the palm of his hand and after rolling it around awhile, placed it in the bowl of his pipe and began smoking.

It was afternoon, and warm. The few boards put up over the door of Burwonton's cabin, as an awning, gave but little shade; still there was enough to hide the old man's face in the shadow

—when he was tipped back. He puffed away at his pipe a few minutes in silence; then he stopped. He was evidently thinking. He could not smoke and think too for he believed it impossible to do two things *well* at one time. After he had thought a spell he smoked; then he thought again; then smoked; thought; smoked; then he stopped both thinking and smoking and swore.

Now I would not be understood as meaning that Burwonton was a profane man, or even that he was given to outbursts of profanity at times; nothing of the sort, that would be the farthest from my meaning. Burwonton himself was positively shocked at what he had said, but 'he couldn't help it'; that made it different. He would give the momentary insanity plea as an excuse, were he asked to explain the outburst, but no one had heard him. "*Of course* he was superintendent of the mines," he reasoned. "He would go and look in his pocket this minute for the papers and see if there really could be any doubt of it." He was in his shirt sleeves and for a minute was at a loss to know where he had placed his coat. Finally he discovered it beneath a sage bush; it had fallen down when thrown upon the frail bush. He put it on and walked back to the chair before he thrust his hand into the pocket. The pocket was there, but the papers—"God, they're gone!" was all he could say.

II.

"Kinder old and tu stuck up en cranky fer this place."

"An' tu lazy too. Does he think as we want tu have a *boss* up here, as is going tu try and *run* things?"

"How do ye know he *is* boss?" The men all looked at this speaker and then at one another.

"Why of course he is," reasoned one. "Papers show it," another. "He got a letter from 'Frisco introducin' him as boss," a third. "No doubt 'bout that," a fourth. But this reasoning, however conclusive it might sound, did not satisfy the man who had asked how they knew Burwonton *was* boss, and he tried to bring his fellow miners over to his own convictions by asking, "How du ye *know* he has got the papers? Ye never saw 'em, en as for the letter, why any man ez can write can make a letter." But even this reasoning did not succeed in altering the opinions of the crowd very materially. "I say he haint boss," continued the speaker. "Make him show up the papers he's been telling ye about. Aint got none. Thet's what I say," and shoving his hands deep into his pockets he walked away down the path through the brush.

Two men looked after him.

"The 'Ace' is disappointed in not getting the Sup. himself," said one of them, and the other replied, "Yes, and he ought to have had it too." Then they too walked away from the gathering at the 'boarding house,' discussing the new superintendent as they went.

It was toward evening. The sun had but just gone down, and the sky and the hills, and what few clouds there were above them in the east, were red in the reflection. In the cañon of the Wild Den it was growing cool. It would be cold soon. A few minutes and the sun had set. The sky and the hills were changing from red to purple. The clouds in the east were black and only those along the hilltops in the west held a little color still; a moment more and they too were black—it takes such a *little* breath to change the color of a sunset.

John Turly, nicknamed, from his good luck at cards and his poor luck in life, the "Ace," was untying the flap of a dirty tent, which served him for a shelter and a home. He seemed nervous and had much difficulty in undoing a hard knot into which he had drawn the strings. He finally undid it, however, after

repeated outbursts of profanity, and, entering, did the knot up again from the inside. He was alone. There were only a few articles in his tent and none of these were for comfort. A blanket or two, thrown on a pile of sage brush was his bed. An old candle box his arm chair, and a 'much the worse for wear' cask, his table. His chandelier, which hung from the main pole of the tent, had once been a potato. It now was but a half of one, the other half, I regret to say, had served for several meals to Mr. Turly when he had been very 'hard up,' and he had saved the present chandelier portion as a sort of souvenir. In this half potato was stuck the remnants of a tallow candle, and the whole was hung, as I have said, from the tent pole by means of a piece of wire. The 'Ace' struck a match, touched it to the tallow wick and immediately his chandelier lit up, shedding its soft light on this rude interior.

"No, I aint so sure of his being the superintendent after all," he said to himself as he took from his pocket the papers which Isaac Burwonton was looking for at that very minute. "Aint so sure about it as *he* 'pears to be; however, we'll see whose boss up here." Then he took the bung from his barrel table, and rolling the papers up tight slipped them within and replaced the bung. They were as safe there as they would have been in the Company's bank at San Francisco. Next he set about getting himself a little fried bacon for his supper.

III.

Three weeks had passed, and Fan was expected at the Wild Den on Saturday. It was now Friday and no one knew of her coming save her father and the man who had been hired to bring her from the "Creek." Burwonton was at present preparing things a little; that is, he was partitioning off a bedroom for his daughter's use as his house was limited to one room. But driving a nail or sawing a board he couldn't help thinking how awkward was his position here at the mine. He was half sorry that he had sent for Fan, but then, she would be here to go back with him should he be compelled to do so.

"But what had become of those d— (he

checked himself) papers. All right if the men didn't find it out, but if they did?" he asked his thoughts. "Go!" that was the only alternative. That was what had set him thinking in the first place—that the men had treated him so coolly, and with so little respect—and when he found the papers gone, his own convictions were not changed in the least, but he began to wonder if the men might not want to see the papers sometime, and *what* should he say when called upon to show them. He thought of this situation so much that lately he was growing to think that, in the sight of the men, he was really *not* superintendent. Yes, he was sure he wasn't. Of course he wasn't—that is in the sight of the men. Nevertheless, he went on fixing for Fan. He had only a very little lumber with which to build a large room, but by cutting here and piecing there he managed to get quite a respectable apartment ready for her coming.

He had worked hard all day and toward evening was sitting by the house, smoking, and watching how a roll of golden clouds, over the hills in the west, spread themselves out to be tinted and dyed in the sunset. Then, too, he would gaze up the valley which lay before him. How far he could see, and how quiet and soft those huge, bare and round mountains looked against the fading red in the sky. A spot of alkali on the sage brush plain glimmered like a lake in the distance; and nearer, just across the cañon on the hillside, were two deer drinking at a spring. It was all so quiet that he had not noticed the approach of two men, who, as he had feared, were come to see his superintendent papers. Burwonton was a little bit confused. He said that he would go and get them, and asked them to stop a bit. The men waited some minutes but he did not return. Then they followed him into the house. They found him on his knees digging in a pile of old papers looking for something which *he* knew he didn't have. Burwonton finally managed to blurt out that if they'd come around some other time he'd have the papers ready for them.

After the men had gone he sat down and addressed a note to the president of the company, asking for new papers. There was no surety of his getting them but he felt that he

must do something. The thoughts of his having to leave now that Fan was coming were appalling to him. Something must be done to straighten matters. And something was done—but Isaac Burwonton had no hand in it nor he never knew just exactly how it all came about. But it came and established his supremacy at the Wild Den.

IV.

Saturday was a warm day. It had commenced growing warm ever since the sun first looked over the sage covered hills; and at two P.M. the thermometer stood at 98°. Saturday, too, was the day Miss Fan was to arrive at the mine, but then that fact was not so generally known or felt as was the heat, unless it was by Burwonton, or the man who had been entrusted with the guidance of Miss Fan from the "creek."

At two P.M. as I have said it was very warm.

Two animals were trudging in a tacking fashion, up a rocky hillside. The first one bore a man, the second a lady, and this man and lady were respectively the guide and Miss Frances Burwonton. They were bound for the Wild Den Mines. The guide, who was best known in that region as 'Mike,' tried to say something to his fair companion occasionally, but succeeded badly. The thing which seemed to impress him the most was the heat. He had already remarked from six to eight times that it "wuz a purty hot day," and twice had been guilty of saying that it "wuz d— hot," the words being partially checked both times, and followed by fierce lunges with the spurs into his horse's flanks. Shortly they came to a rocky ascent at the top of which Miss Fan gave out bodily. Mike said that he would go on to the mine and get a cart "if she wurnt a' scared tu stay alone a little while." Miss Fan agreed, for she could hardly have done otherwise; and sat herself down upon a ledge of rock to await the return of the gallant Mike.

She had been exclaiming "Oh!" all the way up the mountain at the grand views which she beheld now and then, but "*Oh!*" couldn't express anything of the feelings she now experienced from the scene which lay spread out before her.

She wondered how many miles it was across the valley, 'perhaps five hundred.' She had heard how deceptive distances were in the mountains, you see. By the clouds of white dust she could distinguish the stage coach, which had brought her to the Creek, crossing the valley way below her, and could follow the straight trail, which looked like a white string stretched through the sage brush, until it entered the shadow of the hills, where it seemed to end, as against a black wall. A little below her and to her right was a slide of green and white rock. She wondered what it was; she would go down and see. "Perhaps there has been an earthquake" she thought. She was nearly there when a rushing, crackling sound caused her to look up, just in time to see the man who had dumped the rock over the slide, wheeling back his car. He had not seen her, however, and in a minute was lost to sight in the tunnel.

She went down and looked in. A rush of cold air cooled her warm cheek. She could see the light on the man's hat grow smaller and smaller in that distant blackness, and finally go out altogether. She stared for some time into the mouth of the tunnel, and at length another light, the twinkle of a star appeared. 'The man was surely coming out again, what should she do?' "Shall I run," she asked herself. "Yes—No," she thought both but then "*why* shall I run" she reasoned. "I'll tell him that I'm the superintendent's daughter, and then, of course, he'll know me," she said to herself with a little shake of her pretty head. And Miss Fan's head, with its long, light tresses; and her face with her two soft blue eyes and the sweetest and reddest of lips, with something so indefinably sweet about it all, was a head one must love, even though it be shaken in disgust or anger.

She drew back a little as the man came near the entrance and gave one of those frightened little feminine shrieks, so characteristic of her race. The man jumped, bringing a revolver into view; then seeing the cause of his fright colored deeply.

"You'll pardon me ma'm, but I thought 'twere a coyote," he apologized looking down and trying to fix his pocket.

"I must have scared you," answered Miss Fan, "but really, you came out so suddenly.

"Did I? I'm sorry," stammered the man, "but we're usually in a hurry getting to the mouth, and then it's a little bit down hill, so you see we come faster, but I beg yer pardon Miss. I reckon it's Miss," and the 'Ace' tried to take off his hat. He made a dismal failure of this and to ease his confusion wheeled his load of rock to the slide and dumped it over. With a crackling, breaking sound it rolled and pitched to the pile below.

Miss Fan watched the dust arise as the rocks tore away over the ground, then she ventured to ask, "Is that silver?"

The girl's utter ignorance of mining and the sincerity of the question struck the 'Ace' with all its ludicrousness and they both laughed heartily when he said that it wasn't silver but *gold*.

"Who is she anyway?" thought the 'Ace' to himself, "and how did she get up here?" he wondered.

"Be ye lost Miss?" he finally dared to ask her.

The word sounded funnily to her. Perhaps she *was* lost, and never had suspected it; perhaps Mike wouldn't come after her, but she made bold to reply "that she didn't think she was," and looked straight at the man before her as she said it.

"Ye'll pardon me fer asken, Miss, but who be ye?"

Fan looked at him again, at his loose, blue shirt, at his huge, bare arms, at his hat and the candle stuck thereon, which dodged and sputtered in the wind, and then at last into his eyes, which were smiling on her, but which were gentle and good she thought, and she said, "Why, I'm the superintendent's daughter, Miss Burwonton.

The 'Ace' winced a little at this and could only say "Oh," though his thoughts I know were of the fashion of, "the devil you say." Then in a minute she continued "and I suppose you're one of the miners."

"Yes, yes," he answered, "bee n a miner fer the last ten years and minin' still;—but say Miss, how did you get away 'round here?"

Miss Fan explained her position; how she

had tired out; how the man had gone around to the mine to get a cart for her; and how she had wandered here attracted by the sliding 'gold.' The 'Ace' told her that she would have to wait some time yet for the man, but suggested that he could get her home directly, if she wasn't a bit afraid of the dark.

"How?" asked Miss Fan, not a little surprised.

"Right through the tunnel," he answered, turning and looking at her for a reply. "Ye see this yer tunnel runs clean through the mountain to the 'bordin' house,' an' the 'bordin' house' is where ye want to go, I expect."

"Yes, but how far is it through the mountain?" she continued, "for you know I'm pretty heavy," and at this they both laughed heartily.

At last she consented and mounting his wheelbarrow they started. Gradually the light from without grew dim in the distance until the entrance seemed but a squirrel hole leading out from the earth; then as their way turned a little it went from view entirely. For a long time the darkness before them seemed impenetrable to Miss Fan. It was her first experience in a tunnel, and that too with a man she had not known five minutes, a miner, a big and burly fellow, but a *man* she knew, from his little attentions to her. The way in which he tried to polish up words, grown rusty by long disuse amused her, but interested her nevertheless; and her merry laugh, to him, was the sweetest thing he had ever known. He thought of it as he thought of a glorious sunset, something which God alone knew how to make, something which he dared not think of, only in awe. However, they were making their way through the dark and damp earth. Their candles gave but little light and only lit up the wet ground a few feet before them. Fan could touch the walls on either side, and now and then she had to alight from the 'coupé' as she had laughingly told him his wheelbarrow was, while the 'Ace' carefully helped her down some steep slide. She knew not where she was, only that she was *in* the earth instead of *on* it. At intervals they passed across shafts and at last came to what he termed an 'Armstrong Engine.' It was a huge roller, on the end of which was a crank, and

turned on two powerful pins, whose sockets were set deep in the rock. Around the roller were coils of rope, and to the end of this rope he securely fastened her 'coupé'—a cable car, and she the dummy' she told him. Then he bade her to hold on tightly to the rope, while he lowered her into the darkness. Down, down she went, slow at first, then rapidly through the space. Once she fancied the rope must have parted, so rapidly was she descending, and she screamed, but only the walls of the shaft heard her, and her car kept going down, down, down. At last she brought up with a terrific bump on firm ground once more, and waited for the 'Ace' who had promised to join her. Soon he came, having descended to her level by a slide, and together they continued their pilgrimage to the 'bordin' house.'

And all this time as I have suggested, they were not wanting for words to each other, or for thoughts of each other, but let me stop here. Not that their conversation would prove uninteresting, nor that their thoughts would not provoke laughter, but that I feel myself fully incapable of imagining a dialogue between these two people, both so strangely placed, and in this darksome tunnel. But you must know that the 'Ace' learned how dearly beloved by one, the superintendent of the Wild Den really was, and how much one person in the locality wanted him to prosper.

By and by Miss Fan could distinguish a hole in the earth away ahead of them and could feel the fresh air. The hole kept growing larger and larger until they finally emerged into the bright sunlight. There they were right at the 'boarding house' and in a few minutes more the 'Ace' was showing her the way to the superintendent's office. There he left her and took his way down the trail to his tent.

"What er fool I've been ter kick up such a row 'bout Burwonton's being superintendent, what a durned fool," he soliloquized. Then his thoughts wandered off to Miss Fan. "How en the Dickens did she stumble on ter me, en my 'wheel-barl.' Must have been Providence to the old man." He untied his tent, and went in, tying it up after him. He sat down on his candle-box and took the stolen papers from the

vinegar keg, still thinking of his afternoon, and Miss Fan, and what a fool he'd been. He wondered if she would think as much of him as she appeared to, did she know that he had stolen the papers which were necessary to her father's happiness, "but anyhow," he said aloud, "she'll *never* know it," and tucking them into his blue shirt he started in the direction of the mine.

At the back of Burwonton's house he paused to think how best he could leave the papers so that no one should possibly detect him. His quick eye caught sight of the superintendent's coat hanging on a nail by the door. "I will put them in the lining." It was a bright thought and the Ace, when it was done, walked back to his tent happy.

A crescent moon had launched out boldly from its harbor behind Buckskin, and now sailed in and out among the myriad of stars in the dark heavens above. It threw its light soft and mellow, on the brush-fringed path which led down to a tent on the hillside. There was a man on the path, and in a clear full voice he was singing,

"In a cabin in cañon, an
Excavation for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, a forty-niner
And his daughter
Clementine."

Case Bull.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[All are invited to contribute to this column. Letters must be brief and courteous and must be signed by the writer's real name in addition to his *nom de plume*. Editors do not indorse any of the sentiments advanced.]

*Strasburg University Reading Room,
Oct. 20, 1888.*

I BELIEVE I wrote that I was accepted here and a few days since I was sworn in. In a great room facing the square, all the new members of the University stood herded together. There were lots of freshmen but the great body consisted of non-Strasburg students, doctors, graduates, and I know one quasi-graduate. The Secretary arose from behind a long green table and most of the men thought it was the Rector, he looked so imposing. But he only read us the statutes, police regulations, a disquisition on our rights and duties, then remembered that there might be freshmen in the crowd, and excited himself into addressing the crowd in front of him in a cloud of platitudes of working and bringing honors home, and the evil consequences of loafing. I fear l'accusa del picato dalla propria gota, made me envy the crowd of Englishmen who were listening as devoutly as they would to the fight between two coutadinas in the old market.

Of course the freshmen all glowed and simmered and felt like being Scaligers and Dante combined, then had to cross the room and shake the Rector's hand when their names were called out and thus become matriculated. In testimony of which we received a card which entitles us to be saved from arrest, draw books, go to theatres at half-price and pay the University lectures, and beer, if you take any. But this is the prosaic side of the matriculation. You obtain besides this an imitation parchment paper, which after invoking

happiness and auspices on all concerned and noting in ablative absolute that Will II., etc., etc., reigns and Dr. Med Soltz was Rector, that "Stud. of Laws" was matriculated by swearing, etc., . . . and by shaking the Rector's "dextram." L. S. and then the Doctor's and Secretary's signature. In place of framing the Harvard term bills to mark my University days as every "epicier" does, I believe I shall frame that gorgeous document.

Prof. Janitschek, the Dean of Phil. Fac., teaches Fine arts here. I had the honor to be introduced to him and shall hear him in the History of Strasburg Cathedral, German Mid. Art and in Dante perhaps. That is very probably he will give Dante "privatissime" for me and so I shall be happy on one point at least.

But the main reason of my coming here was Dr. Level, whom I shall hear in Roman Law and Const. Hist. of the Empire. And 5 hours more under a Dr. Brewer who has soporific lecturing abilities; fortunately his lectures are at 9 so I can finish my sleep. I mean to make my Ph. D. under Prof. Sheffer Boichorst in Mediæval Const. Hist. and in the Seminary thereon. That is all I shall work on. Besides this I shall hear Political Economy and Socialism and shall read Dante and all the dear little Florentine novelists I bought in Florence. Lectures begin at 9 A. M. and finish at 8 P. M. in the Seminaries.

The Libraries of these old schools of learning keep open till 9.30 P. M. I am booked for 25 hours lectures within 5 days, thus allowed Saturday; 12 hours a week for the Doctor's thesis. Monday I have

7 hours and on most days more than 4 hours. I seem to astonish the Seminary assistant by the universality of my Historical (swallowing) reading, but if four years of Harvard Library do not give a man reading, whatever can?

Among the few perfect things in America, and the few bearable things in Cambridge, our Gore Hall arrangement deserves 1st prize. Never if I ever return will I grumble at its being locked at 4.30. Here the

library is inaccessible in our comprehension of the term. The catalogues are antiquated, the librarians willing but crowding, the whole has a disgracefully slow way about it.

If Mr. Winsor could by any means be persuaded to lecture Europe and Germany in particular, on how to use the excessively precious things they have, they would in generations adore him as a Bibliotechnical Columbus.

BOOKS.

POETRY, COMEDY AND DUTY. By C. C. Everett. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Boston.

In this volume Prof. Everett has given us a series of delightful essays, which are, however, connected together so that they form a unit. The connecting thread is the modern scientific and agnostic spirit, and its effects upon the imagination, poetry, the philosophy of tragedy and comedy, and the conception of moral obligation, are discussed in turn. Many thoughts are given us here together which we should have to roam far to find; many of them are not new, but they take on a new aspect in the new company in which they find themselves. At first sight Comedy and Duty seem not to have much connection, but in their essence moral ideals and those conceptions of passion which find their expression in drama are intimately connected, while Imagination plays the chief part in producing both. After tracing the increasing recognition of causation and necessity in the aesthetic relations of the world, Prof. Everett proceeds to discuss the bearing of scientific progress on various ethical systems in a spirit and style which remind one of Prof. Fiske's essay on the Idea of God. He concludes that "the law of natural selection furnishes a basis for absolute morality, which is one with that the best thought of the world has recognized as such". The whole book is exceedingly vigorous and suggestive.

HESPER, AN AMERICAN DRAMA. By W. R. Thayer. C. W. Sever, Cambridge.

THE American Drama like the American Art and the American Novel is a thing of the future and we are afraid Mr. Thayer has not quite reached yet. How-

ever, he has succeeded in making an interesting play and we think he has done well in dedicating it to Professor Norton, for it certainly shows an attempt towards something higher than the "Brass Monkey" or even the "Banker's Daughter" and "Shenandoah." Like the latter its theme is found in the Civil War. Whether the author has not gone beyond his depth in some places is a matter of doubt. At any rate the contrast between the Faust like scenes of reflection interspersed with those of our common life strikes the reader occasionally as artificial.

New Music Received. From A. P. Schmidt & Co. For Piano.—In the Swing, by F. A. Lynes, a charming piece not too difficult; Approach of Spring, by Lynes, a delicate simple bit with good melody; Hungarian March, by MacFarlane, rather common place. Spring Song and Elsie's Delight and Cradle Song by G. B. Ritter, three simple pieces for children with pleasing tunes. The Hunter's Call, by G. Phillip, also a charming child's piece.

Songs.—Church music by G. W. Chadwick. O Cease my Wandering Soul, a trio with fine bass solo; O day of Rest, a trio; In Heavenly Love abiding, a quartette in form of a choral.

Fair Rosalind, by F. Lynes, a baritone song with a true smack of the old English ballad, showing some talent in song writing.

I Dare not Ask, by C. K. Rogers, for a deep voice; a pretty song with harmonious chord accompaniment.

Our King, by A. Rotoci, a highly dramatic and truly musical song for baritone, well adapted for choir service.

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

Dec. 7. Chess Club tournament begun.
Glee club concert at Lowell.

Dec. 8. Harvard won Bicycle Road Race with Technology, 31 points 24. Order of finish: Greenleaf, Harv.; Norton, Tech.; Williston, Tech.; Brown, Harv.; Barron, Harv.; Rogers, Harv.; Webster, Tech.; Holmes, Harv.

Glee club Jahrmarkt in Mechanics' Hall, Boston*
Dec. 10. Dinner of the Harvard-Andover Alumni at Parker's, J. H. Ropes, '89, presided.

Yale freshman challenge Harvard freshman to a two-mile race at New London next June.

Dec. 11. Meeting of Conférence Française. E. M. Bayer, '90 lectured on Leon Gambetta.

Dec. 12. Concert by Banjo Club at Watertown.

Dec. 13. Harvard Assembly at Pierce Hall, Boston.
Managers: L. H. Morgan, H. M. Sears, W. S. Ellis, R. F. Perkins, all of '89.

Bicycle Club Smoker in 45 Matthews.

Glee Club concert in Roxbury.

Harvard Fencing club formed.

Vesper Service in Appleton Chapel.

Seventh ten of Institute of 1770 from '91:
Osgood, Van Rensselaer, Garcean, Stickney,
Crowninshield, Putnam, Morrison, Bass, Everett,
R. H. Davis.

Dec. 14. Bicycle Club challenges Yale to a road-race
next June.

G. R. Payson, jr., J. M. Howells, and E. B.
Walker elected to Banjo Club.

Glee Club concert at Watertown.

Dec. 17. Finance Club. Pres., Mr. Gray; new mem-
bers; '89, Haliday, Hudson, Rich, C. Warren; '90,
Cole, Olmstead, Stebbins.

Dec. 18. College Conference meeting in Sever 11.
Rev. J. G. Brooks. "Possibilities for student work
in cities."

Christmas theatricals of Hasty Pudding Club.

Dec. 19. Harvard Union Debate. "Resolved: that
the elective franchise should be extended to women."
Aff., J. F. Morton, '92 and F. E. Huntress, '89; neg.,
E. S. Griffing, '89 and F. W. Krebs, L. S. Merits
or question: aff., 23; neg., 23. Merits of principal
disputants: aff., 34; neg., 32. Debate as a whole:
aff., 21; neg., 10. New members elected: R. B.
Hale, '91; G. B. Schulte, L. S.; P. L. Worne, '92;
R. W. Hale, '92; L. Hall, '92; H. F. Berry, '92.



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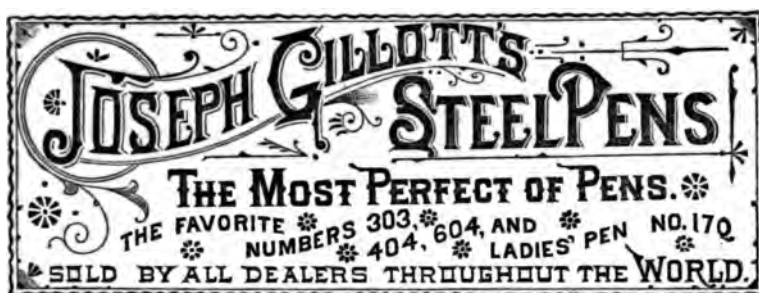
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No. VIII.

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THE WEEK.

THE speech at the recent Senior Dinner touched on one feature of college life which Harvard College may be proud of and in which all men should take an interest, that is, the clubs and societies which have something else besides pleasure for their object. No other college has such a number of technical organizations, so to speak, as here; and never before have they been in such a flourishing condition. All men should know what these societies are doing. The Conference Francaise has obtained use of the old Hasty Pudding rooms on Holmes' field, and holds meetings every two weeks at which a paper is read and afterwards in social intercourse. It showed its energy in getting M. Cequelin to lecture out here, and it is now rehearsing a French play to be produced in the Spring. The Deutscher Verein has much the same kind of meetings, and has succeeded in procuring several prominent speakers, Mr. Villard and Prof. Harris to lecture in Sever 11 under their auspices on some subject connected with German intellectual life.

The Historical Society, which comprises about twenty men who have done any especial

work in history, is very much alive. At every meeting papers are read on some such topic as Napoleon, or Benvenuto Cellini and a discussion follows, and a social entertainment. It has also had the President of the University of New Mexico give a talk before the members on the "Indians" from personal experience.

The Finance Club still exists although we are sorry to say it is not so active as the others; but we understand a greater exertion is to be made the latter part of the year.

The Classical Club holds interesting meetings where reports of any recent discoveries or events in the classical world are reported and the instructors take a constant interest in the success of the meetings.

The Union has taken a fresh start this year and now anyone who has spoken twice on the floor can be proposed as member at the next meeting if he signifies his wish.

A great many men from mere indifference are kept from joining these organizations. We feel confident that if they knew how much such work, or rather pleasure, is able to broaden a man and extend his interests, the societies would be backed up even better than they are at present.

We wish to join the *Crimson* in its appeal for electric lights in the library. No one can doubt what a great benefit it would be to men if they could continue their studying during the evening. Anyone who has been to the History Library in University knows how many men use it. The system of taking out reserve books is very bad as now constituted. Many men just before examinations will go to the library early in the afternoon secure a pile of books and then wait around till 4 o'clock when they can take them out and thus they make sure of getting the book they want. But at the same time they

deprive any other man of the use of it for the whole afternoon for fear that they cannot get it again. This is only one of the abuses. Moreover, on rainy afternoons or short winter afternoons the inconvenience of having the library close so early is very great to any one whose recitations last up till three o'clock. Electric lighting, if the lamps were hired from the company in Cambridge, is very cheap, certainly not more than two or three cents a light for a night. There is practically no danger from fire, and the system has been put into many large libraries. We have heard it said that the Corporation wishes to wait until they can light all the buildings with a plant owned by the College. Certainly this objection ought not to be opposed to the great benefit to everyone of having the Library lighted immediately.

"The trouble with Harvard College to-day is that it is not the fashion among the students to be in earnest about anything. There is an influence in this direction such that among a considerable set of students any great exertion or enthusiasm, or even any hard earnest work, is considered to be in rather bad form. A man may do a little work on the sly, but it injures his standing among the fashionable set if he is found out, and any conspicuous exertion is apt to lose him their good graces altogether. It is largely, or entirely, due to the influence of the fast set that membership in the college societies, instead of being an incitement to achievement of any sort, or in recognition of conspicuous ability, is more apt to depend upon the possession of a certain amount of good humor and easy-going adaptability. Ability and achievement are valued, but they are hardly as high a recommendation as "good-fellowship," and, if carried too far, are apt to interfere with the great and essential quality of inoffensiveness. Of course, it is possible to speak of such matters only in the most general terms.

Fashion is not omnipotent, even at college. Most of the men in the most fashionable set are more industrious than they would like to be generally thought. The majority of the students come to college to work, and do work sufficiently hard; not so hard as men do at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology or at the law school or the medical school, where they are learning how to make a living; but as hard, and with as great a devotion to their studies, as is to be expected, or, perhaps, desired, on the part of college undergraduates. And yet the most industrious suffer from the existing fashion. The influence of the students upon each other should be a great source of inspiration, stimulating them not only to greater exertion, but to

greater effectiveness, and making a high standard easier to attain. In a place like the law school each man feels himself lifted up and carried along by the spirit and impetus which the contact of so many enthusiastic workers gives to students and professors alike. In the academic department, on the contrary, what should be their greatest source of inspiration is to many students a clog on every healthy exertion, the influence in spite of which every good piece of work has to be done.

It has been stated above that Yale's success in athletics is partly due to the earnest spirit that prevails at that college. It is well worth inquiry whether the converse is not also true; whether it is or not, in a great measure, owing to the supreme interest felt in athletics that there is such a hard-working spirit at Yale, that their college societies and their college fashion insist upon a man's distinguishing himself in some way, rather than upon his conforming to certain rules of supposed good taste, and being generally inoffensive, and that Yale graduates seem to have received an impetus which leads many people to believe that they are more apt to mean business than Harvard graduates."

The above is taken from a letter written by Mr. Joseph Lee, '83, to the Boston *Herald*, Jan. 14, and although the views may not be always entirely correct we think that in this extract there is food for consideration.

The question is, Is it not true that except among the so-called "grinds" it is considered out here rather the thing not to have done anything, not to distinguish one's self from the rest out here. The practical test of recognition is, first, whether men who have done something worth doing are taken into the societies; secondly, the manner in which such men are discussed. Let any one run over the list of membership of societies out here, as found in the *Index* and with the exception of the Institute, it does not require much work to count up the men who have distinguished themselves in scholarship or otherwise. Take the list of men who received orations and dissertations, even disquisitions in the senior classes, and count up how many were society men beyond the very rudiment. Take the papers and the majority of men who have done anything are seldom recognized. There was a time, even as late as '77, when members of the Porcellian were editors of the *Crimson*. It would be an impossibility now. Of course we recognize that societies are pri-

founder for the leisure, jolly-good-fellow but the trouble is that they do not recognize the possibility of any junction of these ideas with anything else. Moreover, of course, as Mr. Lee says, this is only a generalization and any one can pick out many exceptions. I will bear thinking over if the rule is not nearer the truth and the exceptions tending to prove it.

Yale, on the other hand, a high position in rank, or on one of the literary papers, of course brings recognition to itself in one of the societies. But the more important sign is attitude towards any work taken in thought and speech, by men who, when in college, are publicly noticeable, *i.e.*, the non-"grind"

There is not a man but knows that the

term "grind" affixed to his name is one which is avoided like grim death by the large number of men out here. Little distinction is made between a man who studies hard and at the same time develops other sides of his life, and the man who does nothing but study. The same semi-opprobrium attaches to each. Because a man does any work he is apt to become "non-fashionable" and there is generally an end of him.

If there are men who think this a misstatement of the tendency of the conditions of affairs now, we should be glad to receive correspondence on the subject. Now that our athletic progress is free from many of its obstacles let us begin to think whether there is not something else besides athletics needing attention.

THE REVEREND RICHARD RICHARDS.

One of those beautiful old Welsh towns that lie just beyond the suburbs of Cardiff there is an old stone chapel of the Norman architecture. Resting quietly in the midst of green fields, it is the centre of a number of beautiful paths crossing styles here and there over which the villagers pass each Sunday as they go to the service.

It was one of the few warm pleasant days that are allowed in the year, at about ten in the morning, when a little bent figure stepped carelessly over one of the styles and paused as the chapel came into view. It was not so much his hair and beard, nor his strange stooping that attracted attention at this distance, something in his general appearance, in the peculiar way he had of climbing over the styles, or pausing to look about him that marked him as an interesting character. Stopping at the vestry door he touched his hat with a graceful grace to an elderly gentleman who seemed to be awaiting him, and looking out over the beautiful country, said: "We seldom smile so Mr. Wyss. The day reminds me of that afternoon three years ago when I met Ward Beecher by the hand."

His wrinkled face lit up with a quick intellectual fire at the recollections these words

recalled that was lost on the unobservant Wyss, but which showed a depth of emotional feeling unobserved before. The two men looked for a moment on the view before them, and then, talking of church matters, passed into the chapel together.

Going straight to his pulpit the Reverend Doctor Richards read the usual lessons and finally came to his text. Then closing the Bible he looked slowly around the room. As he had read on and become more and more interested he had run a hand through his hair at intervals, and now, standing back with a thumb hooked lightly in each arm-hole of his waistcoat, beard and hair made a red halo about his face which glowed with the words that were ready to come from him. He talked on growing more earnest; the words fell from his lips faster and faster, till the dialect that could not be kept back when he was excited made his meaning almost unintelligible to an alien. At each moment a thumb loosened its hold to make a characteristic gesture, and then sought its place again behind the waistcoat. The audience was as attentive as any preacher could desire and not the least interested was an American who had come in late and sat in one of the back pews.

After service the little congregation slowly

took its way across the green fields towards the town to the north, and towards small farms which looked out through the trees on every side. Last of all came the little stooping figure of the clergyman. As he shut the door and turned the key, the American, who had been so much interested in his sermon and in him stepped to his side, and, apologizing for speaking to him, told the doctor of his nationality and his interest in the sermon. Again that bright intelligent smile passed over the minister's face:

"And you know Beecher?"

"No sir, not personally."

"Ah! That is a pity," said he. "But do come to us to dinner. My good woman will be pleased to see one of your country."

Then as they walked slowly over the styles towards the town the conversation turned upon American writers. The reverend doctor had read a great deal,—nearly all of American Theological literature besides other things. He knew Beecher, Todd, Channing, Parker and Emerson almost "by heart." Then after naming their works he came to the men themselves. They were far more interesting than their books.

"I must tell you," said he, "I had read Beecher so much,—had thought so much of that great man's life,—that I came to think him the greatest American. And then he came here to Cardiff; I wrote him to say that I must shake him by the hand, and he answered—I have the letter still—he said he should be honored to see me, and I went. 'Twas in our hall, and he stood upon the platform and shook my hand and talked an hour with me."

As he said this, he fell again into the Welsh dialect, and now and then put in a Welsh word when an English one did not come to his mind at once. A thumb stole softly to its place inside the waistcoat arm-hole, and his little figure straightened up and showed what, but for continual study, would have been a well-built frame.

The American could not stay to dinner, and so the doctor let him depart at the door on condition that he would return at ten the next morning.

"We will look over my American books," he said, "I want your advice on them."

Then with an honest shake of the hand he stood in the doorway, bare-headed, his hair still on end, and saw his guest depart.

Next morning promptly at ten the visitor entered the quaint little parlor with its picture of the Queen and prince and an engraving of the death of Nelson on the walls. The sofa was covered with some hundred books of all kinds. As doctor Richards "would be down in a moment," according to the maid, the visitor took a book from the pile to amuse himself. It was one of Theodore Parker's and on every page one or more of the lines was underscored with red and green crayon. Here and there both the red and green marks were under the same word, and as he turned the leaves sometimes a whole page was underlined.

"Good morning!" said a voice at the door, and there stood the clergyman clothed in the same style of coat as before (but in one that was far more shiny and dilapidated), his hair standing on end, and his arms holding a dozen books.

"These books," he said, "are some of the works I prize most." Then they sat down together by the sofa and for two hours went over the books beginning with Worcester's dictionary. Nearly all were religious works, and every page showed the extraordinary thoroughness of the reader. Marginal notes filled each leaf, and the underscoring had been done in a most careful manner.

"You are so fortunate to live among those men,—now in Boston,—too young, I suppose, to have known Emerson, but Beecher and Cook. Why Cook is lecturing now in your Tremont Temple. You, of course, have heard all his beautiful talks?" His new friend confessed that he had not, and immediately fell in the doctor's opinion. Then as the talk became general the American gradually came to listen and the other to talk. The little figure shrunk into itself in a large arm chair, and with one leg thrown over the other, and one thumb in its accustomed place, the doctor talked freely and easily on the Welsh Church, its panned

deeds and what it hoped to do.

He could not pretend to criticise any of the American writers, — he was not fit to, he said. He could only worship them, and this he did with the highest kind of hero worship.

At last, long after noon, the American reluctantly took his leave. "I shall remember this visit for many years, my dear sir," said the

doctor, "It is so seldom we see one of you. I wish that you could stay with me a day. We might pass the time pleasantly. But remember my interest in your countrymen and keep me posted in this great work." Then the adieus were made and the new friends parted reluctantly.

J. H. Sears.

RUSTICA.

AWAY with arts of gay deceit ;
I'll none of it.
To humble paths I'll turn my feet,
And little wit.
Let city belles delight to try
Their lures on the unpractised eye ;
No pleasure thus do I espy :
I'll none of it.

I know a cottage by a hill ;
'Tis plain to see.
Yet there dwells many a virtue still.
With gayety ;
True feeling and a loving heart,
Beauty of nature, not of art,
With much that's gracious set apart,
I trust, for me.

S. C. Brackett.

FIDELIA.

[*A letter to the Spectator by a gentleman of small parts.*]

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR.—On reading in your paper of the virtue of constancy, I bethought me of a case no less deserving of mention than that of Marcellus and Tristessa. You must know, Sir, it is my custom to go to my club at the Beagles by way of Soho, and that I am apt to entertain myself with whistling "The Grenadiers," an air which hath ever been a great favorite with me. If there is naught to distract me, I begin the second verse as I pass Lord Northbury's town-house. When I am well on in the verse, a most beautiful lady hastens to one of the windows hard by and looks wistfully down on me with

the sweetest and saddest face I ever knew. She hath a lovely shape, and the most beautiful neck in the world, round which her laces cling lovingly, like a little child to its mother's bosom. She hath withal so rare a charm that I could not for my life help conceiving a deep passion for her, and I could have wished to make bold to acquaint her with my attachment had not the sorrow expressed in her face forbade my presumption. It is not a little strange, Sir, that should I in a fit of abstraction forget to whistle my favorite air, the lady does not expose herself to my gaze. I have sought in vain among the wits of "the Beagles" for a solution of this

puzzle. To my great joy, however, I happened on a man of the town, who not only knew of this vision of loveliness, but gave me the account of her, with which I now acquaint you.

Fidelia was a lady-in-waiting at the Court, and was universally acknowledged to be the sprightliest and loveliest in that flower-garden of beauty.

At all the balls and routs, at Epsom, Bath and at the Wells, her extraordinary beauty was conceded and the coffee-houses rang with no toasts but for Fidelia.

Fidelia was virtuous as she was beautiful; no scandal was ever coupled with her name. So discreet, moreover, was this Diana that no beau could boast of her especial favor.

Virtue hath ever its reward and our dear Fidelia found at last among her host of admirers, one who seemed worthy of her pure love, an ensign in the Grenadiers, a young man of good parts, known for his wit and gallantry, as worthy as unworthy man can be of such a treasure. Their acquaintance ripened into a strong mutual passion, each discovering new beauties in the other, and together they entered upon that path of love and friendship whose goal is the joys of the marriage state.

In the midst of this sweet intercourse, the war broke out and the ensign found himself forced to renounce the delights of his mistress's society and follow the Grenadiers in our glori-

ous campaign with Marlborough.

This pretty fellow, then, after a fond adieu, set out for war, determined to be worthy of his love. Alas, our ensign was not permitted to come back to his dear mistress; a French cuirassier did for him at Malplaquet.

Poor Fidelia, on hearing of his end, indulged in the wildest grief which threw her into a dangerous fever. A skilful surgeon, however, succeeded in restoring her to health, and she is to-day not the Fidelia of old; but a thousand times more beautiful in her sadness. To look into her face is to love her. It is feared, however, that Fidelia's reason hath been touched by the fever; for she hath ever a strange delusion that her lover will come back some day. To that end she is ever on the watch for him.

"It is to this circumstance," concluded my friend, "that you are in debt for your view of the divine Fidelia. She hears you whistle 'The Grenadiers' and in the thought that you are her lover come back, she rushes to greet you, only to suffer one more cruel disappointment at your hands."

This put me into so meditative a mind, that I had no relish for a merry evening in the coffee-room. Accordingly I retired to a quiet corner, and debated with a couple of friends whether Providence had not done well to provide some means by which a sorrowing Eurydice might charm back her lost Orpheus.

C. Hunneman.

BELINDA pouts her lips and cries—
(A slight frown mars her forehead),
The while she looks into my eyes
"Now, don't you think it's horrid?"

"It surely is not right," I say,
"I really can't ignore it;
But how can anything, I pray,
That's passed your lips be horrid?"

F. E. Zinkeisen.

OXFORD TO A HARVARD MAN.

WHAT is written here is not meant to be a full account of Oxford and the only excuse for this article is that possibly it may interest a student at Harvard to know somewhat the impression which the Old World University and its life leaves in comparison with our more modern college. I shall not attempt to go into any long description of the buildings or the town but merely to show some few points that perhaps are not always touched on in Baedeker or Tourist Guides.

Unless one drives to Oxford down the old coach road from London the approach to the old city is commonplace and disappointing. The railroad enters it in the modern, uninteresting part and the first idea of the city is that it is situated on a flat plain with few landscape beauties. But as I walked up the little incline into the city from the station, and as the older houses began to appear more and more, and little narrow streets leading off from the main street gave me a hasty glimpse of quaintly-roofed houses with oaken beams black and cracked inserted in the brick walls, I realized that I was no longer in any modern town. One of the first buildings which stops the traveller's attention is the little low Mitre Hotel, situated on the main street. The first step into this takes one upon historic ground. The low rooms, the great beams in the ceilings, the open court with its old cracked flagging and its gnarled trees, growing up from the stones and trailing up the walls of the inn, the curious old kitchen leading off the main hall, with its ancient spits and cooking arrangements, prepare you; so that you are not surprised when they tell you, as they are proud of doing, that this inn was established in the year 1400.

As for the rooms upstairs, there is such a maze of passage ways and old chambers, that one almost needs a guide book to find his way about the house.

Here started and stopped all the gay young Oxford "whips." Here in the cosy little dining rooms up stairs with their small, flower-filled windows, looking out on the irregular street, the Oxford dinners and suppers have been held for generations—Parker's and Billy Park's com-

bined. Such a reputation for its dinners this inn has had and still has that students are forbidden by the rules of most of the colleges to dine here. Proctors are sent to explore the dining rooms several nights a week, to make a raid on unwary lovers of good eating. Some who have read "Verdant Green" may recall that he used to boast that as he had "begun at the Mitre he was sure to get on in the Church."

Dropping my bag here I hurried on up the curving High Street and soon came upon University College, a building very old and battered looking, the appearance of which is caused by the soft kind of stone.

Contenting myself with a peep inside the great gateway, through which I could see the quiet, grassy quadrangle, I wandered up the street a little farther, passing two or three smaller colleges, until I reached a fine stone bridge. Oxford is situated at the confluence of two small streams, the Cherwell and the Thames. As every one knows the Thames is called by the classic name of Isis for the short distance that it flows by the city and down about a mile to Iffley Lock. Situated on the banks of the Cherwell, with the rooms of one of its sides hanging directly over the tree-shaded stream, is Magdalen College, one of the "swellest" of the Oxford Colleges. Above it rises the splendid square tower of its chapel. To old coach travellers from London this was the first thing seen for miles before reaching Oxford itself. Most of the twenty separate colleges which compose the University are situated either on the High Street or on a parallel street farther away from the Thames, or lie scattered in the side streets. Between High Street and the river are some of the famous Colleges, Merton and Christ Church, and behind them, stretching down to the river banks, are splendid grassy meadows through which lead great elm-shaded walks. The contrast between the approach to the river and its boating enjoyments in Oxford, and the muddy, ill-smelling roads leading to the boat-house here in Cambridge was very marked.

The boat-house at Oxford is inconveniently situated on the bank opposite to the colleges, so that you are obliged to cross a bridge up the

stream to get to it or else hire a small boy for the great price of a penny to pole you across the shallow stream. The house itself is new, having been built within three years. There is no float before it as the bank of the stream shelves off gradually; the men wade into the water, and then get into the shell. The lower part of the house contains all the shells and wherries belonging to the colleges, but working boats are kept at a private boat-house. The boat-house last summer contained 73 shells and of these 38 are eight oared. All of these, of course, are of cedar and cumbrously fitted up. The man in charge expresses great silent contempt for our paper shell and cannot understand Americans rowing in them. Of the eight oared shells the 'Varsity crew owns some six or eight and the rest are owned by the different colleges.

Each college puts a crew on the water for the races of the Lent and Summer terms. As a rule there are some few colleges which for generations have had the reputation of being great boating colleges. Curiously enough it is very often the case that the "grind" or studious colleges are the ones to win in rowing. For instance, a man told me that Balliol college, which is well known for its students, has at the same time a good boating record.

One feature of Oxford boating which surprises Harvard men are the "Barges." These are large, flat bottomed boats, gaily painted with its college colors, moored to the bank at the foot of the meadows leading from the colleges. They are, in fact, floating club houses for boating men. About ten colleges keep these up, and then there is the University Barge, a large one, decorated with the gold and maroon, the 'Varsity colors. Inside they are often luxuriously fitted up, and hung with pictures of winning crews. In them is every facility for dressing and undressing, and many of the crews use these as floats from which to get into their shell, instead of going over to the boat-house opposite. On days of the races these barges, covered with the college flags and ribbons, are crowded with people sitting on top and waiting to see which boat will get the "head of the river," while bands on all the barges are booming away, and all the students are rushing wildly up and down

the opposite bank, down the river, urging on their favorite crew and howling for all they are worth.

The river from the boat-house down to Iffley Lock, about a mile or a mile and one-half, which is the race course, is not nearly so narrow as one would be led to suppose by the system of "bumping" of the English races. The fact is that there is plenty of space for two crews to row abreast. The river is about as wide as the Charles above the boat-houses here. Like this river, as you row down, there are very luxuriant meadows on each bank; beyond in the distance are cultivated fields and orchards and low hills on the horizon.

There is a great deal of private boating done at Oxford by men not in the crews. The working boats are very light, easy and well arranged, and the scenery all the way down the Thames for ten miles below the city makes rowing any afternoon a pleasure. Especially as every few miles there are neat little inns on the very brink of the stream where you can tie up, have a mug of beer, and a chat with a pretty bar-maid; and then back through the locks and past the old square towered Iffley Church towards the towers of the old city.

The oarsman must, however, be careful not to go on shore at any other place than the inns for all the land for miles down the river is private property, and any intrusion on your part is sure to be followed up by a keeper, who will tear up and down and shout "Hi" at you, and resort, perhaps, to stronger measures. Curious as it may seem there is little gymnasium work at Oxford. The building is small and crowded. The climate allows out-of-door work almost all the year round, so most attention is paid to open air sports. The athletic ground, however, is inconveniently situated nearly two miles away from the colleges but sprinkled here and there all about are cricket and tennis grounds.

To come back to some description of the colleges themselves. There are twenty-one varying in size and beauty, but each with some distinctive feature. Thus, Worcester and Trinity are renowned for the beautiful gardens and parks attached to the college grounds inside the college precincts. The former has a delightful

tree-shaded garden covered with wild-flowers and containing a charming little pond. Here afternoons men go out and study under the trees.

One of the largest as well as most famous is Christ Church College which is attended by 300 men. As a rule the average number of men in a college is about 100. This, by the way, is the college of Gladstone, Ruskin and Wellington.

Each college consists of three or four quadrangles surrounding which and looking out upon which are the buildings and students' rooms. Many of the colleges have old cloisters extending round the grassy quad making pleasant walks for lounging as the names chipped into the stone in all places testify. All are shut off carefully from outside intrusion and the only entrance is through the great gateway. All men know of the tribulations which await one if he comes back late at night after the gates have been shut. The enormous bell on Christ Church, Great Tom, every night clangs forth at five minutes past nine, and after that, unless one is on the good side of the gate porter, his name goes down on the black list. Each college also has its own separate library, generally an old, oak rafted place with stained glass windows, a true abode for a student of history, carrying him far back, as he sits in one of these dimly lighted, still halls. Each has too, its chapel where the Master preaches, and if the Master was a popular man, you hear graduates speaking often with much feeling of the old chapel and its reminiscences; and at Magdalen, once a year there is a service held in the old chapel after term time to which the graduates flock back, and putting on their student robes again, attend.

I was particularly fortunate in being able to see one college thoroughly, through the invitation of a '76 graduate of Magdalen College. It is hard to make comparisons without being necessarily imperfect and unjust but I should say that Magdalen stands in popularity about on a par with Hilton, Little's, Manter and Beck Halls out here, that is, it is more or less of an expensive college. There are some ninety undergraduates in it, and of course a large number of "fellows," "dons," tutors and instructors reside in the

buildings. There are three quadrangles and the rooms in the building are all charmingly situated, either looking out on the green turf of the quad or else on the river Cherwell and the shady walks along it, which bound one side of the college, or viewing a great grassy park covered with trees, amongst which crowds of deer graze quietly or scamper about. A more peaceful and delightful outlook cannot be imagined.

One of the most interesting features is the dining hall. A large hall with old wooden ceiling, splendid dark wood panelling up the walls, all carved, and large stone fireplaces. Pictures of famous graduates and benefactors hang on the walls as in our own Memorial Hall. Long tables extend the whole length of the hall and the men sit on solid oak benches. All look as if they were meant to stand the wear of centuries. On a slightly raised platform at the end tables are placed crossways at which the instructors and "fellows" sit. The hall seats about eighty men. In the buttery they show you the great store of silver tankards, mugs, plates and platters which belong to the college; all rubbed up and shining — all old and beautifully wrought and engraved with names of donors and the arms of the college.

A great array of mugs there is, for each man is allowed a certain quantity of "bitter beer." Dinner alone is served in the hall, breakfast and lunch being looked out for as best the men can. All about the buttery were pinned slips of paper giving directions how each man liked his beer and whether he wanted it at all three meals, etc. One slip was amusing, "Send no beer to——. Says he never tasted a drop in his life."

Either this man had lost the sense of taste or else he must be unique in England. Characteristic of the staidness and exactness of English morality was the sign "Pilsener beer, one penny ha'-penny per reputed!! pint." How many Americans would use that phrase?

Leading out of the buttery was the kitchen, a great room with stone walls and floor, looking out just over the river below. In ancient times it used to be the kitchen of the old monastery which occupied the spot. Everything was scrupulously neat and clean and the whole place

cool and delightful. They still cook the meat on spits at the enormous stone fireplace which, though reduced from its old size, is still very large. There is a curious contrivance by which meat is cooked, for the draught from the fire is so great as to turn a fan wheel up the chimneys, which revolves the spit before the flames.

The library is one of those quaint, dimly lighted buildings I have described. The shelves were filled with old volumes, parchment bound Elzevirs, which make a bibliophile's mouth water. The collection of illuminated MSS. is wonderful; some of them are one mass of glorious colors. The amount of time and pains spent in making one capital letter would make the artist's fortune now. The gold used back in the 10th century is still bright and unexcelled in beauty. What interested me most was an old Natural History of the 11th century which contained one remarkable beast whose tail curved between his hind legs, then over his back till it ended in an arrow-shaped formation which it has carefully tucked down his throat as if to get some convenient place to hold the tail.

I went into several of the undergraduates' rooms and was much struck to see how like they were to rooms out here at Cambridge, in arrangement and general idea. Of course there is a staidness and substantial panelling which we have not got and to which age contributes a charm. The furniture, too, in several rooms showed by its solidity that these magnificent old pieces had been handed down from father to son in the family. But on the whole, in general effect there was little difference. One curious thing was to notice the pictures many of which were exactly the same as are often seen in rooms out here. Maidens leaning against a bank and shading their eyes, pairs of lovers, the girl's head leaning on the man's shoulder in a spring evening, atrocious hunting scenes; the "same old chestnuts," one was tempted to say. One marked feature was the comparative absence of society shingles and medals of societies, like our secret societies.

There are, however, innumerable athletic, musical and scientific organizations amongst the different colleges, and one marked difference from

Harvard is seen in the fact that the most important organization in the colleges, one of the few University institutions, is the Union Debating Society. It is a great honor to debate here, and any success won here at speaking is generally well deserved. This leads me to considering the essential difference between life at Oxford and life at Harvard. There seems to be at Oxford almost no University feeling and even after graduation this is true in much the same manner. The question is, "Is he a Magdalen man? Is he a Balliol man?" seldom "Is he an Oxford man?"

Every man is wrapped up in his own college. He has his recitations there, only the "Honor" lectures being for the benefit of the whole University. All his interests are centred in the men he sees at his college.

Each college has its athletic teams, its separate set of rules and discipline, subject only to some broad University rules. The colleges are great rivals and the feeling between men in different colleges is as a rule very like the constrained feeling that used to exist at Harvard between the classes.

In fact, the colleges, with their eighty, ninety or one hundred members, are more like great clubs taking up the interest of all its men with its inside wheels and circles of acquaintance as in any club. The absence of any class distinction also makes the life more like a society life, for at Oxford a man enters when he can pass the examination and leaves when he wishes, although the regular course is three years, consequently there never is a chance for class organization.

"Clubs with learning attachment," some one called some of the colleges.

At Magdalen College and at several of the other colleges, moreover, there is a large room splendidly and luxuriously fitted up with leather easy chairs, great rugs, open fire-places and pictures of winning crews and prominent Magdalen men, in fact, a regular club room. Here the men can come after dinner and smoke and order any wine or drink; for they are only allowed to have beer at dinner. Men belonging to the college can drop in here and read the papers and order what he likes. The drinks for everybody throughout the evening are added up and then

paid for equally by all men in the college who make use of this room. Even if a man does not attend one night he pays his share for that night.

Such life as this, delightful in one way, still tends to take away a good part of the University spirit and life present here at Cambridge and this, it seems to me, is a great want.

Of course when an inter-university match comes off there is plenty of University feeling, however ; but there are few of these matches.

The rules and regulations would seem to us

very strict and behind the time, and some would be considered mediæval in their tenor to our progressive, elective system, Athletic Committee ideas. For instance, in most of the colleges you see notices posted forbidding or dissuading stable men from letting a horse and vehicle to any undergraduate.

Such, on the whole, is the impression, rather straggling I must admit, that Oxford leaves on him who has stayed there and seen any Oxford men.

Charles Warren.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

“THERE'S kaines o' honey 'tween my luve's lips,
An' gold amang her hair,
Her breasts are lapt in a holie veil,
Nae mortal een look there.”
Thus was it the peasant's song began,
When he sang the charms of the Lady Ann,
And this was the close so sweet and sad,
“I am her father's gardener lad.”
Wealth and beauty and rank have fled,
They have carved her stone yet she is not dead !
For still from the picture the poet drew,
She shines immortal before our view,
And the gift that her peasant lover brought
Was a crown no wealth had ever bought.

R. L. Weeks.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

MOODS AND MUSIC.

IT is Friday afternoon,—a raw, cold afternoon : a film of mist, which hides the sun, gives the sky a leaden-gray color and the wind, that blows so fiercely as this at no other time in fall, seems to cut the face. The dullness, the bitterness, the sense of oppression, seem to be correlative ; they seem to be, together with myself, homogeneous. And it has been so for days. I have looked for the sun and it has not appeared ; I have sought warmth and have not found it ; I have tried to make myself gay and happy,—but have failed.

So now I will go and let Music talk and whisper to me,—will let sweet Harmony lay its hand upon my forehead and comfort me.

I find my place in the great hall and wait,—seen by no one, seeing no one, conscious only of space, infinite space, sitting perfectly still.

A sudden crash, that stops the flow of my blood an instant, does not startle me because I understand it : I know the meaning of the hiss of the violins ; I know why the flutes and the brass utter such piercing cries ; why the wood, in conflict with demons of the nether world

whose roar and grumble makes the floor tremble underneath me, creaks and crackles so.

Still,—this cannot last, for I have seen such things change always. And I am right. The violins, instead of venting their rage, give themselves up to complainings; the fifes and trumpets, the flutes and horns are, as they began, still in dispute, but there is evident reason for differences; the wood, having let seven devils slip to earth and roam at large, moans and sobs,—but is presently quieted somewhat by sympathy from the strings which, in the presence of real grief and sorrow, cease making loud complaints themselves.

The strings and wood soon get to understand each other and discover that they have aspirations so similar that they can express their thoughts and fine feelings better in unison. The brass, the fifes, the reeds and flutes are wearied by bickerings and, becoming interested in the fellowship of strings and wood, partly out of envy, partly out of curiosity, make a few hasty, but not careless, runs of inquiry. The fickle strings, delighted by this, scrape a slight acquaintance with all, the wood reluctantly mumbling assent,—and so it is not long before every member of this musical group,—with its own individual peculiarities and wide range of abilities,—is on the very best of terms with all the others and exchanges with each a word or two without discord.

By the talk, discussion and settlement on a definite plan for action,—there is finally a mutual understanding for important and harmonious movements, so that they presently travel along together faster and faster until they become indistinct figures in the distance. They grow smaller and smaller and fainter and fainter, and are finally lost to sight.

I leave the hall unobserved and seeing no one,—anxious to get into the open air to see if sunshine or warmth is there and—I find both.

Dec. 8th, 1888.

AT THE HARVARD ASSEMBLY.

Who could give a better account of the Assembly than the disgruntled little beau leaning against the door of the ante-room? What

makes him look so glum? The truth is that he does not know a single belle; and even if he did, they would not care to dance with such a stupid fellow. Do not think, however, that he has no opportunities to dance. On the contrary, he knows every wall-flower in the room. Why does not he dance with them? Because he has been at an Assembly before and gained some experience. He was introduced to Miss Walker, a very taking young lady, his friend said; and indeed she took him a walk of some miles around the promenade and let him go only when a new victim was brought up. Another good fellow presented him to a girl “everybody ought to know.” Poor Peterkin wished that every one did know her; for then some one might have taken her away. When he realized his fate, however, he sat her down without further ceremony and talked with this fair, but not popular siren about all the societies he did not belong to. It soon became evident to him that his whilom queen held in slight estimation the only man she could get to dance with her. So he sat stiffly upright, determined to say nothing to her; not even that the hall was beautifully trimmed, nor the dancers a pretty sight. At last getting from him only monosyllables, she asked to be taken to her chaperone, where he left her with a stiff bow. To comfort himself he turned to that spot where the wall-flowers cease from troubling—the supper-room. When his heart grew lighter, he wandered out to the elevator, and making friends with the boy, rode up and down three or four times, and learnt the names of all the lodgers on the first two floors.

To-night, however, the supper-room is not yet open, and there is a new elevator boy, who will not be friendly; so nothing is left but to lean against the ante-room door and watch the happy belles. Peterkin is not so misanthropic as to grudge them their pleasure. Indeed there are some lovely faces among them which deserve the adoration offered them, and Peterkin wishes that he might be a worshipper himself. There is one face that will haunt him long; a face beaming with happiness, half hid in the halo of golden hair, like some child angel sent down on a mission to earth. Peterkin’s delicious dream is rudely interrupted, as a cold,

proud girl sweeps by. She may well be haughty. She has family and money on her side, and therefore plenty of followers. "But she has not much else," thought the little man. Close following her comes Peterkin's wall-flower of the last Assembly travelling along with her latest victim, and Peterkin makes his best bow, a little maliciously perhaps, but it is only because he exults in his freedom. Yet after all little Peterkin pities those poor wall-flowers. It is really mournful to see the poor girls sitting hour after hour beside their chaperones, anxiously waiting to be taken out. Occasionally the disappointed face lights up as a man bears down, but he darts by and snatches Miss Beacon Hill from a dozen other admirers. "Girls ought not to be allowed at the Assemblies, if they cannot find partners," growls Peterkin, whereupon he strolls into the ante-room and amuses himself watching a *tete-a-tete* between Miss Mt. Vernon and young Moneybags. Could anything be sweeter than her manner towards him? How gracefully she leans back on the divan, so as to

bring her head conveniently near his, to catch every delightfully vacant remark. How complacently she glances down at her beautiful neck, like a swan pluming itself. She is wondering if he admires it. Of course he does. What are pretty necks for? Peterkin, sincerely hoping she may hook her fish, and generally disgusted with girls in general, is about to take himself back to Cambridge when he comes upon a young lady surrounded by a small army of men. She is not pretty; but there is a sweetness in her face and in her manner that makes her beautiful to all who meet her. Peterkin was introduced to her once long ago; but she won't remember me, he thinks, and he is slipping by when she puts out her hand to him. "You have not been near me the whole evening. Don't forget me again," she says, reproachfully. Whether she meant it or not, she spoke kindly to Peterkin and the solemn little man, happy for the first time that evening, jolts back to Cambridge, thinking that there are some gentle girls in the world after all.

PEISINOE.

THE old, old song of the old sea,
The ancient sea, the serpent sea,
A lady fair with gleaming eyes
Beneath a gnarlèd tree,—

A lady fair with gleaming eyes,
With golden hair coiled serpentwise
Round slender throat, and white limbs bare
To strange and sunset skies.

"My wealth, my weal—my lady fair,
My serpent queen, my lady fair,—
Land, life, for one kiss of thy mouth,
Amid thy golden hair!"

Her stretched arms call. He follows fleet.
His sudden kiss burns sharp and sweet,
His eyes are blind. He may not see
The pit beneath her feet.

The old, old song of the old sea,
The ancient sea, the serpent sea,
A lady fair with gleaming eyes
Beneath a gnarlèd tree.

Herbert Bates.

WIND VOICES.

THE wind comes roaring, roaring, love,
Across the bay and river ;
Before its chilling blasts, I see
The oak trees bend and shiver :
Then bind me closer with thy love,
And weave thy bonds the stronger ;
Lest o'er the stormy, wintry sea,
Thy love again should wander.

I mind me of a northern land,
The sturdy ship that bore me,
The wondrous ways, the unknown shores,
That opened out before me :
I mind me of the raging storm ;
The terror of the sea,
The precious treasure of thy love,
That bound my heart to thee.

List, how the wind is roaring, love,
On high the gulls are flying,
List, how the sea is growling, love,
The winter day is dying :
Then bind me closer with thy love,
And hold me ever nearer,
Dear is the voice of winter winds,
Thy love, Sweet Heart, is dearer.

S. C. Brackett.

BOOKS.

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF MORALITY; OR ETHICAL PRINCIPLES DISCUSSED AND APPLIED. Ezekiel G. Robinson, D.D., LL.D. President of Brown University. Boston: Silver, Rogers & Co. 1888. pp. 252.

PRESIDENT ROBINSON claims no other title for his work than that it is a text-book for the use of beginners in the study of morality. His experience as a teacher has enabled him to judge thoroughly of the needs of young students. The book is admirable for its consistency and clearness of thought and conciseness of method.

The principles of morality are based by the author upon the notion that every ethical system must necessarily grow from ideas of conscience. President Robinson adopts the view that conscience is a faculty of the rational being, inborn from the beginning of the human race, but capable of being trained and developed. The thought of the student is not interrupted too often by encumbering references; but the reader is stimulated by the text itself to carry his investiga-

tion farther than the preliminary stage presented in a book of this character.

THE SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO CONTEMPORARY PROBLEMS. David J. Hill, LL.D. The Newton Lectures for 1887. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co. 1888. pp. 231.

Books treating of Christianity as purely an ethical force in the development of society are comparatively rare. Dogmatic Christianity, however, is rapidly losing its importance as a topic of discussion, while the practical, ethical character of Christ's teaching is attracting increasing attention. President Hill's book is therefore timely. Rejecting the naturalistic conception of philosophers as inadequate because of the slight importance attached to human personality, the author substitutes the ideal of the brotherhood of man and points triumphantly to the advance made by the world as it has applied this ideal in society. The style of

s vigorous. The plan is suggestive and complete, indicating a thorough grasp of the subject. However, that in attempting to demonstrate in a few chapters the bearing of Christianity upon the problem of human life, social, political and economic the writer has given us an outline for years of labor rather than an exhaustive discussion of the subject. The reader must accompany his perusal of the book with sustained thinking on his own part. The slip of the publishers is very neat.

OTHER AND OTHER PAPERS. Richard Steele. Edited by Lee and Shephard. 1889.

Offers to the public some of the always fresh, amusing essays of Richard Steele. The series published in *The Lover* is given to us complete. "Other papers" are selected from *The Eng-lishman's Own Talk*, *The Reader*, and *The Spinster*.

The unknown editor of the book has, for some reason, failed to preface his work, consequently we do not know to say what his aim has been in making the selection.

If he has tried to give the best of Steele's work, he cannot help wondering why he has left out such gems as "The Trumpet Club," "Recollections of an Old Soldier," "Sir Roger de Coverley's Ancestors," and other papers of well known merit. The selection certainly fails to do Steele justice.

Cannot lay the book aside with this moderation of its contents. It has other faults which are rather too glaring to be passed by unnoticed. The binding is a remarkable example of the bad taste which has been shown by some of our publishing houses. The book is bound in cheap flaming red cloth with black vines and frescoes. Staring at the back of the volume is the startling title "Other Papers." Is it not taking an unfair advantage of the name of the writer, whose works are generally numbered among English Classics, to push him shamefully into the world, clad in such giddy red breeches, with this unfortunate label? However appropriate a binding may be for a railroad novel, it is out of place on a volume of Steele's Essays.

New Music. Published by A. P. Schmidt & Co. Cheerfulness and Farewell, by G. Phillip, two bright pieces for the piano for children, the latter one being especially melodious; Arrangements for the Organ, by H. M. Dunham, Rubenstein, Berceuse. This rich composition is well suited to organ adaptation; Hallelujah Chorus from Handel's Messiah. This arrangement is not so full and complete as one could wish but as a whole carefully and suitably adapted to the organ; Gavotte for the piano, by B. E. Wolff. This composer's pieces are always graceful. He has caught the swing, rhythm and quality of the old gavotte better than most of the modern so called gavottes, rattled off by any one who can put a few chords together; Six Preludes designed as Damper Pedal Studies, by A. D. Turner. These études fill a place which has been incomplete in the long list of piano studies. They are in every way well adapted for study; Scherzino, by F. Lynes, easy and lively though not particularly original; Warrior's March and Happy Moments, by G. Phillip, Child's pieces of the stock kind; Two Sonatinas, by Ritter, written for children in strictly classical form, melodious; Berceuse, by Clayton Johns, for piano and violin, a charming bit of writing, well harmonized, not too difficult, sustaining the composer's reputation; Romance, by B. Tours, a new arrangement of a good old piece with revised fingering; Boat Song by G. W. Marsten, child's piece.

Songs.—Green Grows the Willow, by G. W. Chadwick, a song for a low voice, pathetic and original in melody; Tell her so, by M. R. Macfarlane, a rollicking ballad; In Autumn, by O. Weil, commonplace; I would be a Cloudlet, by F. Lynes for high baritone, a song in waltz movement with well harmonized chord accompaniment; The answered prayer, by F. A. Porter, simple but rather tiresome; Across the World I speak to thee, by A. Schuyler, one of the modern sentimental songs after Tosti's style; Song by C. K. Rogers, A Love Song for mezzo-soprano. This is a bit of writing charming in every respect, composed with feeling and respect for the words; The Answer, by the same composer, is decidedly commonplace.

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

Deaths: '91:—Gulick, Slaterry, H. A. Weeks, Tallant, Page, McKenzie, Wright, Wiers, Hall, Howard, Babbitt, Brown, R. B. Cannon, Robinson, Sawyer, Brackett, Burr, Cummings, Beer, Burr, Dudley, Mack, E. Mer, Phinney, Parsons. '90:—Eaton, Irwin, Roberts, Gill. Service in Appleton Chapel. Report of Glee and Banjo Clubs and Pierian Society at Sanders Theatre.

Dec. 22. Glee and Banjo Clubs started on western trip.

College ended.

Jan. 3, 1889. College reopened.

Athletic committee voted to allow the nine to play professionals.

The Shawmut Boat Club of South Boston tendered the use of its floats to Harvard Varsity crew during the winter. The crew will row in the harbor twice a week.

Vesper service in Appleton Chapel.

Jan. 4. H. R. Bishop, Jr., elected captain of Sophomore crew.

Meeting of candidates for the nine.

Jan. 7. Senior class dinner at Parker House. President, P. D. Trafford; toastmaster, G. B. Painter; orator, H. H. Darling; poet, C. Hunneman; chorister, M. A. Taylor; committee, P. Codman, G. T. Keyes, F. E. Parker.

Class crews began work in gymnasium.

Jan. 8. Lecture. Mr. Lawton. "The Medea of Euripides."

Jan. 9. Elected to Canoe Club. From '90: Livingston and Weed; from '91: Farquhar, Paine, Dabney; from '92: Wadsworth, Stockton, Nichols, Batchelder.

R. F. Herrick, '90, elected Captain of University Crew.

Class Crews of '89, '90, '91 commence work.

W. E. Beer, '91, elected on *Crimson*.

College Conference Meeting. Mr. G. W. "My Conscience and My Vote."

Conference Francaise. Paper on "College France," by C. H. C. Wright, '91.

Jan. 10. Harvard Union Debate. Resolved:—That causes for divorce should be made uniform throughout the United States by constitutional amendment. Aff., R. B. Hale, '91 and E. C. Shoemaker, '89. G. P. Furber, L. S. and H. E. Oxnard, L. S. of the question: aff., 41; neg., 10. Debate whole: aff., 20; neg., 23. Election of officers: M. Thayer, '89, President; D. C. Torrey, '90 President; R. B. Hale, '91, Secretary and Treasurer. Vesper Service. Sermon by Rev. T. C. W. Second Harvard Assembly.



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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOLUME XLVI.—No. IX.



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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., FEBRUARY 6, 1889.

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XLVI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., FEBRUARY 6, 1889.

No. IX.

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. The Editors cannot undertake to return manuscript.

THE WEEK.

THE blow which the appointment of an investigating committee from the Overseers some time ago pointed towards has, at last fallen. Their vote of Jan. 30 follows in the track of the action on athletics last spring. We suppose that the investigating committee found some ground for complaint. But we think that probably outside pressure of opinion which as everyone knows is often far from the truth in college matters had much influence on the Overseers. Although some of the vote may be wise and expedient we think that many must regret the action as a whole. The whole trend of the college has been for some years to make it in reality broadly a University worthy of the name. Every other college has labored under its old restrictions and penalties except Harvard. The overseers now announce that in their view the system is a failure. They say practically that the number of men out here who feel any responsibility, who have genuine interest in their work is in the minority. The tone of the college, the whole basis of study and life is to be levelled down to those who form the worse part of the university not levelled up to the better ideas.

In the first place they urge that every one be required to report every morning in person, with a fixed allowance for absences.

This we suppose results from the reports which have gone about outside of the alarming number of absences from college. These reports it is needless to say are exaggerated and arise greatly through absences from Cambridge during time of the Mid-years. However, it seems to us that this provision is unnecessary and vexatious. Of the two hundred and fourteen courses given, some seventy come at nine and ten in the morning. Thus the presence of a large proportion of students is ensured to a great extent. The number of men who cut nine o'clock recitations we venture to say is not so large as those who cut the inconvenient afternoon recitations. If the Overseers think this provision will make early rising necessary we imagine it will not be secured. The only result will be that the evils of old prayer system will be brought back. Men will get excuses by fair or foul means. Moreover men under this system will undoubtedly be absent up to the full number of cuts allowed. The next provision in the vote, too, in making attendance more strictly enforced at nine and ten o'clock recitations would effect all that a roll call or report could. This second provision to have stricter attendance may on the whole be wise. But we think that it is foolish and unnecessary to introduce the monitors. In the first place the report of absences is now in the large courses collected by monitors in most instances. And in the small courses the instructors already keep account in a perfectly satisfactory way. They already have the power to dismiss a man whose work and attendance does not satisfy them. If the man satisfies the instructor why should the College interfere? The third provision to have guardian angels for the whole Freshman class

might be a good plan but it is wholly impracticable. A great many men who wish advice on their studies seek it now. Any attempt on the part of the faculty to force men in their inclinations would simply result in overthrowing the principles of the elective system, besides, also, making the relations between the students and professors less pleasant. Thus just as now with the special students we doubt if as a whole the attitudes of those advised is very sympathetic. If anything of the sort is to be done, better far to give up the elective system in the Freshman year than to make those just entering feel like protected infant industries. When men come here they are supposed to be able to walk alone. If they are not let the faculty raise the age for admission. We must mention that a system of advisers would bear very hardly on our already overworked faculty. To have personal care over three hundred freshmen and one hundred and fifty specials, the number increasing every year, would be no small matter to our instructors. Soon we might have to have a special class of officers called "Guardians"—vide Plato's Republic.

The fourth provision requiring that no student shall have more than three electives on any one day practically enters a little wedge into the elective system. For by this if a student finds four courses which he wishes or needs to take in any year, coming on the same day, he cannot take them except by the consent of the Dean—and all know what this latter clause means. Of course it is well known that many men arrange their studies thus for a "snap." We very much doubt whether it is a "snap"; for it makes the work on the intermediate days very great. In some ways too it is a great advantage, for, when a man can have a whole day free in which to do steady unimpeded work, his work done is much more valuable than when effected in snatches. This is not an exaggeration as we know personally several men who have been greatly benefitted by this arrangement. We might say in passing that if the Overseers object to it on the ground that it keeps men away from Cambridge too much, they ought rather to rejoice that they are away from the place full of temptations, it would seem. The

fifth provision, we consider one of the worst. It urges that more frequent tests of the progress of the student be provided. This would mean either regular recitations instead of lectures or oral or written examinations. If more recitations are what is meant we consider this an utterly false system, a movement retrograde to the old idea of a question-and-answer common-school college.

If more oral examinations are wanted the Overseers must know that such a system takes much time out of the time devoted to the regular work of the course, and as the classes grow larger and larger every year becomes more and more impossible. To have more hour written examinations, we think, would be very bad. In the first place the instructors have now all the examination books that they are able or desire to read. Secondly, much time is lost from the regular work of the course. Thirdly, it would be and is a great inconvenience for those students who desire to do good and thorough work—and there *are* such out here despite the Investigating Committee—to have their work constantly broken in upon and continually harassed by the thought of some preparation for an hour examination; for it is necessarily the case that a certain amount of "grinding" must be done for *any* examination. Such a provision would bear very hard on the men who do good honest work, and it would not really effect its purpose on the men who do not work, nearly as much as the Overseers would suppose.

The provision, as we said before of the whole vote, is a levelling down to the lazy man, a reduction of the standard in education. We do not wish to pretend that our discipline is as good as it could be out here. We do not mean that there is not room for much stricter attention to education. Neither do we condemn the Overseers' vote totally as many have done. We do think that more rigid attendance at college exercises should be required. But we do say that the rest of the recommendations are a distinct step backwards, and we believe that as the college goes on, many of the grievances the Overseers complain of will be remedied, or will remedy themselves without any such drastic, unnecessary regulations, which can only

embitter the spirit of the students out here. The college has gone too far on a liberal path to resort now to such measures.

A scheme attracting some attention has recently been started to found a sort of club where men who reside at a distance from the college may go to study and read, and where breakfast and lunches may be obtained at cost price. We confess that although the college is generous enough to furnish rooms for such an institution, we do not see the exact call for this society. The number of men who live so far from the yard that they are unwilling to go to rooms between their lecture hours, must be very small. The larger portion of these generally only wish to study up for the next lecture, and this they can do as well now in the college library as elsewhere. To obtain luncheons at cost would

no doubt be of advantage, but as such a society could hardly undertake to run a complete restaurant, it seems to us that the small number of men who do not take meals at Memorial or at a regular table are and could be as well suited elsewhere. And since the idea of this society is very slightly for social purposes, altogether there does not seem to us a demand for it; especially since it would rather tend to increase the number of men who would reside away from college, *i. e.*, in Boston or in the surrounding towns; and this in itself is by no means desirable. A much more fitting plan would be to discard the notion of a society with elections and have the college authorities establish a reading room provided with all the papers and magazines and open to all undergraduates perhaps for a small fee.

IN A CREMATORY.

FOR a long time I had been ill. Doctor after doctor came to my bedside, shook his head, prescribed for me, took his fee, and went away. The pain had gradually ceased, and I now felt merely intensely weary, and wished to be let alone. I did not want to move, and for days did not. It tired me even to breathe, so I stopped that, and felt no inconvenience. People began to act differently: they spoke about me in almost their usual tone of voice, and with perfect frankness.

Then, one day, some men came and measured me, talking the while about a party they were going to that night. I did not recognize their voices, and was not curious enough to open my eyes to see. Everything during these days seemed to me uninteresting and a matter of course, somehow.

The next day a big pompous man with oily manners, came into the room with my sister, and from their talk I presently learned that he was a metaphysician. I always knew that my sister had leanings towards mind curists and kindred humbugs, but I did not think that she would ever carry it thus far.

The oily man began some incantations, leaning over me and mumbling what sounded like Volapük in my ear. After a few minutes I got disgusted, and was just about to tell him to stop his nonsense, when it occurred to me that he would then claim to have cured me. After a while he said that I was a very hard case—not with any offensive meaning to me I am sure—and he would have to be alone for an hour. My sister left the room, and, after carefully locking the door behind her, the oily man sat down in a rocking chair, pulled out a newspaper and an apple, and settled himself for an hour's quiet enjoyment. The munching of the apple and the crackling of the newspaper irritated me, and I had almost made up my mind to sit up in bed and give him the worst scare of his life, when he folded up his newspaper, threw the core of his apple into the grate, and, with a yawn, remarked, "I guess nothing short of a miracle will bring you back to life, old chappie." This renewed my resolve not to let him get the credit for curing me, and I kept silent.

At the end of an hour he unlocked the door and went out, so I could not hear what explana-

tion he gave my sister, though I know how much he charged for it.

Monday the hearse came to carry me away. I can hardly explain the calm way in which I took everything. I first thought I would tell them that I was not dead; but I was so tired, and it seemed pleasant enough to be buried in our pretty cemetery, where I could lie undisturbed. I no longer breathed and would not be inconvenienced for want of air. Besides, at the last moment I could stop them if I wanted to.

We rode away. The jolting over the cobblestones of the city was disagreeable, but soon we passed to smoother roads, where the motion of the hearse was rather soothing. To my surprise, the ride, which should have been over in an hour, lasted three, and I vaguely wondered whether we were going to some other place. I regretted it, for I was fond of our lot, and it would have been pleasanter to lie in a familiar place, where I could imagine the people looking at my headstone and talking about me—kindly I hoped—while I lay comfortably down below, with no more work or pain or mortification before me.

Suddenly the hearse stopped, and my coffin was roughly lifted out, carried into a house and thrown on the floor. It surprised me that none of my family were around to prevent this discourtesy, but I supposed they had been delayed. Then a man gave some loud orders about firing up, and everyone tramped away and left me alone.

In a quarter of an hour the hearse-driver and the man of the rough voice came back and stood near me, talking.

"Business is pretty dull, isn't it?" inquired the hearse-driver.

"Yes," answered the loud-voiced man, "if it hadn't been for this chap" (here he gave my coffin a kick) "and the promise of another as soon as he dies, we should have had to shut up shop till spring."

Then I was lifted and carried down a flight of steps into a very hot room; the cover was jerked off my coffin, and the loud-voiced man said,

"Furnace all ready?"

Like a flash it came over me that I was to be

cremated. With the thought all my faculties were roused from their trance, and I was possessed by an intense longing for life; but horror paralyzed me. I am perfectly sure that up to that moment I could have sat up and spoken at any moment that I chose, but now I could not stir hand or foot. My mind, which had been in a sort of lethargy, became alive and active, but my body, which only weakness and a disinclination for exertion had kept quiet, was now bound as in bands of iron, and I could not make the slightest motion or cry. Still those horrible men went on with their preparations for *my death*.

I remembered how a year before, while speaking about cremation, a young lady had amused us all very much by exclaiming, "But just think what a horrible form of death!" This idea now seemed anything but funny to me, and I fully agreed with her.

I heard the furnace door open; a man grasped me by my shoulders, another took my legs, and together they lifted me out of the coffin, and carried me to the furnace.

"Give us a lift here, Bill," shouted the man who had my shoulders. Bill came; took hold of one side of me; they gave a preliminary swing, and then, with a "here she goes," threw me into the furnace.

The minute I touched the hot bottom of the oven, or whatever it is called, my muscles relaxed, and with a shout I bounded toward the door,—but too late, it was shut.

The hearse-driver, Bill, gave a yell when he heard my shout, and darted from the room, but the other two were made of sterner stuff.

"Let me out," I cried, "it's hot in here!"

"It'll be the ruination of the business if the corpses come out again after they're once in," I heard the rough-voiced man say.

"Never mind the business," said I, "let me out."

"And then the bills ain't paid yet," he went on, not minding my interruption, "that feller what came to, last year, after we got the fire all up, and were just puttin' him in, never paid us a cent, and wanted to sue us for damages, besides gettin' divorced from his wife for cruelty."

"Come, come," said I, "I'll pay your bills,

that you acted like perfect gentlemen, bargain."

"It's all right, mister," broke in the other but it'll ruin our reputation if we keep people to life again. We get most of our money from sorrerin' nephews what send us to the uncles and aunts."

"I," cried I desperately, "if you are going to be here arguing all day, can't you let the door down a little till we come to some agreement?"

With considerable grumbling about its weight, the coal, he complied. "I am willing to pay you the regular price of cremation and twenty-five dollars for whatever loss your reputation may be through me, if you will let me out.—Heaven's sake hurry up, I am almost

"I suppose it is sort of sultry in there," admitted the cremator, in a mollified tone, "Jim, just open the door an inch or two to give the gentleman a little ventilation. Would you mind," continued he to me, "paying me in advance?"

"I am very sorry," said I, "but all my money is in my left-hand trousers pocket at home." The cremator looked glum, and moved the door a little, as if to shut it, "but," I hastened to add, "I will give you my I. O. U., which will do just as well."

Jim and the cremator consulted together for a few minutes, and evidently decided that my I. O. U. was good, for the latter presently opened the furnace door, and let me out with many apologies for detaining me so long, "but business is business you know."

Kenneth Brown.

THE WIND.

HIST, the wind, how it sighs to the night-chilled earth
And moans at her sad decay.
At morn it will flit to the flowers of the field
To kiss the bright dew-drops away.

Hist, the wind, how it sighs to the sighing elm
And whispers of love's sweet dreams
Till she bends and sways to her outmost bough
To clasp it in her arms!

Hist, the wind, how it sighs round the house of death
And sobs at the crape-bound door
Then laughs till it shrieks with the demon, Mors
For the life that is no more.

John R. Corbin.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

A STUDY IN HAPPINESS.

quite sure that I am happy, and I know one who has a better right than I to be satisfied with the facts of the case. All the relations of my life justify me in thinking myself happy. I have enough to eat. My

room looks out on the Yard, and is pleasant enough to satisfy anybody. I have no end of books. I am not pinched for money. I have many friends. I like all my courses. I belong to a good many college societies of one sort and

another. I am an editor of the *Advocate*. I am not altogether a stranger to society outside the college. I find nothing to mar the pleasure of the Sundays that I often pass at home. When I have occasion to speak of myself I always, and with perfect sincerity, tell people that my four years at college have passed pleasantly and only too quickly.

Yet there are times when I wonder whether I am happy after all. I think it is Leigh Hunt who speaks somewhere of lying awake at night and mentally beating one's self black and blue at the recollection of the dreadful things one has said and done during the day. The state of mind he describes has been with me the cause of not a few melancholy moments. That stupid, stupid thing I said — what must they have thought of my manners! That careless, silly thing I did — what an utter fool I must have seemed! — these are the biting thoughts, only vivid with all the horrible details, and specify enough to satisfy a teacher of rhetoric, that fill my soul with this remorse. It is a little odd that it is almost always my blunders and but seldom my wickednesses that occur to torment me at such times; but it gives me not the slightest relief to remember, as I usually do, that in all likelihood nobody ever noticed or cared what I said or did, and that pretty certainly no one but I myself remembers it now. And the worst of it all is that the things to be sorry for accumulate so fast. I have a stock that begins when I was a child and comes down to the other day; and no item of it ever seems to let itself be forgotten.

But besides this retrospective melancholy my happiness is disturbed by gloomy anticipations. As those feelings that I have described come at night, so these are most apt to come in the morning, while I am arming my resolution to meet the ordeal of my cold bed-room. Then it is that I am overwhelmed by the host of duties that the day presents. What to-day shall I leave undone of that which I ought to do? How am I to fulfil the obligations that theses and examinations have put upon me? How little time there is, and how much to do! How many engagements, the Classical Club and the Historical Society, a party to-night, a meeting this

afternoon, a lecture to-morrow, are sure to take up the time that History *X* and Philosophy *Y* positively need! And I am in the toils; all these things must be done, and the others not left undone. In one way and another I have committed myself, and I do not see how I can escape. My heart sinks with the thought of the multiplicity of duties that the day or the week has in store for me. Such thoughts as these survive even the refreshment of a cold bath and a breakfast, and are not always exorcised by Morning Prayers.

I have described two of the causes of melancholy that break in upon the happiness of my life. They may seem trivial, and everybody can think of a thousand ways of avoiding them, but the moods are real enough and persistent enough when they come. But melancholy has many forms. If one has earnest desires that require the aid of other men to carry them out, he is apt to be borne down now and then with a disappointment which, even if happily it be transient, is none the less keen. One is grieved by his failure to reach complete sympathy with his friends; one is pained when he finds that a man in whom he believed has shown himself weak; one is troubled that he has failed to do anything for those whom in one way or another he might have helped, that he has not fulfilled the promise of kind offices which he made to the anxious mother of this freshman or that special student, that in general his influence for what he holds to be good is so slight.

Distressing questionings come, too, as to the general success of one's life. I have received high marks in my courses, but am I not failing to get that mastery of my subjects which brings real intellectual culture. Have I, though I have taken second year honors in classics, been truly educated by my Latin and Greek? I liked well enough to read the *Odyssey* in my freshman year, but what do I really care for Homer? Aristophanes and Sophocles I should probably find impossible. Have I not misused the great privilege of classical study and failed to make Greek what it ought to be to me, a permanent and never failing inspiration and resource? The very difficulty I have in expressing what I mean suggests that I cannot even

fine what a mastery of the classics might be to a man. And so of history, is not my knowledge utterly superficial, and soon forgotten that? Am I learning to philosophize as I am studying philosophy? In short I feel sometimes that I am not living — or even very little — preparing myself to live — the intellectual life.

There are men who live such a life in college: we read their memoirs every now and then; the men who write serious papers for their own pleasure, who read grave books and ponder them, whose thought is fertile, and who reach conclusions.

And so it is of companionships. Have I many intellectual friendships? Is not my intercourse with my friends — and some of them do live the intellectual life — on a low plane of personal concerns? I talk with them of the weather, the eleven, and the mid-year examinations: do I not leave out the larger things, lighter and more serious, which lead to real conversation? Am I intimate enough with my friends? Do I not treat them in the way a busy man sometimes treats a friendly caller in office hours, of entirely secondary importance to something else which claims my time? Other men are found in college the closest companion-

ship, the most stimulating talk, the most complete sympathy. Am I making the most of my opportunities?

And so I might go on. I sometimes think I am losing here in college what ought most to be sought, that instead of learning how to follow truth I am falling into intellectual ruts, that instead of the best in every department of my life I am letting myself be satisfied with a rather common-place and cheap second-best.

Yet, in spite of these melancholy doubts and gloomy moments (and I have not exhausted the list) I say I am happy. I cannot call myself perfectly happy, if indeed anybody ever intended that school-girl's expression to be taken literally; but on the whole my life is a rich, active, prosperous one, and I am happy in it. And no philosopher who sets up pleasure as the sole end of human activity, can persuade me that my life, happy but here and there checkered with a shadow, is not better than the blitheness of the sky-lark, or the thoughtless happiness of the child. I am sure that I am not so happy as they, but in my very unhappiness lies my advantage, for I am convinced that even though ignorance be bliss, it is by no means folly to be wise.

MRS. LAWNETTE AND BARNEY.

FULLINGTON found in his mail one afternoon a missive which caused him much surprise and perplexity. Within a brown paper envelope addressed to him in a scrawl — almost illegible handwriting, was enclosed a card carelessly wrapped in a half-sheet of plain white note-paper. Upon the card Fullington read the following words:

"Mrs. Lawnette,

No. 6 Florida Place."

From the post-mark on the envelope Fullington learned that the missive had been mailed in his own city. He recollected quickly that in his lectures about the town he had passed Florida Place once or twice, and that he had stopped

for a moment to study it on account of its unique character.

Fullington's strongest feeling on opening the envelope was that of bewilderment. The woman's name upon the card was neatly engraved, while the address was written in a manner that would have disgraced a school-boy. He had never heard of the woman and could not recognize the handwriting. Certainly none of his friends could be guilty of such bad taste even in jest. The brown envelope, the torn sheet of paper irregularly folded about the card, the absence of any explanation — all this was evidence, so Fullington believed, that the sender was far without the charmed circle of human beings in which he moved.

The longer Fullington thought, the deeper became his perplexity. At one moment he felt an impulse to throw the envelope with its contents into the fire, almost ready to think, in spite of his former conclusion, that some of his friends were making him the butt of a practical joke. Failing, however, to see the motive or the significance of such a joke, he at length put the envelope into a pigeon-hole in his desk and resolved to investigate the matter at his first opportunity.

Important business kept Fullington busy for several days. Though his mind was occupied with other thoughts, he was unable to forget the brown envelope. He had learned nothing further in regard to it, except that the directory contained the name of "Mrs. Lownette" with the same address as that upon the card. His desire to satisfy an overweening curiosity and to solve the perplexing problem at last drove Fullington to seek an explanation of the mystery. It cannot be denied that he hoped secretly that his investigation would result in a little adventure.

One evening, therefore, Fullington directed his steps towards Florida Place and stopped before the house whose number appeared upon the card. It was situated in the middle of a block of old-fashioned brick houses. A similar row of houses extended along opposite, while between the two rows, was not a street, but a long narrow plot of grass enclosed by a high iron railing. A number of old trees were growing within the enclosure.

Florida Place was a relic of an older period in the history of the city. The thoroughfare from which Fullington entered the place was once devoted to the business of a wealthy class of people, but business had long ago encroached upon the street. The dwelling houses had disappeared and blocks of stone not of the highest class had taken their places. The general character of the district had degenerated. People who called themselves fashionable, had left the neighborhood, and the side streets had become filled with people of the lower degrees in the social scale. A few steps from Florida Place, two cheap theatres opened their doors daily to an unsavory throng. The atmosphere

was polluted by the smoke and gas pouring from the chimney of a factory near at hand.

The entrance to Florida Place was almost closed by the buildings fronting on the main street. Once within, the noise of the thoroughfare sounded muffled and far away. The spot seemed to regain its respectability as the eye rested upon the old buildings, the green grass and the stiff iron railing about the old trees.

A gas lamp attached to an iron crane swung from the wall of the house before which Fullington stood as he surveyed the situation. The steps of the house did not project upon the walk, but retreated under an archway. Through the curtained window in the door, Fullington could see a dim light burning in the hall.

Though everything was as quiet and as innocent as possible, Fullington's heart beat rapidly as he rung the bell and gave his card to the servant who answered. He was left standing in the hall for a moment and was then ushered up the stairs and into a room at the back of the second story.

As he entered, a lady who was writing at a desk near the window put down her pen and rose to meet him. He was greatly embarrassed and hardly knew how to begin an explanation of his visit. He had not expected just this kind of a reception. He was looking into a face, which though somewhat careworn and faded, bore unmistakable marks of refinement.

Waiting a moment for Fullington to speak, Mrs. Lownette said at length:

"For what am I indebted for this—"

She was interrupted by the banging of a heavy door at the foot of the stairs, and immediately shuffling feet began to ascend towards the room in which Fullington was standing. Fullington was beginning to feel that his adventure was coming, when the door opened and a boy came in, shutting the door behind him with a force that shook the house.

The boy was a strange-looking creature. His trousers were short and over them he wore a frock reaching almost to his knees. His legs were so thin that it was a miracle that they could support him. His hair was long and was

pushed back from a high, narrow forehead. His nose was sharp, his mouth small, but drawn at the corners. His expression was infinitely sad: one could read disappointment in every line and yet there were marks of determination in his face that revealed a strong will.

The boy strode past Fullington towards the lady, who had taken her seat when she heard the steps on the stairs. He lifted himself gently into her lap and then climbed to the desk, where he seated himself on a pile of books and found room for his feet among the papers scattered over the top of the desk. He put his arm around the neck of the lady, who had remained passively silent since her interrupted remark.

Fullington by this time had almost forgotten his own existence. The sharp voice of the boy aroused him.

"I knew you'd come," he said. Your name is Fullington. I saw you help an old woman who had been knocked down in the street the other day, and I knew you'd help me too, if I should happen to need you. This is my mother. She has a queer sort of a creature for a son, hasn't she? She didn't know that I sent you her card. I can't write, so I had the girl down stairs direct it to you. I am not going to tell you now why I sent it."

A shadow of pain passed over the boy's countenance. He jumped from the desk, and running up to Fullington, he seized his hand and looked up into his face with such an expression of anxious pleading that Fullington was deeply touched.

"Something may happen to me soon," the boy went on in a whisper. "I must have somebody here to help my mother. You will not fail me, will you? Look, mother, he is a good man. He will be at your side when I—when I—"

His voice broke and the boy began to sob as if his heart were breaking. He drew Fullington towards the door.

"You know mother now. You know where we live and you can come quickly when I send for you again."

The door closed behind them. Fullington tried to speak, but the boy stopped him.

"Don't talk to me. I can't stand it—but you will come to help mother? Promise me."

Fullington gave the required promise and as he went down the outside steps, he left the boy standing in the doorway, and whispering a final entreaty. There was painful confusion in Fullington's mind. He could not understand the meaning of that which had just happened. What was it the boy wanted him to do? Why had not the pale woman explained things? He could not rid himself of the spell the boy's pleading face had thrown about him.

Days passed and Fullington heard nothing from Florida Place. His surprise and perplexity faded away gradually until he came to look upon the adventure through which he had passed as almost a dream, but now and then the brown envelope with his name scrawled upon it recalled the experience of that evening.

After dinner one night, Fullington was writing in his room when the door-bell rang sharply. He heard the servant open the door and then a few words impatiently spoken by a voice he at once recognized. He heard heavy steps upon the stairs. His door opened and Mrs. Lawnette's boy rushed in. Following in his excitement the habit he had fallen into at his home, the boy clambered over Fullerton's knees to the desk and seating himself regardless of the papers lying about, he placed his hand on Fullington's shoulders and looked him square in the face.

It took Fullington but a moment to discover from the strange light gleaming in the boy's eyes that the excitement which shook his frame was unnatural. Fear and anxiety were mingled with something far more terrible. Fullington felt that the boy was becoming insane and as he sat there summoning with difficulty, his self-control he wondered what the next few hours had in store for him.

The boy was quiet a moment, then, uttering a wild shout, he cried.

"Come! hurry: Come home with me—mother needs you to night if at all."

Seizing Fullington by the hand, he dragged him across the room, and down the stairs so rapidly that the captor could scarcely keep his feet. The boy's impatience would hardly allow Fullington time to take his hat and coat. Keeping a tight grasp upon the hand of the man whose help he sought, muttering to him—

self at times, at others laughing and shouting, then remaining quiet for a moment though his frame shook as though he were stricken with an ague, he led the way along the street, almost at a run. Fullington tried once or twice to gain from his leader some knowledge of the meaning of this wild chase, but the boy scarcely seemed to hear him.

"Hush," he would answer, "you are going with me to help mother, you will find out what's to be done. I think, I think I am going"—Here he would stop short, clinching his teeth with a great effort of will.

At length Fullington began to catch a glimmer of the secret of the boy's actions. His repeated allusion to something that seemed about to happen to himself, his desire that somebody whom he trusted should be at his mother's side during some calamity that was about to occur convinced Fullington that the boy believed that he was becoming insane and was trying to do all in his power to provide assistance when the time came. Fullington felt the sublimity of the battle that was going on in the distorted mind at his side and yielded with readiness and with something of awe to the anxious haste that was dragging him along.

When they reached the house in Flroida Place, the door was open. Mrs. Lawnette stood on the threshold, weeping. With a sob the boy threw himself forward up the steps and clasped his arms wildly about her crying, "Here he is. Don't be afraid now. He will take care of me to night." Then his clasp loosened and he fell to the floor. Exhaustion and illness had overcome his will at last. Fullington rushed in and with the help of Mrs. Lawnette carried the poor boy to his room where they were joined immediately by a physician for whom Mrs. Lawnette had sent a summons.

An hour later Fullington met Mrs. Lawnette in the room where he had first seen her. He was burning to learn from her lips the whole story of the strange lad whom he had heard the servant call "Barney" as they were carrying him up the stairs.

"My husband," Mrs. Lawnette said, found Barney a few years ago, wandering about the streets. He was ragged and dirty, and, more

than that, very ill. He could not tell where he belonged nor anything in regard to his past history. We took him home with us and cared for him as tenderly as we could. He never became well and strong again, but seemed to remain in a half dazed condition. This did not prevent his gratitude towards us from growing stronger day by day.

"When my husband died, I became accustomed to think of Barney as my most faithful attendant. Though his habits were strange. I was never afraid of him. Recently, however, he began to grow more excitable and the doctor warned us that poor Barney would inevitably become insane in a few months. The boy realized the truth in his poor way and tried to fight the disease that was settling down upon his mind. His gratitude towards me conquered every selfish feeling that he ever possessed. His mind formed a fearful conception of the calamity that was to happen to him and he feared that in his violence he might do some harm to me. You know very well the expedient adopted by the boy to secure a protector for me.

"This morning I saw that the end we feared was fast approaching. Barney was terribly excited. Toward evening he began to grow violent. In my alarm, I sent for our physician and set myself to keep a close watch upon the boy. I soothed him as well as I was able, but had to leave him for a moment. As I was returning I heard the outside door slam and I knew that Barney had gone. I was alone and could do nothing except to beg some of my neighbors to go out to search for the half-crazy wanderer. I had given up hope of ever seeing the boy alive again, when he rushed in with you. I am afraid the doctor will have a hard night with him. It is too much to ask of you, a perfect stranger to us, to stay. I can call in somebody."

"Fullington remembered his promise given to the boy weeks before.

"I will keep my word," he replied. "I will stay to—"

He was interrupted by the noise of a struggle in the room where he had left the doctor and his charge. A moment later the servant came in, pale and breathless.

"Please, sir, the doctor says you must come to him."

Fullington obeyed the summons, leaving Mrs. Lawnette on the sofa where she had sunk when the sounds came from the other room. Her

heart went out in sympathy for the poor creature who had been her faithful friend for years.

"Ah," she murmured, "treat him gently for the sake of his love for me."

H. H. Darling.

A SAMPLE OF NINE-TENTHS OF OUR POETRY.

WHY should I rack my mem'ry o'er
For brilliant verse, for simile
To tell you what's been said before
In all the strains of minstrelsy:
How that the sky is overcast
By dark'ning clouds. The Autumn blast
Lashes them on; from off the ground
It fiercely whirls the dry dead leaves.
Clouds of dust fly up to the eaves—
A slight lull follows, then the sound
Of—but why this futile straining
To tell you that it is raining.

Joseph Whitney Ganson.

IS THERE A DIFFERENCE?

A PLEASANT street with grass-edged sidewalks in one of the suburbs of Boston. A young man turns into one of the many pretty gardens, walks up the steps of a cheerful little house and rings the bell. The door is opened by a young lady.

She and he together. Why how do you do?

Then she. I am very glad to see you, Mr. Jackson.

Mr. Jackson. And I am very glad to find you at home, Miss Bell.

Miss Bell. The servants are both out so I'm tending the door myself. Take off your coat and come into the parlor. Papa, here is Mr. Jackson. Mamma and I have got to get tea to-night, and I'm sure you'll stay and help us. I'll speak to mamma now. (*Calls up-stairs.*) Mamma, Mr. Jackson is here.

Mr. Bell. I'm going up so I'll tell her, Mattie. (*He goes out.*)

Before Mr. Jackson and Mattie have time to get started on any topic of conversation, Mrs. Bell enters.

Mrs. Bell. How do you do, Mr. Jackson. We haven't seen you since the party last Tuesday.

Mattie. Why no we haven't. Oh! Mr. Jackson, do you know the man you introduced to me there, and who danced with me five times, invited mamma and me to go to the theatre last night? Did you ever hear of such a thing?

Mrs. Bell. Oh! it's beautiful. It's the way they used to do in my day. Why, when I was young I could have a man call on me two or three times every week and no one would talk about it. But now—

Mattie. Dear me, what a bore it must have been to see so much of one man.

Mrs. Bell. Not at all. It was delightful. Everything was so informal. Nowadays there

is hardly any chance for a girl and a man to have a friendship without any thought of marrying.

Mr. Jackson. Yes, it's a pity our society is growing always more formal and un-American.

Mrs. Bell. Then a friendship between a man and a woman is delightful for the reason that a man's mind and a woman's complement each other as two men's minds or two women's can not. They are so different that they strike more sparks when they meet.

Mattie. That is not necessarily so. I think two women's minds in meeting may strike just as many and as brilliant sparks as a man's and a woman's.

Mr. Jackson. They may, but is it not the exception that they do? Don't you think the average woman's mind is different from the average man's.

Mrs. Bell. Of course it is.

Mattie. The difference is largely due to the training I think. Women in all ages have been trained differently from men.

Mr. Jackson. That may have something to do with it but not all, by any means.

Mattie (growing excited). It has the greatest thing to do with it.

Mr. Jackson. Yes, but no matter what it has to do with it, I think always a woman's mind will be incapable of grasping all a man's mind can and that—(he is going on to say a man's mind cannot grasp all a woman's can but is interrupted by the chorus) Oh! hear him. Hear the lordly tone of the man! Just hear him!

(He pauses, feeling he has said something awful, when)

Mrs. Bell goes on. It's no wonder if the poor women are different from men in appearing more wily, more deceitful. Suppose a woman is sure her child must have something which the father refuses to let it have. Isn't the mother going to deceive the father in order to get it and doesn't she teach her daughter deceit by so doing? That is why women happen to appear deceitful.

Mr. Jackson. But why don't the sons learn deceit as well as the daughters?

Mrs. Bell and Mattie together. Because the sons are always favored in every way. It's the boys who rule a family.

Mrs. Bell alone. Oh! the tyranny of some husbands over their wives.

Mr. Jackson. Don't you think a good many women like to be ruled by their husbands.

Mattie. No. If you could only hear all the dreadful things my friends say they will never submit to when they are married.

Mrs. Bell. I know some women, wives of rich men, who never have any ready money, who are kept in slavery, who have sometimes had to borrow five cents of me for a car fare.

Mr. Jackson. But I think a husband is generally kind to his wife.

Mattie. Do you call it being kind to beat a woman and kick her down stairs as a drunken wretch of a gardener we had once used to do to his wife?

Mr. Jackson. But that is an extreme case.

Mrs. Bell. Do you call it being kind for a man, because, perhaps, he can understand a question better and because, perhaps, his voice is stronger, always to override a woman's arguments and never to let her have any opinion but his?

Mr. Jackson. Then you admit a man's mind is different from a woman's?

Mattie (giving her mother no chance to answer.) Do you call it kind for a man to lounge all day in the street or in a saloon and leave his wife at home to support the family, by washing, besides taking care of the children at the same time?

(Mr. Jackson is silent. His feeble mind is trying to comprehend just what the last remarks of the ladies have to do with the subject they began on when suddenly Mattie goes back to it, saying conclusively—)

Yes, I don't see why women are not capable of entering all the professions. Look at Dr. X. What mind could be stronger than her's? She's as firm in a bad case as any man.

Mrs. Bell. And she has all a woman's tenderness and patience, too. She is fond of house-keeping and makes her own cake.

Mr. Jackson. Undoubtedly, women are better fitted for entering the medical profession than any other. Perhaps occasionally one might go into the law or the ministry, but generally if she has the mind she is not physically able.

Mattie. And why not, sir, I should like to ?

While Mr. Jackson, who once went to a meeting in a moderate-sized church, of the men's Auxiliary Conference at a Unitarian Convention, is wondering whether it would be better to reply, "Because of their little piping,"

Mattie hurries on. Why, if a woman hates housekeeping and keeping house and taking care of children, must she always be forced to do it whether she will or no?

Mr. Jackson rising, and trying to say that he is not aware of cases in which Mrs. Rawdon goes about to balls and dinners and leaves Mr. Rawdon at home to comfort her neglected child, is interrupted by)

Mrs. Bell. Sit down, Mr. Jackson. Don't talk of going yet. Now we've cornered you and you can't go before you're convinced. Why don't you tell a man, like an odious monster, a tyrant, a brute, because he is the stronger animal, make his wife stay at home and drudge, no matter how much she hates it?

Mr. Jackson (at last determined to be heard). I don't believe the majority of women hate it as you think, Mrs. Bell. Women are naturally more fond of housekeeping than men. They are not so busy about little things. Besides, if there is a man and a woman, both of whom must work, suppose one has no chance to carry bricks or shovel coal and the other has to do sewing at home, I believe in at least ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the woman will be the one to stay at home and sew and the man to carry bricks.

Mrs. Bell and Mattie. There is some truth in that.

Mrs. Bell alone. Yes, a good deal of it.

I grant that a woman's first duty—of hers first duty—is always to look after her children, but if besides that she has time for other things and is able—and it does exasperate me when you men say she mustn't—I don't see how we can find any objection to her doing them.

(Mr. Jackson, wondering how under the sun she ever got the idea he said there was such an objection.) Why, I don't. Indeed, I think that women are almost ready to vote now and in a few years I hope to see them doing it.

Mrs. Bell. Oh! I don't. Don't speak to me of voting. I know nothing about politics and I hope I never shall. It is such an uninteresting subject. Oh! I'm so glad I know nothing about politics!

Mattie. Why mamma, how you talk. That is very illogical.

Mrs. Bell. And why shouldn't it be? What does a woman want of logic? Of course a woman's mind is illogical. I agree to that, Mr. Jackson, and you must, too, Mattie.

Mattie. I do, but it is the training that has made it so. (As for Mr. Jackson's other statements—she plunges again into the same arguments as before.)

(Mr. Jackson, who has risen, refuses to sit down again; but he is unable to pass the ladies who sit between him and the door, without any idea of getting up or of stopping their conversation. Already his dull brain is beginning again to wonder what the deuce the questions that are fired at him so fiercely have to do with the original subject, when the mild voice of Mr. Bell is heard in the doorway it is now grown too dark to see.)

My dear, have you forgotten this is Sunday and that the servants are out? We generally have tea at six on Sunday, but here it is seven o'clock and no sign of supper yet. And let me light the lamp. Why haven't you had a light before?

Mrs. Bell. Oh, don't light it. I should be ashamed to look Mr. Jackson in the face after all I've said about a woman's first duty being her housekeeping and then forgetting the supper entirely. Yet he ought to be more ashamed to look at me after the awful things he has said about women. He was a perfect Turk at first, but I think we're beginning to convince him.

G. H. Maynardier.

BOOKS.

THE OTHER SIDE OF WAR WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC. Letters from the Headquarters of the United States Sanitary Commission during the Peninsular Campaign in Virginia in 1862. By Katherine Prescott Wormeley. Ticknor and Company. 1889. pp. xii; 210.

THE Sanitary Commission was established at the outset of the War in order both to organize the work that the women of the country were eager to do for the relief of suffering in the army and to concern itself with all the sanitary conditions of the troops and camps. In the spring of 1862 the medical system of the Army of the Potomac, then engaged in the Peninsular Campaign under General McClellan, was unable to meet the needs of the situation, and it was found desirable that the Sanitary Commission should, for the time being, undertake the work of receiving the sick and wounded at the Headquarters on the Pamunky River and transporting them to Norfolk. Miss Wormeley, who afterward did very important work in the army hospital service, was one of the ladies who for these two months were on the "staff" of the Sanitary Commission at this point. These modest letters of hers now published in handsome form by the Loyal Legion, are charming. To us of the next generation everything about the War is romantic, and the story of the work of these plucky women is peculiarly picturesque. Miss Wormeley is full of humor, and, as she says of the others, is altogether "without the fearful tone of self-devotion which sad experience makes one expect in benevolent women." The description of the reception of the wounded men, brought in by rail just as they were picked up on the battlefield is sometimes thrilling; and is a realistic picture of that aspect of war which could hardly be surpassed for kindness. In one week 4000 wounded men were cared for and passed on by the Sanitary staff, and the letters are full of pathetic anecdotes and descriptions, and comic ones as well, for it was only by noticing the amusing side of things that these people kept themselves from being overwhelmed by the horrors of fever, and wounds and amputations and deaths. All kinds of interesting little points, too, come up in the letters. Miss Wormeley bears testimony to the excellence of the army rations, at least of those served out to hospitals.

She speaks, in general, of the high degree of comfort the army had. Her impression of General McClellan was at the time extremely favorable, and likewise of Fritz John Porter. She gives an intensely interesting account of Stuart's raid, which took place not far from the place where she was. Her enthusiasm in the work is inspiring. "*This*," she says in one of the early letters, "*is life*." The letters are so intelligent, so full of entertaining and instructive detail that

they are a delightful contribution to the literature of the War.

TRUE OR FALSE FINANCE THE ISSUE OF 1888. By a Tax-payer. (Questions of the Day, No. 55.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. Paper, pp. 44.

We mention this pamphlet, which is a clear, forcible and entertaining argument for the Democratic position in the late campaign, chiefly for the sake of urging that political pamphlets, especially when intended to serve as campaign documents, ought to bear a date more specific than the year alone.

XENOPHON: HELLENICA. BOOKS I-V. Edited by Irving J. Manatt. Ginn & Company: 1888. (*College Series of Greek Authors*.) pp. xxiv; 286.

After the fashion of all this good series of classical text-books this edition of the first four books of the Hellenica is based on A German school-edition, in this case that of Dr. Büchsen-schütz of Berlin. It has a brief introductory sketch of Athenian history for the period just before B. C., 411, some interesting discussion of certain literary questions connected with the Hellenica, and abundant notes, both grammatical and historical. The great need nowadays in classical instruction is that the students shall be led to look on the authors they read as not merely makers of good instruments for the discipline of the young American mind, but as men who wrote books because they had seriously something to say. We are inclined to doubt whether the great multiplication of notes which characterizes modern as well as ancient editions of classical texts does not hinder this result. A certain allowance must of course be made for the ignorance of the modern student who needs to be put by the commentary in possession of such information as the ancient reader would have had; but nevertheless in reading history in a modern language one is in the habit of inferring certain facts which the author obviously takes for granted, and why may not the same privilege be allowed in the case of Xenophon and Thucydides? It is doubtless valuable to the critical scholar to have brought together all the available information on the points that continually come up in a Greek historian, but it is worth while to present them all for the edification of youth? For the reader (as distinct from the historical investigator) every interruption of the narrative is an evil, and the question ought to be always raised whether enough is gained to justify it. In other words is it worth while, by inserting facts which Xenophon, for instance, did not think but to mention, to transform a work of art into a patchwork of details by the aid of which a college student can pass a good examination in Greek history? And again do we really learn much by

having it pointed out to us that the Greeks sometimes say *five-and-twentieth* instead of *twenty-fifth*? In spite, however, of these very heretical questions which we have raised, Chancellor Manatt's edition of the *Hellenica* will prove an extremely useful one, and will help students to read Xenophon with pleasure and profit. It ought to be of value in preparatory schools as well as in colleges. It is superbly printed.

LATIN GRAMMAR. Allen & Greenough. Ginn & Company, Boston. 1889.

A NEW edition is presented of the well-known Allen & Greenough's Grammar. The authors have made for themselves such a reputation that little need be said in regard to this new edition. It is simply an improvement on former editions. Much new matter has been added. The chapters on word-formation, the verb, etymology and the ablative case have been rewritten and much that is new inserted. The examples have been greatly increased throughout the book. The indexes have been carefully revised and are now almost perfect. There can be no better text book from which to gain a knowledge of the Latin language.

THE HARVARD INDEX, published by C. H. Moore & D. C. Torrey, Cambridge, Mass. 1888.

THE editors of the *Harvard Index* for 1888-89 have succeeded in presenting a book much superior to those published in years past. The work is especially free from typographical errors while the records of old crews and nines, published here for the first time, add an increased value to it. Among its other desirable qualities, it has a picture of the Mott Haven team, presents twenty-five more pages of matter than the *Index* of last year, and is neatly bound in cloth. The arrangement of the material deserves favorable comment. A systematic division of the matter is carried out, by which each department has its place. This year's book more nearly than any former edition fulfils the needs of college men. As a convenient source of information, and as a record of college life which it will be convenient to keep, we heartily recommend it to all.

A HISTORY OF GREECE. By Evelyn Abbott, M. A., LL. D. From the earliest times to the Ionian Revolt. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. pp. xii; 553.

Dr. Evelyn Abbott of Balliol College, Oxford, believes that the study of Greek life has in store fresh profit for every generation, since every generation comes to it with its own new needs. The facts are always the same, but "the estimate placed upon their value and the conclusions drawn from them are constantly changing." Dr. Abbott has been chiefly known hitherto by the work he has done in the study of Greek literature and as the editor of a volume of classical essays entitled *Hellenica*. He now appears as an historian, with

the purpose, he says, of giving "an intelligible sketch of Greek civilization within a brief compass—not with the hope of throwing new light on old obscurities, or quoting fresh evidence where all the evidence has been long ago collected." This history, of which the first volume only has yet appeared, will be of the greatest value, both as for reference and for reading. It is detailed enough to be satisfactory, it is not too long to hope to read it through; it is interesting. Dr. Abbott writes an excellent style, concise yet elegant. Occasionally a passage occurs of rare charm, such as the description of Homeric life. By the way, is it the effect of the study of Homer's own style, that descriptions of Homeric life are so apt to be charmingly written? The story is simply told, and the philosophical reflections, which are not over many, are always acute and suggestive. Take this for instance: "The Olympic games and the Spartan training are the characteristic creations of the Greeks. Science and art, plays and philosophy, have reappeared in later ages, but these unique achievements passed away with the nature that gave them birth." At the appropriate places in the narrative are inserted accounts of the Greek authors. Homer, of course, is treated at length; and there are delightful articles on Hesiod, Theogenes, Archilochus. The account of Solon is very good,—full, but concise and interesting. No book could be better adapted for the outside reading of students in schools who are studying the dry bones of Dr. Smith's *Smaller History*; and it seems equally well fitted for the use of college students. The first volume is necessarily taken up to a large extent with the discussion of the myths and of the doubtful early history. Dr. Abbott takes a conservative view, and is very cautious about accepting the legends as representing the real facts. The second volume of the history is to carry the narrative from the Ionian Revolt down to the end of the Peloponnesian war, which is a more stirring, if not a more interesting period of Greek history, than that covered by the present volume.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PLANE ANALYTIC GEOMETRY. J. D. Runkle. Ginn & Company, Boston. 1888.

A NEW book on plane analytic geometry especially adapted to the work of students in the Institute of Technology.

SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION. By John Gill. D. C. Heath & Company, Boston. 1887.

BERNHARDT, WILHELM, Editor. German Novelettes for School and Home. Selected from the best modern writers. D. C. Heath & Company. 1888. pp. viii; 152. \$.60.

COMPAYRE, GABRIEL. Lectures on Pedagogy, Theoretical and Practical. Translated, with an Introduction, Notes, and an Appendix by W. H. Payne. D. C. Heath & Co. 1887. pp. x; 491. \$1.75.

DAUDET, ALPHONSE. One of the Forty. Translated by Remington Bramwell. New York and St. Louis: Continental Publishing Corporation. 1888. pp. 256. \$.35.

FISKE, JOHN. The Critical Period of American History, 1783-1789. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. pp. xviii; 368.

LONG, GEORGE, Translator. The Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus. [Knickerbocker Nuggets]. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 315 \$1.00.

LOWELL, PERCIVAL. The Soul of the Far East. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1888. pp. 226.

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

Jan. 10. O.K. election of officers. President, J. G. King; Secretary, C. Warren; Treasurer, F. E. Zinkeisen; Librarian, O. Prescott.

Jan. 11. Annual Dinner, Class of '29.

Lacrosse Association. R. G. Loring, '92, elected Secretary in place of Tudor, '91, resigned.

Jan. 14. Lecture by Prof. Cohn. "The Political Outlook of France."

Meeting of Glee Club. Messrs. Skinner, L. S. Hebard, '89, Fullerton, '90, Wheelwright, '90, Williams, '91, Goldthwaite, '91, Keyes, '89, Lockwood, '90, E. A. Darling, '90, Howe, '89, Richardson, '89, Bradlee, '90, elected members in full standing.



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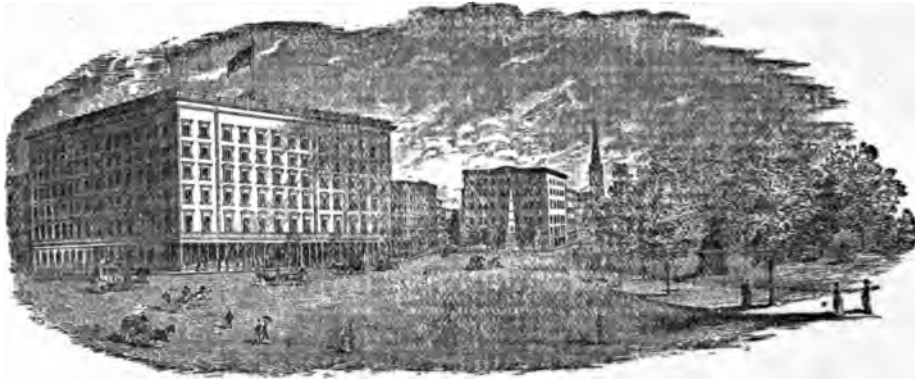
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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., FEBRUARY 20, 1889.

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XLVI.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., FEBRUARY 20, 1889.

No. X.

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*. The Editors cannot undertake to return manuscript.

THE WEEK.

WE are happy to announce that the *Advocate* will be conducted for the next volume by Mr. G. P. Wardner, '90, as President, and Mr. W. K. Post, '90, as Secretary.

With this number the '89 board of editors resign the charge of the paper. We have tried in our term of office to make the paper representative, as far as we could, of the moderate spirit of the college, not going too far in opposition to the schemes of college authorities or the actions of outside colleges and opponents, but maintaining a decided, firm stand. We have also tried to put in print and bring to public notice a few of the bad habits of some men of the college, which every one has known about and which no one has taken the trouble to call attention openly. We have changed the arrangement of matter inside the cover so as to make the paper less amateurish in appearance. We wish to say in closing that whether paper is good or bad, interesting or dull, depends entirely on the attitude taken towards the journals. When college men in general at the papers and say that they only take for kindling, try to avoid them in every way,

there is no encouragement to men to write for the papers. But if a little interest is taken by the college at large, if a college editor could be looked on a little less as a harmless monomaniac even by men who never read the papers except to aim poor jokes at them, the effect might be seen immediately by the renewed number of men who will try to write and who will make the columns more entertaining. The only excuse for the existence of a college paper at all is that it may afford a means through which opinions of undergraduates can be known. If the editors do all the work—sometimes hack work at that—then a paper had better stop. Therefore while we resign the paper now into the hands of the class of '90, we wish for their sake and for the sake of the paper that a renewed interest taken by the college at large will lead more outside men to write for its columns.

Our editorial of the last number was written after careful conversation with many leading men in the Senior class and after due deliberation; but we wish to define our position further. It has been remarked that another paper has said "Freshmen needed no advice." We certainly never dreamed of such an extraordinary being as any man who needed *no* advice. We do say that a system of advisers would *if compulsory* tend to alter the present pleasant relation between student and professor. We do say that no adviser can know a man's inner qualities, needs, or tastes, and thus advise a man against his wishes. If this advisory system was *not* made compulsory, if there is to be a set of advisers to whom men can go or not, then where is the advantage over the present system of relations with freshmen? For now the professors are asked for and give much advice to those who desire it. The only way to affect what the Overseers seem to desire, *i.e.* the turn-

ing of Freshmen into certain paths is to break down farther the elective system in the Freshmen year. But this is another question, which, however advisable, the Overseers have not touched. We can only reiterate what we said in our other editorial. As regards compulsory roll call it seems that the intention of the Overseers was not only to prevent absences from college; but even more to inculcate good moral habits in young men of early rising. We showed before how required stricter attendance at recitations which we approve of would effect the same thing as a roll call in regard to absences. Let us consider early rising. The Overseers state, that what they desire are more regular habits of rising from bed. They do not maintain that the late rising is a practice but they say that habits are irregular out here. Now would a system of roll call with the necessary cut allowance, for instance, one or two cuts a week and Monday absences for men who return home Sunday, as under the old prayer system, tend to make habits any more regular? Would not the same old system of excuses, of deceptions be brought back? Moreover, is it a fact that any considerable number of men out here as a rule do not get out of bed before 8.15 or 8.30 A.M.? Furthermore, do the Overseers really believe that a Harvard graduate goes out worse fitted to enter into the serious business of life simply because he has not been compelled to rise at a certain time? Do they think that want of compulsion in college makes a man's after habits lax and not up to the mark? Everyone will grant that most men would be physically better to go to bed at 9 P.M. and arise at 6 A.M. Does it follow that the college ought to regulate this? Finally, if the Overseers grant that late rising is not the constant practice out here, does it follow that an irregular rising hour is effeminate or degenerating, or unfitting a man for after life? As to the injuriousness of cramming nobody more heartily admits the fact than we. But what we do refuse to admit is that the Overseer's remedy is a good or the best one.

We wish to emphasize one point in the late vote of the Overseers and that is their vote to prevent cramming at examinations. The re-

form they propose to have more hour examinations apparently. Now it seems to us that the cramming system can be greatly stopped and that too, without recourse to such a highly undesirable method as hour examinations. One of the great evils of our present examination system is not an evil inherent in it but an outgrowth from it. We refer to the extensive tutoring or coaching. As long as it remains as easy as it is for a man to learn by tutoring in three days enough to pass an examination, just so long will some men put off their studying until a few days before the examination. Now if the Overseers wish to further the needs of education let them instruct the faculty to put an end to this wide-spread tutoring. We have watched the growth of this evil until now it is to good scholars unbearable—unintelligible why instructors should allow notices of seminars in their courses or of printed notes to be published at the very doors of their courses—extraordinary why the college authorities should allow a resident graduate connected officially with the college to cram men full of points in their next day's examination, preposterous that professors should allow notes to be printed of their lectures against their will (though one professor last year did rebel against this). It is a man of very poor ability who cannot gain enough after a few hours tutoring to get at least a D. "They flood their brains with a weak solution of knowledge which is precipitated in a day after the examination," we have heard some one outside the college say. It is true, but it can be stopped. To pass regulations about tutoring is perfectly possible and in this way men would be compelled to work. And it is in this direction that the attention of the Overseers should have turned.

Furthermore, we wish to bring up a point which, though not of immediate importance needs much careful attention. If the Faculty wish to prevent cramming they can do so in a great measure by changing or removing courses in which it is possible to cram. There are many courses well known out here as "snaps" for the very reason that the way in which they are conducted or the peculiar style of examination paper on them affords a ready

for a man who does not wish to study desires to get through the course by cram- or by the strength of his imagination. we realize that there must always be courses easier than others we also say here are courses out here in which it is a deal easier to pass than it ought to be. instance, it is absurd that some courses in Arts and Natural History should count as for a degree as a Political Economy ; while in the former courses the papers ch that a man may *pass* without having hardly a note during the year. Courses ie Political Economy, most of the History as, and the Classics, it is impossible to up. But if any instructor will take the e to glance over the "*Crimson*" during nation period he will see by the number n who desire to tutor exactly what courses siest to cram up in. Hence we think that change ought to be made in courses or in yle of examination papers in German A, ry 1, Fine Arts 3, Italian, or Natural ry courses, so that a man's work out here be more generally evened up.

ere is another part of our educational sys- which we strongly think needs attention hat is the Special Students. We know ver since this department has been estab- it has been a care and source of perplexity faculty. Last year more stringent regu- s were passed. Still it has only improved ly. We recognize the fact that there are men who come to college as Special nts and who do faithful, good work. But st be known that the larger part of them principally for the "fun" of being here or se they were not able to enter as regulars. his class that largely causes the reports le the college about our low condition in tion. The specials here in college asso- themselves with the regular men. They heir names as '89, '90, '91, or '92 as the nay be ; thus outsiders see no difference. we think that this state of affairs ought to iously considered. It is no doubt valuable e college to have this department but at me time it is detrimental to have it as a f inlet and receptacle for loafers or men

who will not work. One thing could prevent this. If the standard of education were raised in that department, if it should be made harder to pass in the examinations, this might have a tendency to drive out or keep up to the mark all who now think the place a sinecure.

We would wish to remind all the men who can row in the Senior class that this is their last chance to help the Senior crew come in ahead in the class races. '89 has not yet won the Spring class races and every man who is able to row ought to feel it his duty if he takes any pride in class achievement to try immediately for the crew. It is shameful that the *Crimson* should be obliged to say that the Senior crew is about the poorest and least interested of all the class crews. Does '89 wish to imitate the Senior crew of last year in its achievements?

The news that has come recently from Wash- ington of the hopeful prospects of the Inter- national Copyright Bill ought to be welcome to every student. Anything that affects so nearly the intellectual life of the country must be of in- terest to every educated man. The argument for international copyright is a very strong one. Not only the universal character of all modern literature, and the spirit of liberality which would lead us to extend, so to speak, the courtesies of hospitality to the authors who put us so much in their debt, but the interests of our own literature itself seem to argue for the meas- ure. There can be no question that American literature would be strengthened by a generous policy toward foreign authors. It is a hardship that the American has to compete for publica- tion with the foreigner whose book the publisher gets for little or nothing. In fact the only impor- tant objection to the idea comes from certain short- sighted trade-unions of type setters, who fear that the printing business in America will be injured by the new law. The present bill, however, has been drafted with a view especially to this oppo- sition, and has secured the support of some of the typographical unions and of some leading publishing houses. While, however, we are heartily in favor of the movement we cannot but regard it as unfortunate that so strenuous a

moral tone has been taken up by the advocates of international copyright. Copyright is not exactly on the level of the natural rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" and it seems a little excessive to call a whole nation "thieves" and "pirates" because they have neglected to pass laws for the encouragement of our literature. To represent international copyright as *par excellence* the "righteousness" that "exalteth a nation," as a clergyman in New York seemed to do last year, appears to us both unwise and untrue. Nevertheless the cause is an excellent one and merits peculiar interest from college men.

A curious example of the commercial spirit in which the value of a college education is often judged was afforded by the speech of the Hon. A. A. Ranney at the recent dinner of the Dartmouth Alumni Association. Mr. Ranney referred particularly to the career of his son at Harvard. Like Shylock in the play, the speaker cast up on his fingers the ducats he had paid for his son's education or non-education at Harvard, and found, according to his statement, that two fortunes had been expended, — all that he had himself and all that he could borrow. On the other side of the balance-sheet, he could credit only the terrible truth that his son had graduated "a disciple of free trade and a sort of half dude."

The papers of the next morning reported that the speech was received with "great laughter." Perhaps the honorable gentleman, if asked whether he meant all that he said in the course of the speech, would admit that he exaggerated somewhat. We should like to ask him, more than this, whether he is not aware that beneath

all the humor of the speech, finding so ready a response from its hearers, there was a suggestion of mercilessness and of injustice. If Mr. Ranney intended his remarks to be taken but half in earnest, he chose his weapons well. A deliberate attack upon an educational institution has always wonderful force if it is made in the form of ridicule. Ridicule by the distorted image it produces always turns the good into the bad.

Mr. Ranney said further that a young man could learn more at Dartmouth in one year than at Harvard in twenty. The gentleman probably forgot the truth that the work a student does at college depends almost entirely upon the student himself. We do not know just what kind of a career Mr. Ranney's son pursued in our college. It was with him, however, to decide whether he should enroll himself in the "fast set" or in the company of the "grinds." Our unsurpassed library, our numberless courses, our opportunities for original work—all were open to him. If he had gone to Dartmouth, he would doubtless have been compelled to make a similar choice between a life of mental indolence and a life of mental activity.

That the younger Mr. Ranney had not lost sight of the real end of an education is plain from the fact that, as the father admits, he had begun to think for himself. It is a significant fact that it was just this faculty of determining things for himself that the father denied the son. But we venture to hint, however, that the success of the young man in life as a *man*, will depend not upon his submission to the will of his father, to the dictates of rabid newspapers, to the consideration of the pocket-book, but rather upon his determination to make his own judgment as to the right guide of his conduct.

A GHASTLY JOUREY.

AT a little way station on the Paris and Orleans railroad, the train that I was to take stopped at the platform. As I went up to one of the compartments, the door of it opened, and out stepped a most villainous looking individual. He looked like an Italian, and had such a bad

face that I could not help staring after him a moment as he hurried away. The compartment was pretty clean for a French car, and had only one man in it. I got in as the train started.

The sun was shining in at one end of the car-

so that the two corner seats at the other end were the only good ones. In one of them sat my fellow occupant, sound asleep, and in the other were his feet. I complained to myself about hogs in general and the travelling public in particular, sat down in the middle and tried to read some French railroad

and for about half an hour; but the story was so weak as my knowledge of French, so I got up and fell to thinking what a dog-in-the-manger a man must be to take the best winnow and go to sleep in it. There he lay muffled up in a big overcoat, his legs tucked and wrapped in a travelling rug, and stretched out on the opposite seat. He must have been very timid about draughts to have been swaddled up on a summer day. A big white handkerchief was thrown over his face evidently to keep the light out of his eyes.

Heaven! he was not snoring; but I was expecting to hear him begin at any moment. To be shut up in the same compartment with a snoring Frenchman! No means of escape.

At miserable little things those carriages have absolutely no connection with the rest of the train, except a little six-inch piece of the partition, through which one could look into the next compartment. Those pieces of glass were put in all the French cars, about twenty years ago, after the murders on the Veritas train. It would be a fine place for a murderer. A man would be a fool to go to sleep in the corner. He must have been asleep when that horrible looking Italian was with him. What an awful face that fellow did have. Now I never would have dared close my eyes with that brute in the compartment. I would rather have sat up all night—By Jove!

A ugly idea flashed into my mind, and I tried to read a little as I looked at the sleeper. It was absurd. That Italian certainly was a villainous specimen, though. When he was alone, he skulked away in a good deal of a cower. What nonsense!

I picked up a paper and tried to read some. "On dit ce matin"—that man in the

corner was keeping painfully quiet—"que le Général Boulanger"—I began to wish he would snore—"à l'idée de venir"—the paper was conveying no sense to me, and I threw it away.

Now that I came to think of it, that man had not stirred since I had been in the car. Confound my ridiculous suspicions, why should he have stirred? Nevertheless I decided to wake him up. And what excuse should I give an entire stranger for such an intrusive action? Tell him I was afraid he would catch cold? A brilliant idea suddenly occurred to me. I would wake him and make signs that I wanted a match; if he got angry I would offer him a cigar and pretend that I did not understand French. At any rate there would be some satisfaction in rousing him and breaking up the seat monopoly.

I leaned over and touched him on the shoulder; not a movement. I began to have a sinking feeling inside of me, and hesitated. What a fool! Then I took hold and shook him hard, and as I let go the thing fell over on the seat—a corpse.

The bandanna was not thrown over the head, it was tied. My suspicions had not been so foolish after all, for an hour I had been travelling with a murdered man.

Only the horror of the situation struck me at first; but in a minute I realized the danger. Here was a man murdered in a compartment, and the only other person in it was — It was pleasant, very pleasant. In the French courts they have an effective method of considering an accused man guilty until he is proved innocent. My cravat began to feel tight; I moved over to the farther end of the carriage and sat down to think.

There was a little satisfaction in knowing at what station that Italian had got out and that I could tell him again anywhere. By this time, however, he was probably in Timbuctoo. Good idea! why should I not get out at the next little way station just as he did? But what could I do with myself after that? And such a course would throw all the more suspicion on me when the case came to be looked into. No; the best thing to do was to report the affair at the first opportunity and tell all I knew about it. But after all, why should I know anything

about it? It was by the merest accident that I had discovered the corpse; I might perfectly well continue to think that my fellow traveller was asleep. I determined, therefore, to set the gentleman up in the corner again, and let some one else discover his deceased condition.

With this idea I raised the dead man up in the corner again, though I hated to touch him. He was small and quite light. Like almost all Frenchmen, I thought, there was probably nothing in him but cigarette smoke and absinthe; he must have been killed easily. He was probably choked, or, more likely, chloroformed, for the bandanna was tied tightly around his head and soft hat, so that nothing of his face showed. No amount of curiosity, however, would have made me untie that handkerchief. The lower part of his body and his hands were wrapped in the rug; he had probably been bound and gagged before being chloroformed. I did not attempt to examine the corpse at all closely, however, but raised it up as quickly as possible, and then got into the farther end of the compartment and looked out of the window.

It was no use trying to read with that ghastly thing in the corner; I could only reflect, and very dismal reflection it was. I suppose I should have examined the victim for a clew, as any young man in Gaboriau would have done under the circumstances; but the interest or excitement of the affair never struck me at all. I only realized the unpleasantness, and the bad scrape I was in.

My ticket was for Tours; I should not arrive there for two hours, and I could not well get out anywhere else for the reasons I had thought of before. My principal hope was that nobody would get into the compartment until I got out. An old and effective method of keeping people, especially women and babies, out of a compartment is to sit by the window and smoke. It also occurred to me that a smoke was just what I wanted, so I pulled out my old corn-cob pipe and had hardly lighted it when we stopped at a way station.

I pulled away vigorously, and with satisfaction saw several people eye my compartment

and get into another one. But bad luck was stronger than strategy; in a minute along came a man who made straight for me, with a queer expression on his face when he saw me coming. He was a tall fellow, who did not look like a Frenchman, and wore a hideous travelling cap that looked as if it might have been bought on the Old Colony road. He took off his cap and the way in which he came to my door, he had evidently got out of the compartment in search of the smoker.

I cursed him inwardly as he got into the compartment and wanted to jump out as I saw him walk across to the apparent sleeper. He was to wake him up and ask him to take a cigarette down! I tried to be very much interested in something outside, but I could not help thinking of the coming revelation. I felt alone, though I had committed the murder. Great Heavens! he was untying the handkerchief!

He put the bandanna in his pocket, took out the overcoat and took from under it a drummer's valise, threw the rug and a pair of umbrellas into another seat, hung up the overcoat and sat down in the seat. It was the only moment in my life that I felt delighted at having been a fool.

The new comer turned around and caught sight of my corn-cob pipe; his face brightened with joy. In a friendly, and in that foreign, sweetly nasal tones, he exclaimed "A Meerschaut, by gosh! I ain't seen a Corn-cob sence I been in this paper-smoking country. Didn't know you could smoke in a train. That major-general out there in the garden wouldn't let me, so I had to go in the secret car. Fixed that figger up so as to keep the flea-ridden Frenchman out of my seat and my pipe was gone. Didn't mean to hog a fellow out of the only good seat though. You took in by the dummy? Sorry I haven't enjoyed ye. Mean cars anyway. How like the country? Been over here long? Had a rough passage over? What ship did you cross on?"

W. K.

A STUDY IN YELLOW.

DREAMY she lies in her porcelain palace
Soud-ja the princess, the fair young barbarian
Soft shine her eyes from her sweeping jet eyelashes,
While from the window behind, golden sun rays
Filtering through the thin screen of pale rushes
Glow o'er her soft clinging robes of light amber.
See her slim hand, long nailed, henna-tinted
Eagerly turning the crisp, pictured pages!
Deeply absorbed in the dainty book, mark her,
What tale is't, a romance all peopled with houris,
A poem, a soft sigh of some eloquent poet?
No—what entrances, charms this young princess
Look, 'tis a fashion book latest from Paris.

Charles Warren.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

ANOTHER'S STUDY IN HAPPINESS.

I TOO, am quite sure that I am happy. Yet all the external relations of my life might seem to justify me in thinking otherwise. I board on three dollars a week. My room, small and carpetless, looks out upon brick walls and filthy back-yards. Gore Hall holds all my library. My purse is in a state of chronic insufficiency, and its only hope is in scholarships and outside work. I have no "snap" courses. I am a stranger to every college club or society. Neither the *Advocate* nor any other college paper has yet discovered my transcendent genius. The doors of society have never opened to receive me. My Sundays are my only rest. I know no home. The song of "Home sweet Home" strikes no responsive chord in me. Few ask whether I am happy and fewer care. It matters little to anyone whether I spend my years at college or in the grave. No maiden longs for my return; no sister's pride spurs me on to nobler efforts; no parents see in me the only hope of the Country.

Yet there is no one I envy. If I am not happy, I see no one happier. And why should I not be happy? My soul is my own. It is not bound by what dogmas may teach, or society expect. It is its own joy and sadness. The

criticisms of what I do and say can only touch it. I may blunder; I may be misunderstood; I may do things the thoughts of which are extremely painful; but all this is only momentary. I know that I can turn from the slings and arrows of hostile criticism, and bid my soul supreme know what are the joys of pensive thought,

"Joys of the free and lonesome heart, the tender, gloomy heart;
Joys of the solitary walk, the spirit bow'd yet proud,
the suffering and the struggle;
Joys of the thought of Death, the great spheres, Time and Space."

I, too, have my gloomy anticipations. My ideals are unattainable; my world is not the real world. My work, also, stares me in the face, but it is my great source of happiness. My work is not a duty. I know no duties. "What others do as duties, I do as living impulses." True, I have no Classical clubs or Historical Societies to attend; no social standing to maintain; this may give me some sorrow;—but if I have not these I have mighty questions to decide in Philosophy and interesting problems to solve in History X. I see much to do. I can do but a mite,—but it is the widow's

find that his seat was immediately behind hers. The train started slowly along; Jack settled himself in his chair, took a novel out of his pocket and began to read it. The plot was tame and failed to amuse him, and after a time he laid the book down.

The young lady in front of him was leaning on the sill, still gazing out of the window. Jack was struck by the regular beauty of her profile and the careless grace of her attitude. When the conductor came along, Jack looked at her ticket and found that she was bound to Marmion, the same place to which he was going. It is a rather small town on the coast where a few people go every summer who do not care for the continuous gaiety which prevails at more fashionable places. Jack was going there on a visit to one of his college friends, Jim Winthrop.

"I shall meet her in a day or two, probably," thought Jack, and he began to hope for the time.

He took up his book again and tried to read, but every now and then he found himself glancing up over it at his neighbor. In about a half an hour a bright idea came into his head—why couldn't he meet her *now*; here they were to be in the same car for four more hours which would be very stupid ones if things remained as they were. Perhaps they would pass more quickly for both, if Jack got a chance to exercise his conversational powers. He was not lacking in "cheek," and began to think how to work his scheme.

Should he ask her what time it was, or pick up her satchel, or jostle her chair accidentally and then beg her pardon? No. He rejected all these as being a trifle vulgar and not likely to lead to further conversation.

"At any rate I'll go into the next car and as I come back I can get a good look at her," he thought. So he got up and walked forward into the next car. As he returned, he glanced down to where she was sitting: she looked up and their eyes met. This disconcerted him not a little and he felt himself blushing. He sat down again and began to read, but the snoring of the old gentleman in the black travelling cap, who had fallen asleep, was too much. Jack now hit upon a new scheme. He took out one

of his visiting cards, and began to write on the back of it. He was at a loss how to begin. "My dear young lady" was too familiar; "Young lady" too peremptory; "Lady" out of the question; "Miss" was rather better, but "Mademoiselle" he decided was best. So he put it down; after this it was plain sailing. When he had finished the card read this way:—

"Mademoiselle:

I am somewhat at a loss to begin. I saw by your ticket that you are bound to Marmion. So am I. It is a small place and we shall probably meet in a day or two; why not introduce ourselves now,—it may make the next three hours pass more quickly. My name you will find on the other side.

Very respectfully.

Jack flattered himself that this was rather neat. He dropped the card into the young lady's lap and waited for the consequences with a mixture of anxiety and amusement.

Poor Jack! the young girl took up the card, looked up at the ceiling of the car, and round her on each side, and then began to read it. She perused it for some seconds, and then letting it drop quietly to the floor, took up her knitting again. Jack was confused and taken aback; it was not what he had expected; he moved around uneasily, and after a few minutes changed his seat to the further end of the car. "What can the girl mean?" he thought. "I haven't done a rude thing and I haven't done it in a rough way.—Quite the contrary. Well, if she doesn't want to know me, I don't want to meet her." Nevertheless he felt chagrined. He determined when the train got to Marmion, to follow her out of the car and see in what direction she went, so as to be able to find out who she was, perhaps.

The time passed somehow, and then the brakeman called "Marmion." The young woman got up, took her belongings and got out. Jack followed, and had the satisfaction of seeing her get into a swell looking beach-wagon. He turned away to get his bag.

"Beg pardon sir, are you Mr. Tevis?"

It was the coachman of the same wagon speaking. Jack was dumbfounded.

"Jerusalem! she must be a friend of Sallie

Winthrop's," thought Jack, "what am I to do?"

He went to get his bag and decided that she probably hadn't recognized him. On returning he said,

"Yes I'm Mr. Tevis," in a gruff tone, and got on the *front* seat. He feared that she might have recognized him and he wanted to be on the safe side.

Jack will never forget that ride. Cold chills kept running down his spine as he imagined all sorts of consequences. The girl would probably tell Sallie Winthrop how she was insulted on the train, and make much more of the affair than it deserved. His reputation would be spoiled, all the girls would grow cold towards him,— he didn't know what would happen. Two or three times he was on the point of turning around and abjectly apologizing for his conduct, which now seemed very rude to him; but the coachman was there, and he didn't want to meet with any more rebuffs, especially in *his* presence. The young lady kept very quiet and hummed a little tune in an unperturbed way.

After what seemed to Jack about two hours, they arrived at the Winthrops. The young girl got out and ran into the house. The family were standing at the open door and nodded pleasantly to her as she passed. "Strange they didn't take any more notice of her" thought Jack. "I suppose she's a cousin or something."

He took a long time getting his bag from

under the seat, so as to collect his thoughts; then he walked up the steps.

"How are you Jack, old boy?" exclaimed George Winthrop. "Mighty glad to see you." Then followed an introduction to the whole family, and some general conversation, while George went off to the stable for something or other. Jack, left in this way, was dying of fear lest the young girl should appear in their midst before he got up stairs. "As soon as he did, by Jove, he'd tell the whole thing to George and be relieved of this awful suspense."

Then he heard a step on the stairs; he looked up. Here she was coming down, looking prettier than ever, he noticed. "Oh Lord! what'll happen next?" he groaned to himself. Mrs. Winthrop said that George would be back very soon, and then she and the girl went into the parlor together, conversing in low tones. "I suppose that girl's telling the whole thing with additions," thought Jack, "she must be a sort of fool."

And then George came back and they went up stairs. As soon as they got into their room Jack exclaimed,

"For heaven's sake, George, who's that girl who came with me from the train?"

"Oh, that's our new French governess," said George; "she's quite a daisy, isn't she? But she can't speak a word of English."

"Oh," said Jack, "can't she?" But that was all he said.

R. W. Atkinson.

HEINE'S "PICTURES OF TRAVEL."

WHEN Heine wrote his *Pictures of Travel*, Germany was writhing under the reactionary policy of Frederick William III. Freedom of thought and action had been crushed out. Lulled by the gloomy spirit of Medieval sanctity, which pervaded the Romantic School of literature, the German mind seemed to have become incapable of receiving the light of progress. This prospect naturally aggravated that "Welt-schmerz" which was the key-note of Heine's over-sensitive nature. Stung to the quick, he

became a most ardent advocate of freedom, both intellectual and moral.

In his intensely subjective book, the *Pictures of Travel*, he appears like a prisoner who tries in vain to shake off his galling fetters. Throughout the work runs a current of sadness and disappointment, now swelling into unbounded indignation, now subsiding into a despairing moan. At times the author tries to shake off this heavy spirit by a wild effort at gaiety, inharmonious because too evidently assumed.

Again he will mar a beautiful picture or a noble thought by concluding with a low suggestion or a trivial anti-climax. For instance, he ends a lofty eulogy on Napoleon I thus: "Curious! the three greatest opponents of the Emperor have already met a horrible fate: Londonderry has cut his throat, Louis XVIII has rotted on his throne and Professor Saalfeld is still Professor at Göttingen."

In reading the *Pictures of Travel* it appears that the title of the book is a mere frame in which Heine has set the picture of his thoughts and feelings colored by his wit and fancy. Being the author's earliest extensive work in prose, it contains his freshest and most sparkling wit, which is largely of a delicate, French nature. His praise of himself and his writings is as naïve and charming as it is characteristic. His hints as to his future greatness do not offend now. He speaks of his "immortal Almansor," a tragedy of his youth, in a very amusing manner. At the mention of Düsseldorf he says: "Yes, Madame, I was born there, and I state this emphatically in case seven cities Shilda, Krähwinkel, Polkwitz, Bokum, Dülken, Göttingen and Schöppenstedt should dispute the honor of being my birth-place, after my death." Stinging as is the sarcasm in the *Pictures of Travel*, it is not as bitter as Swift's, but more

like French persiflage. At intervals the prose of the book runs into poetry. In these snatches of song, Heine's marvellous fancy and the hidden sweetness of his nature breaks out. This latter quality, indeed, lies beneath much of his irony.

The *Pictures of Travel* can hardly claim distinction as to literary form. In that respect it is an artistic failure. To condemn it, however, on this ground, is to show that one has not discovered its real significance. In judging its literary form merely, we lose sight of the fact that the *Pictures of Travel* is essentially the production of a satirist who, like Sterne in his *Sentimental Journey*, paid more attention to the matter than to conventional form. Heine adopted this mode of expression in accordance with his view that "Seriousness stands out all the more when announced by wit." Thus we see him occasionally donning the cap and bells only to give greater force to his stinging truths.

His merciless mockery of the sins and follies of the time appalled and then carried his readers along with him. His bold attack broke the dull chain of apathy which bound the German mind, and roused it to new life. This, then, is the chief and permanent value of the *Pictures of Travel*, which will preserve it as long as the spirit of enlightenment will war against stagnant conservatism. *F. E. Zinkeisen.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

(AS the door closes after Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Bell and her daughter, Mattie, on whom he has been calling, hurry into the kitchen, and begin preparations for tea. It is Sunday evening and the servants have gone out. Also, it is rather late; for the question had happened to come up, whether a man's mind was essentially different from a woman's; and, from talking indifferently on the subject, they had grown gradually warmer, till, in the heat of discussion, Mr. Jackson's call had been protracted considerably beyond the usual supper hour. While they are hastily preparing the meal, Mrs. Bell and her daughter continue the subject.)

Mattie. Oh! I can see your side of the

question, too; and the way in which Mr. Jackson persistently sees everything from a masculine point of view, is a strong argument in your favor. However, I suppose he would say that we saw things from a feminine point of view, which simply shows what I have been saying all the time, that the human mind is the same, whether it belongs to a man or a woman, and always obstinate.

Mrs. Bell. In admitting a masculine and feminine point of view, aren't you admitting the very difference you deny?

Mattie. But I don't deny the difference; what I do say is, that it is developed by the different training—

Mrs. Bell (interrupting). Did you notice that he did not seem to understand the connection, when we told him something of what the lives of a great many women really are? Why, it is her life that is a woman's training, of course. It is what develops her into what she is.

Mattie (helplessly). Oh! I don't think he understood anything that we said,—not as we meant it, that is. (Then laughing) It seemed to confuse him, that while you and I were arguing on opposite sides, we really agreed with each other more than he did with either of us. He seemed to be under the impression, that, as there were but two sides to the question, he must agree with one or the other of us.

Mrs. Bell. That's because he is a man. I am sure his idea is logical.

Mattie (continuing her train of thought). No, he didn't understand. He is sure it is unkind in some laborer to strike his wife; and he thinks it is rather unkind for any man to be too cross, but the *little* things—

Mrs. Bell. No man can ever understand that those are a thousand times worse.

Mattie. There is Fanny, — you know she had not been out of boarding school a year, before she was married; and I am sure she is perfectly devoted to her husband, and he to her; yet she said to me not long ago, that it was so nice to live near me again so she could tell me things. She said herself, that when she was first married she knew nothing whatever of men, and at school we had always been together and she could come to me with everything. But her husband was different; he didn't seem to care to hear things,—always kind of course, but not particularly interested. Of course, she is very often silly, and what she wants to tell you may be only a trifle; but it interests her, and that is enough for me, and ought to be more than enough for a woman's husband. The trouble is on both sides of course. A woman ought to try to have larger interests,—and she will if she gets a chance, and a man ought to cultivate his sympathy.

Mrs. Bell. Yes, that is one great trouble. As a rule, a man is not interested in little things, and he has no idea that he hurts a woman when

he smiles good-naturedly and says: 'Yes, my dear, I've no doubt of it. That's all right,' and picks up his newspaper. The woman is thrown back upon herself, and another time does not like to trouble him; and there may grow out of this, a want of frankness on her part, which is nothing but a sensitive shrinking from his unthinking rebuffs, though it may lead to serious results.

Mattie. Then about money. Mr. Jackson thought we took exceptional cases; but I have heard girls vow they would never ask their husbands for a cent, if they were married. If he gave it, it would be a different thing; but they would go without anything rather than ask for money. I think it is a very wrong idea. What if a man does earn the money? I am sure the woman deserves her share. Her life is not so much easier that—

Mrs. Bell. Do put that sugar-bowl straight. Yes, and there are husbands who will give their wives anything except money; bring them all sorts of handsome presents, but never let them have a cent that isn't accounted for. Oh, it is bondage.

Mattie. That is another thing he did not understand. He thought slavery meant drudgery. He didn't seem to be able to see, that, to have to *do* something one doesn't like, is nothing compared to having to *be* something one wasn't meant to be, and isn't.

Mrs. Bell. That is another thing that must lead to more or less deception on the woman's part. Very few men will give their wives the same equality in an argument they'd give another man. She is a woman and must be made to see reason; see reason as they see it, that is; and I have seen wives so dominated by their husbands that they did not dare express any opinions of their own. Of course, if it is anything of vital importance, a woman of any character will oppose her husband; but for the sake of peace, most wives will be silent a long time.

Mattie. How often you see a woman give that quick look at her husband when some outsider makes a remark that she is afraid he won't like. It shows—Where are the saucers for the preserve?

Mrs. Bell. On the second shelf. *Mrs.*

Jackson's servants go out to-night too. I wonder if her son was at home in time to help her get tea.

Enter Mr. Bell with a plate of bread.

Mrs. Bell (to him). Oh, you have cut the bread for me. I am so glad, for I am always afraid of cutting my fingers.

Mattie. That is the reason we can say what we choose about men, because our papa is different. He can come and help us get tea if we want him to.

One of Them.

TO KNOW THAT LIFE WITH THEE.

TO know that life with thee
Were all the healing
Of woes that spring,
And find thee cold though free,
Ah, this is feeling
Love's deepest sting!

The bright and joyous bird
So sweetly swinging
The boughs upon,
A twanging bow-string heard,
Must cease his singing,
His poor life gone.

Or if the wounding shaft
Through bright leaves crashing
Strike him not dead,
He is of peace bereft,
And thinks each flashing
An arrow sped.

He hears a bow-string hum
In every rustling
Of that sweet wood,
Where, if no grief had come,
Upbuilt with joyous bustling,
His nest had stood.

Ah me! thy simplest word
My fear upcalling,
Delights and grieves,
As with the wounded bird,
The sunbeams falling
Among the leaves!

R. L. Weeks.

BOOKS.

THE GUARDIANS. By the Author of "A Year in Eden" and "A Question of Identity." Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1888. pp. 412.

This very much criticized book is by no means without its good points. The dilettante young man into whose life a new seriousness is brought by his service in the Civil War has had many a prototype in real life, and the account of the strengthening of his character is not so badly done. The children, before they are developed into the dreadful *dévôts* and the horrid heart-breaker with whom the story ends, are drawn with a good many really charming lines. That type of feminine folly, the elderly flirt, is drawn so well that she positively reduces one to physical exhaustion. And though the other characters, especially the Russian pessimist-villain, are mostly lay figures, the Harvard student (we are sure, he must have been a *special*, in spite of the glib way in which he talks about his degree), is capital—as a burlesque. Indeed the whole novel is really entertaining, if one but treats the plot as a sort of mild burlesque. The only difficulty is that one has a disturbing consciousness all the while that the authors took it too seriously by half. That a lively girl of seventeen should, for the sake of saving her older sister from an unwelcome engagement, engineered by their guardian's sister, not merely flirt with the young man, but in so many words order him to propose to her, and clinch the matter by a secret marriage to him, is really outside the pale of serious novel-writing. In such a world one cannot object to anything as improbable, not even the fortunate accident by which the stupid husband is killed just in time for his widow, now grown to be eighteen years old, to marry a Russian adventurer, with whom otherwise she would probably have eloped. As we have said, some of the characters in the story are clever; the plot, if you take it as comedy and not tragedy, is amusing.

CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS. Knickerbocker Nugget Series. G. P. Putnam's Sons: New York. 1889. It is, perhaps, the most acceptable volume in this pigmy series yet published. The book might be likened to a rich casket containing a heap of literary gems. No edition, indeed, could be better suited to the matter contained than the *Nugget Series* to Chesterfield's letters. The gems, to carry on the figure, are a judicious selection from the best of Lord Stanhope's letters to his natural son. Worldly as is the advice they impress, the reader will get from them more good than harm. Sometimes their very worldliness gives one a healthy revulsion, and yet there is much real good in these old letters; the father's earnest desire for the welfare of his son has a real pathos, espec-

ially if it is known that the young man's death dashed all the old man's hopes to the ground and left him in his old age alone. As a picture of the selfish morality and wordly character of the gentlemen of Chesterfield's time, these letters are unequalled.

THE CRITICAL PERIOD OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Riverside Press. 1889.

This new work by Mr. Fiske is well calculated to fill the gap in our nation's history between the Revolution and the adoption of our Constitution. Strange to say, the critical nature of this period in our national life, has not heretofore been appreciated, we might almost say, realized. That it was indeed a time that "tried men's souls," Mr. Fiske has no difficulty in convincing his readers. The book is a compilation of the author's lectures lately delivered in Boston, New York and St. Louis. It begins with a review of the results of the fall of Yorktown, examines the attempts to establish thirteen commonwealths, and points out the course in which the people drifted almost unconsciously, through the dangers of anarchy and internal wars to the haven of national sovereignty. The chapter on the Federal convention is perhaps the best concise exposition of the nature of that body that has ever appeared. We heartily recommend this work to all interested in the study of American history, not only because of its general historical value, but because it is so well suited to the purpose, namely, to be a correct account of the most critical period of American history. 1783-1789.

THE ENGLISH RESTORATION AND LOUIS XIV. By Osmund Airy, in Epochs of Modern History Series. Scribner & Sons: New York.

This little series of books marks a revolution from the ordinary text books used in college and school. Without attempting to enter into the ponderous number of minute details of the larger histories relating to this complicated time, the author nevertheless gives a great deal more than the dry bones of the times. The author has succeeded in making an interesting, and well-developed history of one of the most remarkable periods. From the peace of Westphalia to the treaty of Nimwegen was an epoch of restoration. In France Louis XIV's picturesque figure rose in triumph over all resistance to a supreme despotism. In England Charles II had just settled himself firmly on his rudely shaken throne. The time is essentially, however, one of diplomatic intrigue rather than of great principles. It was a degenerated kind of history, being made in England when Clarendon was taking a principal part; when the Cabal was carrying on its intrigues and the complications with Holland were beginning. Of course in

such a time it is extremely necessary that the historian should clearly show the relation and progress of events, rather than the mere narration of facts, and we should judge that this was Mr. Airy's aim.

We should think on the whole that this book was more eminently adapted for college work than for general reading. It gives one a clear comprehension of the whole range of affairs of the time in their relation. But if one desired to enter more into each topic special books should be read together with this. To our mind almost the most valuable part of the book are the numerous capital historical maps, finished in exact and careful manner.

NEW MUSIC. Published by A. P. Schmidt & Co., Boston.

FOR PIANO.—Rustic Dance, The First Violet, Grandma's Story, Spanish Dance, by G. P. Ritter, easy children's pieces; Boat Song by G. W. Marston, pretty child's piece; Christmas, by A. D. Turner, a suite comprising five movements, moderately easy and melodious; Bohemian Melody for the Organ, by H. M. Durham, well arranged and fully scored; The King's Hunting Jig 1563 and Rameau's Ballet Music from "Castor and Pollux," arranged by F. Boscovitz. Many thanks are due to this gentleman for resurrecting these interesting and at the same time charming pieces of old music. Playfulness, Encouragement, Grace and Elegance; Reminiscence by W. L. Blumenschein; four aquarelles, pretty, but rather unoriginal; Mazurek, by J. Orth; Rondo by Haydn, a good arrangement; Gitana Mazurka, by G. Philipp; Mazurka by F. Lynes, a really charming dance tune; Cadenza to Beethoven's 3rd Concerto in C. Minor by Mrs. H. A. Beach. Everyone who has heard Mrs. Beach's delightful playing at the Symphony Concert last spring will remember this masterly cadenza. Many, too, will procure this for its own worth alone.

FOR PIANO AND VIOLIN.—Romanza by Clayton Johns an exquisite bit of writing, full of feeling for the violin with no artificial tracery, the piano accompaniment being especially good; Scherzino by C. Johns, fantastic and clever though not so interesting as the former.

SONGS.—In Autumn, by Oscar Weil, song for soprano, low range, sad and well composed; Spring song, by Weil, mere commonplace; Across the World I Speak

to Thee, by G. Schuyler, [song for mezzo soprano, rather effective but amateurish, changing from key to key too much for the breadth of the song; Seven Times Four, and Earth in Heavenly Rest, by F. Addison Porter, the first a rollicking original song, the last a quiet nocturne, finely harmonized; O my Garden full of Roses, by O. K. Rogers, very pretty but having reminiscences of other songs; A Romance, and Thou Art Mine, by F. Lynes; Were I a Prince Egyptian, by C. Johns, clever and interesting.

PORTFOLIO PAPERS. By Philip A. Hamerton. Roberts Brothers, Boston. \$2.00.

THIS book is a collection of most interesting papers on art and artists, essays on "Style," "Soul and Matter in the Fine Arts," "The Nature of the Fine Arts" and "Can Science help Art."

Mr. Hamerton's talent as a critic is well known, and his delightful style in writing makes anything of his interesting. This book cannot fail to be of value to many men especially to supplement the reading of those who have studied under Professor Norton. Mr. Hamerton is a great upholder of technical skill in the art of painting. Good coloring will not excuse a poor draughtsman, nor will any amount of "spirit" make amends for lack of correctness. The conversations in this book between the poet and the artist on the subject of Book Illustration are especially interesting and suggestive in this era of "gift books."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CALKINS, MARY WHITON. Sharing the profits. Ginn & Company. 1888. 6pmph. pp. 70.

HAMILTON, HENRY, translator. Virgil's Aeneid; the First Six Books. Translated into English Rhyme. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889. pp. 197. \$1.25.

JAMES, THOMAS, editor. Aesop's Fables, chiefly from original sources; with more than one hundred illustrations designed by John Tenniel. (Knickerbocker Nuggets.) G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MANTEGAZZA PAOLO. Testa: A Book for Boys. Translated by Luigi D. Ventura. D. C. Heath & Co.

WHITE, HORATIO STEVENS, editor. Lessing: Ausgewählte Prosa und Briefe. With notes. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. pp. viii; 236.

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

Jan. 15. Mr. Lawton's second reading from the "Medea of Euripides."

Jan. 16. Bowdoin Prize Dissertations. — Graduates, E. L. Blossom, '88; J. W. H. Walden, '88; C. F. A. Currier, '87. Undergraduates, E. L. Jellenck, '89; F. E. Haynes, '89; G. J. Pierce, L. S. S. Meeting of St. Paul's Society.

Jan. 17. Eighth ten of Institute of 1770 from '91: Burlingham, Howells, Flint, P. S. Hale, Hackett, Wilkinson, A. R. Weld, Tallant, Wainwright, Peckham.

Vesper Service. Sermon by Dr. McKenzie.

Meeting of the Historical Society. 19 Holworthy. Subject for discussion: "The Life and Art of

Bemunto Cellini."

Meeting of Deutscher Verein. 16 Hollis.

Jan. 18. Third seven of the Signet from '90: Endicott, Fairbanks, R. F. Herrick, Lund, B. T. Tilton, W. F. Tilton, Ware.

Jan. 19. Meeting of Intercollegiate Base Ball Association in Boston.

Ninth Ten of Institute of 1770 from '91: R. Sears, Washburn, F. Sears, T. P. King, Tyson, Bigelow, Duff, Walker, S. W. Allen, Simons.

Jan. 20. Service at Appleton Chapel. Rev. Pres. Hyde of Bowdoin College.

Jan. 21. Junior Class Meeting. Voted to have a Class Dinner.

Jan. 22. College Conference Meeting addressed by Professor Goodale on "The Moral Aspect of the Scientific Method."

The 'Varsity Crew in the tank for the first time.

Finance Club Meeting in U. 13. Professor Tausig read a paper on "The Causes which Lead to the Seeming Incongruity of Freight Rates." Members elected from '89: Nields, J. S. Stone, Surbridge, and Paul.

Meeting of Harvard Overseers.

Jan. 23. Lacrosse Club Meeting. Election of officers; Pres., H. H. Haskell; Vice Pres., S. H. Thorndike; Secretary, P. G. Loring; Captain, L. S. Griswold.

Jan. 24. Professor Cooke's Lecture, Views of Venice. Kneisel Concert.

Y. M. C. A. Election of officers. D. C. Torrey, '90, Pres.; H. McK. Landon, '92, Secretary; S. Van Rensselaer, '91, Treas.; P. H. Roots, '91, Librarian. Elected to Membership: S. A. Davis, A. M. Day, and F. F. Howe, all from '92.



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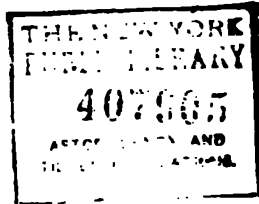
ADVOCATE.

VOL. XLVII.



CAMBRIDGE.

Veritas nihil veretur.



THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., FEBRUARY 9, 1889.

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

. XLVII.

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* *The Editors cannot undertake to return manuscript.*

THE WEEK.

WITH this number the editors from 'Ninety assume control of the *Advocate* for the new volume. During the past year the thirty-nine board has, we think, conducted the paper in a highly creditable manner. Under the guidance of the out-going editors the *Advocate* has taken a firm and decided stand on all important matters, and has from first to last consistently maintained its position. We therefore, we can offer no better assurance than in the main, we shall endeavor to follow out the lines laid down by our predecessors while we extend to them our heartiest congratulations at the success they have achieved.

Now that we are beginning a new volume we think this a fitting place to point out what we conceive to be the true province of the *Advocate*. We have occasionally heard certain persons remark that there is no room for the *Advocate* here in college. With all due deference to the opinions of the authors of these remarks, we beg leave to assert that the statement is essentially untrue. We hold that the *Advocate* is needed, that it occupies a distinct, well-defined position here—a position which the opinion of its founders meant it should occupy, and which by steady process of improvement it

has come to occupy exclusively. The *Monthly* and the *Crimson*, saving their presence, from their very nature are not qualified to fulfil the functions which we believe belong exclusively to the *Advocate*. The latter is distinctively the representative organ of the student world at Harvard. It is to the *Advocate* that other colleges—that Harvard men themselves—look for the expression of the college opinion. This opinion, call it sentiment or loyalty, if preferable, is the distinctive characteristic of University life, a characteristic that has not, like other college institutions, a counterpart in outside life. This sentiment or loyalty is peculiar to the college world and to Harvard in particular, and to it is largely due the romance that casts such a charmed air over Harvard life. It is this sentiment, I repeat, that the *Advocate* undertakes to voice, and inasmuch as it holds this function, it has room here at Harvard,—it is distinctly necessary. Whatever may be the worth of the *Advocate's* efforts—surely it would be disgraceful for Harvard not to have such a paper. In this light, therefore, we consider the "Varsity Crew" or the "Varsity Nine" no more necessary or worthy than the *Advocate*, which is an institution just as old and just as useful as they.

Having stated what we consider to be the functions of the *Advocate* we may now proceed to set forth how we intend to carry them out. We believe that our University, in its present system, has reached the true method; we thoroughly believe in the many reforms introduced by President Elliot, from the establishment of the elective system down to the present time. We think their tendency is liberal, progressive, and in keeping with the age. We believe that under the present system, Harvard, by fostering manliness and independence of character, has taken a great stride in the progress towards an ideal University; and any attempt to fetter that

independence is a step in the wrong direction. Therefore we shall oppose all measures that seem to recede from the present standard as inconsistent with the best interests of our University. At the same time we shall resist all supposed advances, that are in reality mere innovations, and we shall do all in our power to further any plan calculated to spur men on to a more manly appreciation of their duties here.

In athletics we shall act on the principle that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Consequently we approve of giving our athletic teams all reasonable freedom, and shall make victory the great end to be attained. On the other hand we shall do our utmost to maintain Harvard's present reputation for gentlemanliness and freedom from professionalism. We shall constantly keep in view the fact that we had better never win than to win by questionable means, and not even to beat Yale shall we allow ourselves to be cajoled into approving unjustifiable measures. We recognize distinctly that the one great plea for inter-collegiate athletics is their absolute freedom from taint, and that the sole means of rendering them permanent is to make them absolutely irreproachable. In regard to the paper itself we shall do our best to make its columns interesting, and shall endeavor to maintain its present creditable standard.

In the last number of the *Advocate* an editorial appeared, the purpose of which was to remark and deprecate a disposition among some men to slight the college papers. We regret to say that this disposition has taken a most annoying form in the case of the *Advocate*. We would call attention to the fact that four men at present constitute the editorial board from ninety—a smaller number we think than ever before undertook to conduct the paper. It was said in the editorial already mentioned, that the success of the paper depended largely on the interest in its welfare shown by the college at large. If the whole burden of the paper be left to the editors, their work necessarily becomes back-work. This is true; but the editors may fail, even in their back-work, if they receive no help whatever. Therefore, we not only desire

that our columns should be made a medium through which general topics of the college world may be discussed, but we earnestly solicit men from ninety and ninety-one to bear in mind that there are a large number of editors yet to be chosen, and we would especially call the attention of ninety-one to the fact that they must eventually take the *Advocate* into their hands, and therefore the more experience they have, the better for themselves and for the paper.

But, while we desire to have as many men as possible try for the paper, we do not wish it to be understood that there is no room in the *Advocate* for any work save that of the editors and candidates for the editorial board. It is our intention to make the paper as representative as possible, and any well expressed opinion upon college matters would be sure of a place in our columns. For this purpose and no other it is that a part of the paper is regularly set apart for the discussion of "topics of the day." Under this title we print a short article on the subject of Mid-Year Examinations. The topic is well worth discussing, and we earnestly invite all who have opinions on the matter to give expression to their views through the columns of the *Advocate*.

We note with great satisfaction that the H. A. A. have opened the spring meetings to contestants from other colleges. It is a step in the right direction, and we trust good will come of it. In fact nearly all the restrictions that have so hampered and injured our athletics seem for a time at least to have been done away with, and we hope this opening of the Spring Meetings to other colleges, and the liberties that have been granted the base ball association will be productive of all the good expected from them. There is one danger in it all, however, which we would call attention to. We have hitherto in the midst of our misfortunes, found some slight consolation in the fact that we labored under exceptional disadvantages. "No wonder we are beaten," has been the moan, "when we have to struggle along against all the impediments the faculty are constantly throwing in our way." We can advance this excuse no longer. If we are beaten now, we can lay our misfor-

tune to but one fact:—simply that we have not put into our work the vim and faithfulness that are necessary. We can say with great satisfaction that there seems to be at present an unusual amount of activity in all the athletic organizations; and yet we are sure there are valuable men in college who are not at work. Almost every one of the captains of the various teams has some complaint to make of this or that man,

who could be of great service, but who steadily refuses to comply with the demands made on his time. We hold it to be the bounden duty of every man who has a well-developed biceps or who has the prospect of having one, to do what he can for our athletics. The “noble old dog is unchanged; see to it Yale still does no carry off the prize.

PROGRESS OR STANDSTILL.

YEARS ago in the infancy of modern nations, before any save the most daring men had begun to leave the great water courses for the inland country, there lived in a small town, the name of which has since disappeared, two boys who, from earliest childhood, had grown up as friends. Their differences perhaps, more than their likenesses had brought them together, for while the one was buoyant in spirits and self-reliant at the same time that he was thoughtful, the other was sober and easily distrusted his own powers. Both, however, were earnest fellows and deeply beloved by the townspeople, who looked to them to become the future great men of the village.

The life of the two boys was very quiet; little was stirring in the village, and very little news of the outside world reached so far. They passed their earlier years, therefore, in perfect contentment, assisting their parents for the most part, and in their leisure hours roaming together over the hills and fields of the surrounding country.

It was particularly in these rambling walks that the different characters of the two boys showed themselves,—the one was content day by day to follow the same paths through the woods, the other, ill satisfied with this, fell, as he grew older, into the habit of wandering away from his friend to search out alone the untrodden paths of the forest. And so their early life passed, and in process of years their walks together became less and less frequent until at length their strong friendship ceased. Occasionally, however, longing to renew the

pleasant intercourse of their earlier boyhood, they joined again in a quiet ramble through the fields, atoning by their silence for the misunderstandings of the past.

One afternoon in particular, just after the buds had broken into leaves, and the flowers had begun to open, impelled by the memories of this former companionship, they met each other at the village green and started off across the meadows toward the little range of hills which skirted the valley. The day was bright and joyous, and the soft spring breezes scented with the perfume of bursting flowers seemed more than ever to melt the chill of their feelings. All nature about them possessed its old charm. The brooks ran laughingly just as in years before, and they forgot the estrangement of the past as if it had been a dream.

A little before they reached the foothills, their path led them abruptly through a turn of the woods to an old grass-grown highway—the only road to the outside world. A kindly old log which lay by the roadside offered them, as in years before, a tempting seat and they rested there a few minutes in silence. Before long, however, they were aroused by the slow pounding of hoofs upon the highway, and looking up they saw approaching, upon a heavy horse, an aged, gray-haired man with head bowed low as if in thought. He did not notice the young men until his horse had started to cross their shadows thrown upon the road. Aroused by this, however, he raised his head and reined in slowly as the two friends advanced to meet him. His face was thoughtful and singularly

expressive, and his long flowing hair uncovered increased his air of perfect repose.

"Ah, my good friends," he began, "I am glad to see you; one does not often meet even a stranger on this lonesome highway, and night is coming on to make it gloomier than ever. But let's not speak of night, for you are happy, and I—well, let me dismount; and come, sit here with me on this old log and talk awhile—I've seen no one for three days, and I'm tiring of myself."

As the young men took their seats beside him the elder asked—"But won't you come home with us, sir, and pass the night? It is dreary travelling after dark, and the village is not far off."

"No, no; you are very kind, and I thank you, but I must pass on. I'm on a long journey and my age forces me to travel slowly. I've already come a great distance, and have been many years in coming—I must improve the little time that's left."

"I'm on my way to a famous mountain, the mountain of Truth they call it. Ah! I fear it is too far off for me ever to reach it, but I must not despair, for the view from the top is glorious, the fairest in the world. Will you not join me? My counsel will aid you, and your strength assist me, and so our road together will be easier. Yes, you must come. It is wonderful!" The old man paused a minute, then continued: "Let me look into your faces for I must know my companions. Ah, I see; I will call you Resolute, and you, Fearful."

And so the aged traveller talked on, now of himself and his wanderings, now of the mountain of Truth whither he was going, and his words so moved his listeners that they determined to join him in his journey. But farewells must be spoken, and parents left; so they persuaded him to spend the night in the village, delaying the departure until morning.

The separation from home was a sad one, and brought tears even to the eyes of Resolute; but the journey was at length begun, and its very novelty soon made them light of heart again. They travelled slowly for the old man's sake, chafing a little under the restraint. The country was so very like that which they had known all

their boyhood, Resolute particularly was eager to forge ahead.

During the first two days the old man seemed very cheerful, and at times he would spur on his horse with renewed vigor, exclaiming, "This is the right way! We're getting on famously. But hasten, lest we lose valuable time." About noon of the third day, however, he seemed gradually to fall back again into his former thoughtful state, and visibly to weaken so that they were often forced to stop and rest awhile that he might get strength to proceed. The remainder of the day passed slowly and night was welcomed when it came. The next day's journey was even slower, the stops by the way longer and more frequent, and long before darkness came on they halted for the night under the trees by the roadside.

"Come my friends stand here by me and look yonder," said the old man pointing to a hill the top of which was richly gilded by the setting sun. "This is the nearest view that I've had for many years, for those are the foot-hills of the mountain. There I went when I was young like you; but alas! I followed a pleasant by-way and it brought me back again to the road we now travel. To-morrow we shall reach the hill, and there we must linger, for the road divides into two. One is long and difficult, and beset with perils; the other is shorter and easier, crossing the open ridges. Yet he who is willing to toil and suffer will take the former, for it leads to the summit of the mountain where the view is grandest. The latter ends upon the mountain's side. . . . It is too late to go further to-night; the sun is almost down. So let us sleep and refresh ourselves for to-morrow."

With a last lingering look toward the hill now fading away in the dusk, they made their bed upon the bare ground and lay down—Resolute to dream of the stony path which ends at the summit, Fearful content to reach the mountain's side. The cheerful morning sun awoke the young men early, both eager to pursue their journey. Unwilling, however, to disturb the old man's quiet sleep they waited till the sun was two hours high before they ventured to awake him. There was no response. Even a rude shake failed to arouse him. His hands

were cold, and his heart still. He had passed away quietly, and if his smile was true, he must have realized his fondest dream. They buried him tenderly, remembering that it was he who had taught them to love the truth; but this done there was no further cause to linger, so they pressed on in silence.

At noonday they reached the cross roads at the foot of the hill, and the thought that now at length they were fairly started toward the mountain revived their spirits.

"Here we are at last," said Resolute, "and we must rest here as he told us. There is a soft grass plot. Let's sit down. This, at the left, must be the upper road of which he spoke, and that the lower. Now we must decide whether we shall separate or go on together. I must take the upper road. It is harder, to be sure, but who cares for a part when he can have the whole?"

"Ah! but don't you remember," answered Fearful, "the dangers he described, the treacherous by-paths, and the steep rocky ascents? After all the view from the other road is beautiful enough to content one. I, for one, think I shall take that. It is so much easier and pleasanter all along, and besides there's no chance of losing one's way. Come with me; we shall enjoy it much better if we go together."

"No, I am willing to take the risk for the sake of the end. And yet I am sorry to leave you, we have come so far together. Here's my hand. I wish you good luck. Good bye!"

"Well, then if I cannot persuade you, we must separate. I am sorry. Good bye. To-night I shall sleep in that beautiful valley, but I see only rocks ahead for you."

They parted here—Resolute to climb laboriously up the steep rocks, Fearful rejoicing in the prospect of a refreshing night in the quiet valley.

The path which Fearful took was well beaten from the first, and was evidently frequented by travellers so that he had high hopes of finding before long a companion for his journey. The roadside was richly lined with flowers, and a little brook of cold sparkling water ran close along, while the birds sang joyful songs for its accompaniment.

Night overtook him just as he reached the valley, so he prepared himself for sleep there under the protection of a huge elm growing by the side of the little brook. His sleep was quiet and refreshing, and the early morning sun found him again on his journey with cheerful heart. The road, too, proved as easy as it had been the day before, and flowers still grew along its side. Thus the days and weeks passed pleasantly. Some he spent resting in lovely spots by the roadside, others in pursuing his journey. Once in a while, to be sure, the path was rough and hilly, but there was always a quiet nook not far ahead, seldom out of sight, where he could lie down and rest at ease. The road was indeed long, the seasons changed, years went by, and the mountain of Truth seems at times unattainable; but the way was for all that pleasant, for now and then he overtook a fellow traveller who proved good company, and there was little fear of losing his way. Occasionally, to be sure, he passed a little by-path marked: "Short cut to the Mountain of Truth," but these he always shunned, for they seldom appeared inviting and his companions all warned him against them as against delusions.

Year by year Fearful continued intermittently his journey, now with companions, now alone, seldom baffled by the roughness of the path, until at length he reached in middle life the end of the road, half way up the mountain's side. From there the view was indeed beautiful, and, though the mountain hid by far the larger part well worthy of his wonder. With his fellow-travellers, therefore, he settled there, content to see and know the beauty of a part of truth, and seldom caring or daring to venture up the mountain side beyond the road's end.

Meanwhile Resolute slowly pursued his journey in another direction, bent from the first upon a higher purpose. The road was rough and steep, now winding hither and thither, to gain at length some higher crag, now plunging abruptly into a deep ravine only to ascend a little distance on a further ridge. In places, too, the path had been utterly effaced by ice and rain so that he often wandered aimlessly, knowing not where to turn. Alas, how many times

he would fain have returned and taken the road of Fearful! Then, catching some better view of Truth spread out before him, he gained new hope to struggle on.

The months and years dragged slowly, years of despondency tempered with hope, of labor ever softened with glimpses of a rest and happiness beyond. What, then, though he sometimes wandered blindly along the tempting byways with which the path was beset! The rest upon some solid crag when once his steps were retraced was all the sweeter, and his courage thus renewed.

On and on his path led, ever upward, far beyond the end of the lower road. The farther he advanced the more his breadth of view in-

creased, combining all in one great surety, all save the little that the sharp peak of the mountain still hid. The scope and grandeur of the view already proved more than a just compensation for the suffering he had undergone and gave him strength to pursue his journey.

Old age at length came on, an old age of happiness and vigor, and still he clambered upward, slower now—and year by year yet slower still, but ever Resolute, true to his name.

He could not rest, for there were crags to be scaled, height to be gained, and death found him at length lying by the wayside a happy smile upon his lips, and grasping with his outstretched hand the highest point of the mountain within his reach. *R. M. Fullerton.*

A STUDY IN UNHAPPINESS.

THOUGH I call this paper *A Study in Unhappiness*, I do not mean that I am always unhappy. But my happiness and unhappiness seem only moods; though I am sure that I am oftener unhappy. And yet I ought to be happy. So far as physical and pecuniary wants go, I have every need supplied,—except the greatest, health.

Yet I know that despite my perpetual and losing fight against invalidism, I have accomplished a little of the work that I have aimed to do. But this scanty achievement only makes me discontented. I used to think ill of athletic men, as neglectful of mental development. Now I would give half the small intellectual power I have, for their strength of body. When I must renounce this or that favorite plan of work, or this or that pleasure, because my health will not permit it; above all, when I am in actual bodily pain, I acknowledge to myself what I am too proud to acknowledge to my friends, that I am suffering a just requital for neglecting nearly every physical exercise and for sneering at those who practise them. But my friends tell me: "invalidism is only one disadvantage in life; as others have done, you can overcome it." Men of strong will have

indeed overcome it; but my will is weak. I can only be discontented.

Yet I do not accomplish all that I might. When for a time I am in better health than usual, I waste my small stock of energy on trifles. Yet tried by the standards of the college, my work is done well; and, tried by the larger standards of the world, it is not altogether unsatisfactory. But I am never satisfied. When it is called good, I know that I might have made it better. Above all I am sure that, while it ought to broaden me, it is gradually narrowing me. I spend hours over Froissart and Joinville because they please me; when I know that I am shamefully ignorant of the commonest economic facts. I waste an afternoon over the score of *Die Meistersinger*; and yet I could not pass an elementary examination in the history of the United States. I can study a photograph of one of Fra Angelico's frescoes, until my head swims, but I have absolutely neglected scientific observation. Books and pictures, music and plays, these are the field of all my intellectual activity, though I have, besides, a little smattering of philosophy and history. What difference does it make to me, if I win a high mark in Spanish XX, or

Fine Arts X, when I know that the very work that has won me this, is taking me farther and farther from the present world, and making me therefore so much the less a man. My college work is only a form of dilettanteism, and yet I am not enough of a dilettante to be content with it and with myself. Other men can conquer these natural tastes enough to become broadly cultured; but I stop short at discontent.

Nor can I find satisfaction in other activities. I am an editor of one of the college papers. I have worked hard for it; I have done something, I think, to make it better; it has had the best writing that I could do. And yet, I have neglected so much; the paper would be still better if only I had done this or that; how careless of me to have printed that article without further revision. I am a member likewise of various college societies; and I firmly believe that when a man enters a society he ought to bear his share in its work. But I have attended scarcely a meeting this year of two societies. I work hard in another club, but simply from a spirit of narrow professionalism; for it is only a "shop" club. In another, purely social I waste the energy that I am sure to need afterwards for something that I ought to think better worth the doing. Yet I believe thoroughly in clubs—and do little in them. I am ever reproaching myself, now with neglecting my duty to my societies, again with wasting myself on such trifles.

My friends tell me, too, that I ought to find satisfaction in my position in the college. I know that I have many acquaintances among the students, that I am called upon to aid in many things, that I pass for a "brilliant" man. But this so-called "brilliance" wins me more dislike than good will. If my aid is asked in carrying out some plan, I am only the surer that most men value me as a machine for doing certain kinds of work rapidly and well. Although I know many men, I am certain that I cannot make friends of such as I care for. I am quick to take offence, foolishly jealous, intolerant of others' opinions, and selfish to the core; such qualities do not make friends. Yet, despite all

these, I have won here and there a friend at college,—friends to whom I am sincerely attached. But even these are another source of discontent. For however warmly I think of them, I cannot forget the little wrongs that I have done them, the little ways in which I have neglected them. One, perhaps, gives to me the best there is in him; but do I half return his care and solicitude?

In social life outside of the college I waste my energies, and weaken my health. There, as in college, I pass for a bright man, and people value me, as I am valued in college, for the mere tinsel that covers my real self. And yet, though I know it weakens me, I seek this social life,—because, hollow as it sometimes seems, I best succeed there in forgetting myself. And sometimes I think that a week of inertia is a small price to pay for a few evenings of self-forgetfulness. For, when people make me some pretty compliment, when some chance acquaintance seems glad to see me again, I begin to feel content, to think that, perhaps after all I have accomplished something, that perhaps I have done some good to another. But when the intoxication of the moment is over, I am not fool enough to find my content or discontent in the opinion of others.

The secret of my unhappiness is my ceaseless discontent with myself. So I am only happy, when something carries me outside myself. I am happy, for example, when I look at Rubens' Descent from the Cross, and forget myself in pity for the suffering Christ; I am happy when I listen almost breathless to Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*, or when the tears drop on my programme as I hear *Wotan's Farewell*; I am happy when Booth makes me think only of Lear, or Salvini only of Othello; I am happy when the words of any writer make me forget everything else; I am happy when his creations become more real to me than myself. Even more I am happy in the success of my friends, in their companionship, in their happiness. Now and then my work has become so real to me that, as I did it, I forgot myself. Then I have been happiest of all.

A GAME OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

GAILY dealing, sweet the feeling
Of the game of life begun ;
All the gladness,—heed not sadness !—
Of a triumph to be won.
Do not tell us,—why repel us ?—
That our dreams will fade away.
While one lingers, clasping fingers,
Hearts are trumps, for love we play.
Next hand's dealt us. Hearts don't melt us
As they did the first hand round.
We are older, yes, and colder ;
Fools take pennies,—we take pounds.
Comrades warn us, feign to scorn us,
Jest at scars (till they lack funds ;)
While we're squeezing hands so pleasing,
Trump-ringed fingers : diamonds.
Third hand's dealing ; baby's squealing ;
Horrid temper—like its mother's !—
Still there's money, we'll "play bunny"
(Till it's gone) as well as others.
Life's uncertain ; draw the curtain
O'er all small domestic rubs.
In a fracas, we'll betake us
To the trump of trumps : the clubs.
Fourth hand follows, grimly hollows
Out a grave ; a spade's a spade.
"One more hand ?" No, out the lights go,
Lost or won the game is played.
And we wonder, and we blunder
O'er the leaven in that lump.
'Neath our weeping *It* lies sleeping,
Waiting for the final trump.
Some say science bids defiance
To eternal lurid oceans ;
E'en affirming that our squirming
Ends in endless sleeping potions.
Yet the laughing and the chaffing
Of the joker looking on,
Can't decide us—Good betide us !—
That no game is ever won.
What we stay for, what we play for,
Why indeed the cards were dealt ;
We've no time to put our mind to,
Though we hear that some have knelt
To the undying Dealer, crying
(But *we* dealt the cards we say ?)
That the Powers beyond ours,
Watch the game they play to-day.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

MID-YEAR'S EXAMINATION.

NOW that the overseers have recommended more frequent examinations, a word or two about the mid-years may be in order. After carefully weighing the arguments for and against examinations, I have come to the conclusion that at the best they are merely a necessary evil; and the logical inference is, that, beyond what are absolutely essential, the fewer examinations we have the better. And so the question naturally arises, are the mid-years necessary. Before venturing an opinion, it will be advisable for me to explain why I think examinations as a rule, evil in their effects. Surely it is not an unreasonable requirement that, after spending a number of months on a subject I should be able to put upon paper some of the actual results of my work, and just this, I suppose, is the real object of an examination properly conceived. Under an ideal system I can imagine a body of students going with alacrity into an examination—eager to show the knowledge they have acquired. In this case the examination, would be, as it should, merely the demonstration of power, agreeable alike to instructor and pupil, just as, after years of study, the singer eagerly appears before the public to display her acquirements, while her master sits by expectant and confident. In this, the proper sense, our commencement exercises are really a great examination where our friends gather to witness us display the proficiency we have attained. But, as it seems to me, the examination has come to lose its true value—it has degenerated, until it is merely a test, not even to show how much a man knows—but to discover how much he does not know. It is a bugbear to frighten men into work—on it is based the marking system than which, however necessary it may be, there is no evil more fatal to the true scholarly spirit. Men come to compete for marks, losing sight of the true end of study. No matter how often examinations occur, he must set his grinding machine in motion either that he may pass or else that he may add another A

to his already long list. As a usual thing a man is only too willing to be called away from his work; but approach him when he is grinding for an examination, and he is inexorable. As far as I can see at the present time, the only object of examination is to afford indications in the awarding of prizes, to keep laggards up to their business, with possibly a remote desire to discover what kind of results men are attaining. In order to award scholarships, etc., I admit, examinations may be necessary, but surely, for this purpose we do not need more than one set of tests in a year; and we venture to say all the information desired as to the student's work may be obtained by annual examinations. Furthermore, assuming for the moment that it is the business of the college authorities to be making detectives of themselves as it were, we venture to ask,—is this result obtained by two sets of examinations better than by one? A man may dawdle half a year away, fail to pass the mid-years, and consequently be stimulated to do some work in his second half-year. But does not the very certainty of his being able by decent work to make up his deficiency at the finals encourage him to idle during the first half-year? Would not the knowledge that he would have but one chance make him more careful in his work? We gravely doubt, however, whether it is policy for the college to try to threaten and coax men into doing work. A more manly course, and once more in consonance with the spirit of our university would be to fix a definite standard and allow a man one fair chance to show himself up to that standard, with the knowledge that a failure must be final. It is not necessary to mention the waste of valuable time taken out of the very middle of one year's work, and the hard and fast line that so completely divides our courses that we are near forgetting absolutely all connection between the first and second half-years; this evil speaks for itself. A better tendency, we think is shown in a custom in practice, in some German Uni-

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sities of holding but one examination, and at the end of the college course, a custom, seems to us, with all its possibilities for abuse, more in the true direction. In short, it is the

old, old trouble cropping up once more;—we are simply unable to trust ourselves fully and fairly to the new progressive system we have adopted.

TWO AUTUMN DAYS.

IT was a clear September day among the oak trees. Evening was coming on; and the slanting sun-beams made their way through the branches, and here and there lighted up the woods which had already begun to grow dusky. A path wound through the trees, and along it two young people were walking side by side. They were talking low and earnestly, and this, perhaps, was enough to prove that they were not brother and sister, although they seemed very good friends. The young man looked at his companion from time to time to see what effect his words had upon her; while she walked demurely on, with her eyes fixed on the ground.

After a few moments' silence, he spoke again:—

"I thought of you a good deal, while I was at work this afternoon, Daisy. Do you ever think of me?"

"Of course I do," she replied, looking up for the first time, "you must imagine me a queer sort of girl, if you suppose that I never think of my friends except when they are close by."

"I'm glad you rank me among your friends," was the answer, and they walked on again in silence. Daisy's "friend" was a somewhat ungainly young fellow of twenty; but he had an honest face, and was not at all bad-looking.

It was Daisy that spoke next. "Oh, Will," she said, "I have been meaning to tell you something. There is a cousin of mine named Gilbert Thornton,—a third or fourth cousin, I think; and he is coming to spend a month at our house. He arrives to-night. Now I know the first thing you'll do. You'll get jealous right away because he is going to stay at our house. What a silly boy you are!"

William blushed. He saw that she had hit his head, so he said nothing.

Daisy, as her last speech indicated, knew her power over him, and felt inclined to use it occasionally. In a moment she went on again:

"Now Will, if I ever try to be nice to my cousin, you mustn't go moping round and feeling badly about it. He'll have a stupid enough time down here anyway, and I must make it as pleasant for him as I can."

"I'll do my best," said William, rather gruffly; and the two, as if by common consent, turned around, and took the path which led homeward.

Daisy Browning lived in a large white house on the main road. It was some way from any village, and the nearest post office was three miles off; but all along the road there were houses at short intervals, so that the Browning family never lacked for society. The house was set back a little way from the road and was partially screened from the passer-by, who could only see it through a row of lilac bushes which grew behind the white fence along the road.

As the two young people approached, they could easily see that something unusual was happening. Many of the rooms were lighted; and quite a hum of voices issued from the usually quiet farm-house. The visitor must have arrived, and she quickened her steps accordingly, though William seemed to be less inclined to hurry. As they came near the front door, Daisy's cousin came out to meet them.

"How do you do, cousin Daisy," said he shaking hands pleasantly, "or must it be Miss Browning? Surely not between third cousins!"

He laughed merrily, and Daisy laughed to. He was a tall young man, with light hair, and though his face was not handsome, it was striking, while his body was muscular, and movements graceful. Daisy introduced him

William as "My cousin, Mr. Thornton," and all three went into the house.

William stayed to supper at Mrs. Browning's invitation. His father, Mr. Champlin, lived only a quarter of a mile down the road, and the two families were on the most intimate terms. William did not want to stay especially; but he was curious to see what sort of a young man this was who had taken Daisy's fancy so immediately. He sat opposite Thornton at table, so he had a good opportunity to observe. Now William had grown up with Daisy, and had seen her almost every day of his life, so he had begun to have a feeling of proprietorship in her, however unreasonably, and every funny story of Thornton's, every joke with Daisy, were gall to William's bitterness, and he eyed his seeming rival with dismal apprehension.

After supper things did not go much better. Gilbert Thornton and Daisy sat on the sofa, while he told her of a boat-race in which he had taken part. Daisy was much interested,—perhaps they were sitting rather near each other; but then they were cousins. So thought William as he sat playing dominoes with old Grandma Browning. It used to be better fun, when Daisy would come and look on. Ah! times were changing, and Daisy had some one besides William to amuse her now.

At nine o'clock he took up his hat and bade everyone good-bye. Daisy reminded him that he generally stayed till ten, at which he blushed, and said he must get up early the next morning. As he went out of the door, he heard peals of merry laughter. He wondered if they were laughing at him. Outside all was quiet. He stood a moment on the doorstep, looking up at the dark sky with its myriads of stars smiling down at him, and then strode homeward with the bitter feeling in his heart that a young man has, when he thinks a girl has been fooling him.

Time wore on. Almost every evening it had been William's custom to call at the Brownings' on one pretence or another; but now one, two, three evenings passed, and the old white farm-house and its occupants had to get along without their customary visitor. Well, the young people were merry enough without him.

Daisy had liked Gilbert at first, and he had improved upon acquaintance. She had never before seen a well educated young man of her own age, and young Thornton was well educated and attractive into the bargain. He won Mrs. Browning's heart by making himself useful about the house, he talked politics with Mr. Browning, he took William's place at playing dominoes with Grandma Browning, who was delighted at the attentions of this fascinating young man, and began to wear her black silk dress down to supper every evening, an unusual event which made Daisy almost die laughing.

About a fortnight after Thornton's arrival, William Champlin drove up to his father's barn, put away the horse and cart with which he had been drawing sea-weed all day, and started out to take a good long rest among the oak trees, for he had had a hard day's work. He walked up the path where Daisy and he had so often taken their evening strolls. He had not spoken to her for two weeks now; an absurd sort of pride kept him away from the Brownings' house, and he had only seen her on Sundays at church, and then there had been a figure by her side, the sight of which made him very angry. "What a fool I am to be jealous!" he thought as he lay back upon a mossy stone, and looked up through the branches at the clear blue sky. "This is a pretty good sort of a world anyway; and I guess there are plenty of girls besides Daisy Browning that,—"

He was interrupted in his excellent reasoning by a sound of voices and footsteps. He was concealed by some low shrubs from the path by which he had come, so he stayed still to see who it was. Some way off he could see two figures coming, a brown figure and a pink figure. That was not the first time he had seen that pink dress, and he trembled so as almost to call attention to the place where he was concealed. The two young people, however, seemed to be too much occupied with each other to notice any slight nestling among the bushes, and they continued their walk, unobserving and, as they supposed, unobserved. They said nothing, they only walked on in silence; but William could see that Daisy's head was leaning against her tall companion's

shoulder, and that Gilbert's arm was round her waist. If the two had seen a pair of eyes glaring fiercely at them from the bushes, as they passed, they would have been startled; but they were otherwise occupied, and walked happily on.

William strained his head forward to catch a last glimpse of them before they disappeared beyond a turn in the path, and then he sank back on the ground, and covered his face with his hands. Oh, it was too much, too much! To see Daisy, with whom he had grown up, who had looked upon him as an older brother, to whom he had given his heart, to see her giving herself to this fool, — perhaps not fool exactly, but—yes, fool, fool, *fool!* What did he want to come into the quiet country for, and steal away a girl's heart from a man who had

always been like a brother to her? Oh, it was too much, too much! And William lay back sobbing like a child, and there came a swelled feeling in his throat, and tears into his eyes. He was perfectly miserable.

Presently it began to grow dark, and the lengthening shadows stretched out their arms further and further, grasping at the earth, which must soon be given over to their dominion. Then the sun sank, and the great moon rose in the east, and looked down kindly on the unhappy young man. Suddenly he roused himself, shivered from the cold, and walked gloomily home, slammed the door and went to bed. And still the moon shone down upon the quiet earth below, and the little stars shed their gentle light, and the branches rustled softly in the night wind.

R. B. Hale.

A JOKE THAT BECAME A REALITY.

BOB GRAY had known Alice Matthews ever since he could remember. She was a pretty fascinating girl and Bob spent a good deal of his time in her company. It was pleasant calling on the Matthews, for he was always welcome; and then it was so easy to drop in at any time, and Alice was so charming. Bob came to imagine that he loved her, and he knew that she liked him.

Mrs. Gray noticed the growing intimacy, and warned him:— "She is not the girl for you, Bob; take care. These little love entanglements are awkward things. They may turn out all right in the end, but they leave their sting." Bob did not heed the good advice. In a foolish moment he proposed and was accepted. He soon discovered his mistake, however; Alice Matthews was pretty and fascinating, but her character was weak. She was of a loving disposition, but she was frivolous and childish, and possessed none of those qualities which a man ought to seek in woman:—qualities which make her not only a companion, but a helpmate, a sympathizer in every joy and sorrow. Bob was very unhappy: he knew that it was for the best interests of both that the engagement be broken.

But the girl loved him dearly, and he dreaded paining her. Then, too, when he was with her he forgot all in his fascination; it was only when he was away from her and thought the matter over that he was unhappy. Things could not last long this way, the truth must out sooner or later. One day he told her how he felt, plainly and honestly. It cost him a struggle, but he knew it to be his duty. It seemed as if the poor girl's heart would break. He could not bear to see her so, and half repented his honesty; he doubted whether he had really meant what he had said. He fell back into the old rut; things drifted on as before:— now he was happy, and then again unhappy.

Bob's mother and sister were not at all well, and their physician had advised them to spend a year in Europe. Mr. Gray could not accompany them, so he intrusted them to Bob. Mrs. Gray thought that her daughter might be lonely away from all her friends, in a strange place, and invited Lillian Grosvenor to go with them. Bob had known her as long as he had known Alice Matthews, and liked her, too, for she was a bright sensible girl; but he by no means knew or appreciated her good qualities. Bob dreaded

his parting with Alice Matthews. He felt that he ought to make a stand, and decided to do so; and in his absence to free himself from his foolish fascination. But when the time came his heart failed him. He left her kindly, and resolved that on his return he would do what was right. "I will make my stand then," he said to himself, "and stick to my resolution."

The voyage across the Atlantic was pleasant, as it is apt to be in the middle of July. Mrs. Gray and her daughter, owing to their natural weakness, were confined to their berths the entire voyage; but after the first day or so Miss Grosvenor was able to be about deck. Bob was never sick on the water, and as there was no one on board whom he cared to meet, he devoted his whole time to Miss Grosvenor. He was very kind to her, and cared for her as tenderly as a woman. That week was a revelation to Bob as regarded her. He soon learned to appreciate her, and saw that she was his equal in all things, and in many his superior; a girl to look up to and to love. He came to love her, and his love grew daily. She was not what you would call a pretty girl; but her face was a strong one, full of character: a face you liked the better the more you saw it. But Bob remembered his former experience; remembered, too, that his college chum, Jack Brown, adored her, and his honor forbade him to make any advances. He felt that he must check himself, and think no more of such things.

It was Sunday afternoon in London. It had been raining all day, and was dreary and dismal as London alone can be. Mrs. Gray was receiving callers and the young people were together in another room. They had exhausted every means of amusement, and were casting about for something to do. Suddenly Bob's sister suggested that they have a mock-proposal. Miss Grosvenor declared that she would like nothing better:— it was such fun to have a man propose, and refuse him, and say she would be a friend or a sister for life. Bob remarked that it was worth something to have a girl like her for a friend or a sister; but he did not like the idea of a mock-proposal. This was no joking matter to him. The girls insisted, however. So he

threw himself at Miss Grosvenor's feet and proposed in a most dramatic manner, wishing in his heart that he might do so in earnest.

Miss Grosvenor could not possibly think of accepting Mr. Gray. Bob besought her to reconsider, threatened suicide and all sorts of horrible things she would be responsible for if she persisted in her refusal. To avoid such awful consequences Miss Grosvenor accepted Mr. Gray on probation. Bob at once demanded his kiss. The girls shrieked, the door opened and Mrs. Gray demanded what all the noise was about.

A week later the party was on its way up the Rhine to Wiesbaden, where Mrs. Gray and her daughter were to take treatment. Bob had been up the Rhine several times before, and knew it well; but it was all new to Miss Grosvenor, so he played the part of the guide, and in a very agreeable manner, too, for he was a good talker. They discussed the scenery, he pointing out the old ruins as each bend in the river disclosed them to view. He told her all the romantic legends connected with each, and kept referring in a half-joking, half-serious manner to the subject of his late engagement; and as often as he did so was half-jokingly, half-seriously tormented and turned off. It was one of the happiest days Bob ever passed; the Rhine and its grand scenery had never before seemed so beautiful.

Sunday afternoon again. Mrs. Gray and her daughter were at the Cursaal; Miss Grosvenor was in her room writing, Bob sat on the balcony outside reading; but he paid little attention to his book, for he was thinking of other things. Pretty soon he came in and sat down at the opposite side of the table from Miss Grosvenor. He watched her for sometime, and then began slowly and seriously:— "Lillian, you don't know how happy I feel when I think of my engagement." The girl stopped writing, looked at him a moment quite puzzled, and then burst out laughing:—

"Why Bob! what do you mean? I should say that you took that joke in earnest—"

"Lillian, it was all a joke when I proposed to you there in London, but in my heart it was all a reality. I have come to love you and re-

spect you, and nothing would make me happier than to know that that joke might become a reality."

Lillian Grosvenor was silent for a few minutes, more puzzled than ever. When she spoke it was somewhat sternly, but her manner softened:—

"Bob, I did wrong to allow that joke, and to allow it to be kept up as it has been; but I, too, imagined that it might sometime become a reality; and, Bob, if you think you love me, and think that I can make you happy, it may become so."

"May I have my kiss now?"

"No!"

"Thank you, I will take it—"

A tap on the door, and Mrs. Gray entered. Miss Lillian Grosvenor was busily writing; Mr. Robert Gray sat on the balcony outside deep in his novel.

Bob was to return in September and leave his party in Europe. He would gladly have spent the summer in Wiesbaden, but he had made arrangements for a trip down the Danube, so he set out Monday morning for Munich. He thought over what he had done and wondered what Lillian Grosvenor would say if she knew all. "Poh! poh! lots of fellows get engaged and break it, why shouldn't I?" But his conscience would not be quieted thus. Night after night his thoughts troubled him. He thought how mean, how deceitful he had been. In his heart he knew what he ought to do,—confess all and take the consequences. But could he, dared he? It meant the loss of all, the loss of happiness; but could he be happy thus? So the struggle went on.

Bob had returned to Wiesbaden for a week before his departure for America. But he was not quite the same Bob as before: he was not so gay; he was restless, and something evidently troubled him. His mother noticed the change; his sister noticed it; Lillian Grosvenor noticed it, and begged him to tell her, for she might help him. He said he couldn't. That night he thought it all over, and decided that in the morning he would be a man; but when the morning came his heart failed him. So the days and nights passed by.

It was Friday, Saturday he was to leave.

Something must be done. The morning slipped away and afternoon came. His mother and sister were at the Cursaal. Bob and Lillian Grosvenor went to walk. There were pleasant walks about Wiesbaden, but one was his favorite,—it was to the ruined castle of Sonnenberg. Thither they went through the shady gardens of the Cur and along the banks of the little river X—. But the music, the people, the pleasant country had lost their charms for Bob; he was silent, thoughtful. At last they reached the castle, and climbed to the top of one of its towers. The view was beautiful. The ruins were on a slight elevation in the middle of a valley. All around low hills covered with vineyards and fields of yellow grain rose in gentle slopes. The little river wound through the valley towards the town whose roofs and spires might be seen peeping above the tree tops. For a few minutes they sat in silence, then Bob began:—

"Lillian, I have something to tell you."

"What is it, Bob?"

For a moment Bob hesitated and sat irresolute. Then he told her all: how foolish he had been: how he had repented, but had not had the strength to stick to his resolution.—"Lillian, God knows I would rather lose my right hand than give you this pain,—than tell you this my shame. But it is because I love you so, respect you so that I do it: I couldn't deceive you. I have weighed it all, and know what the consequences must be. You can't but hate me, despise me: but I have brought it upon myself. I have learned to love you, and now I must lose you."

He walked to the other side of the tower and leaned on the parapet. The tears rose to the poor fellow's eyes: for the first time he fully realized his loss.

Lillian Grosvenor sat where she was, scarcely knowing what to do. At last she rose and went to him, and laying her hand on his shoulder said:—

"Bob I never could have thought it of you: I can hardly believe it now. But, Bob, when a woman comes to love a man she can't be made to hate him all at once: and, Bob, do you know that I can't but respect you,—but love you the more for telling me all. It is better to have nothing hidden. Bob I—I love you still."

Bob Gray had been at home a week before he could make up his mind to call on Alice Matthews, and it was with hesitation that he rang:—

"Is Miss Matthews at home?"

"No sir: the family have not returned from their country residence yet, sir."

Bob turned away glad yet disappointed:—glad that the disagreeable interview was put off: disappointed because it was not over with.

The next day he sought Jack Brown. He found him in Cambridge, and the two talked

over the summer's doings. Bob noticed that Jack never mentioned Alice Matthews, and that he seemed embarrassed when Lillian Grosvenor was spoken of.

"What's the matter, Jack: you aren't jealous and vexed because I had Miss Grosvenor the whole summer, are you?"

"No, no,—that is, you are the one to be vexed. I—I am engaged to Miss Matthews."

Charles Crosby Blaney.

BOOKS.

TESTA: A BOOK FOR BOYS. By Paolo Mantegazza. Translated from the Italian of the Tenth Edition by the Italian class in Bangor, Maine, under the supervision of Singi D. Ventura. D. C. Heath & Co.

THIS "good honest book" has a high rank in Italy, and with De Amicis' *Cuore*, has passed through many editions. *Testa* is essentially a book for boys; though those that have lived more than a score of years can find much in it that is interesting and instructive.

The author tells of a lad, Enrico, who has by too close application to his books become ill, and is ordered to cease all study for a year. He is sent by his parents to reside with his uncle, who lives by the seashore. This uncle who is a philosopher in his way, and full of new and bright ideas regarding the education of children, takes direct care of his nephew, and daily instills into his mind useful lessons by the natural method. The powers of observation are carefully developed, and nothing is too trivial to escape notice and convey a lesson. There is scarcely a page in the book that does not contain a nugget of truth, which is presented to the boy in the most scientific yet natural and simple manner.

A NUGGET is a "diminutive mass of precious metal." A "Knickerbocker Nugget" is a large mass of precious thought put into a small form and is the name given by G. P. Putnam's Sons to their fine pocket edition of valuable books. "The Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus" translated by George Long, is a noteworthy nugget in the series, both in form and contents.

The little volume of 300 pages, bound in embossed leather and ornamental figured cloth, with gilt top and untrimmed edges, contains, besides the Thoughts, an account of the Life and Philosophy of the Emperor. The life, occupying about 40 pages of the book, is excellently written, very entertaining and instructive; valuable foot notes are added.

In the account of the philosophy of the Emperor there is one passage we cannot refrain from quoting:—"Antoninus says that the soul of man is an efflux from the divinity. . . . Antoninus insists on this continually: God is in man, and so we must constantly attend to the divinity within us, for it is only in this way that we can have any knowledge of the nature of God."

The book has an excellent index, especially worthy of mention, because it is so concise and well arranged.

SONGS.—Young Woman's Love Song, by A. Hermann, in Apollo Club Series. This is one of the sweet, soft, tender love songs which the Apollo sung so expressively. It is a charming song, in which the parts come on one after another and lead up to murmuring chords with tenor solo.

MERRIE, by E. A. MacDowe. This song written to Burns' words have a genuine Scottish smack, with sympathetic accompaniment.

The Violet, by H. S. Strachauer, slight.

FOR PIANO.—Gavotte by Kirdberger; arranged by Boscovitz, rather interesting though not original.

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

- Jan. 25. First exhibition meeting of Boston Athletic Association. Several Harvard men took part.
- Jan. 26. Project for the Institution of an Economical Club-house. Convention of the Intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. at Worcester.

Jan. 27. Service at Appleton Chapel. Rev. William McVicar, D.D. of Philadelphia.

Jan. 29. Lecture by Professor Norton on "The opportunity to Excavate Delphi by the American school at Athens."

Jan. 29. Faculty meeting.

Annual Report of the President and Officers of Harvard University.

Meeting of Finance Club. Address by Mr. Charles Francis Adams.

Jan. 30. Meeting of Fencing Club.

Jan. 31. Freshman Class meeting. It was voted to appropriate one hundred dollars for buying trophies for the Class eleven.

Vesper service in Appleton Chapel. Address by Rev. William Lawrence.

Meeting of candidates for Varsity-Nine.

Recommendations of the Board of Overseers. It was voted the Faculty be asked to prepare and report a series of rules to give practical effect to the resolutions of the Overseers, the chief of which

were that roll-call in the morning, more rig-
tendance at recitations be enjoined, and the
system of advisers for special students be ap-
plied to Freshmen.

Feb. 3. Service in Appleton Chapel. Address
Rev. Dr. McKenzie.

Feb. 4. Report of the Librarian.

Election of Mr. T. W. Lamont and Mr. L. M.
to the business board.

Feb. 6. Meeting of Freshman nine.

Meeting of Connecticut Club. It was voted to
have a dinner on Feb. 20.

Feb. 7. Lecture by Prof. Cooke on Rome.

Vesper services in Appleton Chapel. Sermon
by the Rev. Mr. Gordon.

Symphony concert in Sanders Theatre.



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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

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CAMBRIDGE. MASS., MARCH 20, 1889.

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., MARCH 20, 1889.

No. II.

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* * The Editors cannot undertake to return manuscript.

THE WEEK.

WE take great pleasure in announcing the election of Mr. F. S. Duncan as regular editor of the *Advocate* from the class of ninety, also the election of Mr. L. W. Pulsifer, ninety, as business manager.

On Friday, the twenty-second, the four papers of Harvard for the first time meet together at a dinner. We see in this step an opportunity for a great deal of good, and sincerely hope it may be a precedent that will not be allowed to fall into disuse. The various Athletic Organizations are in a measure united and represented by the University Club. While it is not our purpose here to recommend the formation of a great society of the college papers—we are far from saying aught against such a plan, and gladly welcome this dinner as the first attempt to set on foot a feeling of unity among the papers, which perhaps of all college institutions are most in need of some such unity. There is in no sense an associated press here at Harvard, so that each paper singly has to bear the brunt of assaults that could be much more easily repelled if there were only more unison among the members of the college press. We cannot wonder that there is a disposition to sneer at the papers when they themselves are so apt to be just a whit strained in their relations

with each other. And now that the *Crimson*, the *Monthly*, the *Lampoon* and the *Advocate*, have at least taken the initiatory step in the right direction, we think the occasion warrants us in saying a word or two about the treatment the college papers may reasonably expect. What we plead for is justice. A man works hard for a year on the crew:—he is supposed to be recompensed by the honor he wins: and so he is; his name is in every one's mouth; he is pointed out to admiring maidens as being a member of the "Varsity Crew"; the doors of desirable societies are flung open to him. He thinks all his toil and trouble repaid more than ten-fold. On the other hand observe, for instance, the *Crimson* editor: day after day he goes through the same round of unvarying work, in order that we may conveniently learn the college news as arrayed in our *robe de nuit* we bask in the genial warmth of our fire, or comfortably sip our coffee at breakfast. In return for all this is "Crimson Editor" an "open sesame" that procures him an entrance everywhere? Not so. The college editor in return for his hard work asks for nothing unreasonable; he simply wishes his efforts to be recognized; and demands it as justice that he should not be considered as a harmless sort of crank, quite tolerable except at subscription times. We assure our readers, we do not carry on these papers for fun. We have recognized, as every man who thinks a moment will recognize, that there is a peculiar place and need for every paper now existing at Harvard:—the papers must be carried on, and in the best and most creditable manner possible. Are we likely to attain this end, when it is considered the proper thing to sneer at, and make facetious remarks upon, the various college papers? This is not the fashion at Yale—there the college papers in their province give rise to as much competition

as the athletic teams themselves ; and we would remind Harvard men that Yale methods have been wonderfully successful of late years.

We think it an extremely curious fact that there is not in Harvard University a single course in Astronomy ; and this in the face of the statement from very good authority, that at least an elementary course in astronomy is almost essential to the proper understanding of various other branches of science. We doubt whether it is even generally known that there is in our University an astronomical observatory that is certainly one of the most successful in existence. Once in the senior year a student is allowed to visit the observatory—and here beginneth and endeth his opportunities for the study of astronomy at Harvard. It would almost seem that it was not thought desirable that the student should be initiated into the science. We, for our part, cannot possibly understand why it is that we should not have an opportunity to get an inkling of a science which is at once so useful and entertaining, and in which there still remains such a vast deal to be done. If there were a course in astronomy established here, we could vouch for its popularity.

It seems we are to have an Andover Club as well as an Exeter Club. That such a movement will be of advantage we have not a doubt. If men from preparatory schools are influenced by the presence or absence of organizations with aims such as those of the proposed clubs, by all means let us have them. The college authorities do all in their power to give men every possible benefit here ; it is only right that the students should play their part. We believe there is safety in numbers—the more men we have here—the greater are our opportunities for exerting an ultimate influence : and any legitimate steps the students themselves may take towards attracting men to Harvard are not only justifiable, but necessary. We have always thought that the natural choice for Andover and Exeter men should be Harvard, and have often sought to explain to ourselves why so many men from those schools annually find their way to Yale. We frankly confess, too, that we have greatly regretted the many valuable men who

have in this way been lost to Harvard although Yale has been before us in forming Exeter and Andover clubs of the nature under discussion and we think this has had no small share in determining the relative quotas that Yale and Harvard respectively receive from those schools. The absence of such clubs at Harvard hitherto is only one form of a difficulty or rather an evil that we think has been unusually prominent at Harvard and this evil in its turn is only a phase of the much-mooted Harvard indifference. I regret the isolation to which a large number of men are here condemned, and which is not to be found to anything like the same extent at other colleges. It is a source of perpetual wonder to men of other colleges that we at Harvard have no freshmen societies ; and the charge immediately urged against us, that we neglect our freshmen, is unanswerable. It seems to me that we seem to forget that as the freshman makes his bed, so in college must he lie, and that if a large number of men from a preparatory school do not come to Harvard with the recognition they have a right to demand, there is sure to arise a feeling of dissatisfaction that may re-act very unfavorably on the college. Of course we do not mean to imply that this is the peculiar fate of Andover or Exeter men : quite the contrary. But it is undoubtedly a large body of men here in the freshman year who are put in the unpleasant position we have described, and it is a commendable thing to try and do away with the evil as far as possible. At Yale the freshman is made to feel the probationary character of his position just as truly as he is here—and yet he seems to receive a more cordial welcome and is treated with more gratifying consideration. We think that this may be attributed, in part at least, to just such societies as it is intended to form. Andover and Exeter Clubs shall be the starting points, were, and from which freshmen may get launched into college-life. The size of the freshman classes at Yale, have been increasing proportionally much faster than the freshman classes at Harvard. If such societies are formed here, have been considering may be regarded as in a degree responsible for this, we surely cannot deny their usefulness.

We note in the *Crimson* of March thirteenth an editorial calling attention to the inexplicable conduct of Princeton in not giving to Harvard the latter's share of the gate receipts of the Harvard—Princeton foot ball match of November last. We are bound to believe that Princeton has satisfactory reasons for this delay on her part, as otherwise we should be very much at loss to account for her action. We think we speak advisedly in stating that Harvard has never been guilty of such an annoying delay towards Princeton or any other college, and that therefore she has a reasonable right to expect the same consideration for herself as she has shown for others. A delay, such as that of Princeton's, must cause Harvard inconvenience in any case; but the annoyance is especially worrisome in the present state of affairs, when the foot ball management are struggling against the difficulties brought about by their inability to arrange a game with Yale. We cannot for a moment entertain the suspicion that Princeton's action is due to a deliberate wish to put us to inconvenience. But, when all is said, we inevitably must be asking ourselves what can be the reason of Princeton's hanging back. Unfortunately, in the absence of an explanation,

we cannot be blamed if we privately entertain disagreeable surmises, which are all the more natural when we consider, what we are obliged to call Princeton's lack of courtesy, in failing to reply to our communications. We are reluctant about complaining of the inconvenience we are put to, but it is with even greater diffidence that we venture to remark that such a delay as we have suffered at the hands of Princeton is hardly in keeping with the present standard of inter-collegiate athletics. If such a state of things were to become general, not at all soothing would be the effect on those powers in our midst who are even now firmly set against inter-collegiate athletics. Yale's, Princeton's, and Harvard's contests with each other differ from professional athletics in that they are perfectly clean; we are sure that Princeton would condemn any action that could be construed even into a shadow of a reproach upon college contests. Therefore, we repeat, although, it must be confessed, we are very greatly surprised at Princeton's failure to give us any explanation of her action, we are sure she must have some valid reason, which, however, we expect she will in all courtesy set forth to us as soon as possible.

(Since going to press we learn that Princeton has paid her share of the gate receipts; but our remarks still hold.)

THE STORY OF THERESA.

IMAGINE a dusty brown prairie covered with weeds and tuft-grass and thinly shaded every few rods by scrawny mesquites, their red and juicy fruit hanging just out of reach of the thirsty cattle. A few turkey-buzzards are soaring lazily and gracefully almost out of sight, and the noisy 'scissor-tail' flies nervously from tree to tree or darts up suddenly into the hot air and as suddenly back again. A shallow stream crawls towards the Tehuacana several miles off in the distance through the tall weeds, its waters so heated by the sun that even the thirsty cattle bear their thirst until the cool night.

This is on the upland prairie. Down in the valley the cool Tehuacana flows along under the tall cottonwoods. The blue-jay and the gray squirrel quarrel there with saucy good-nature,

and there the snipe and the kildce scream all day, and the hot Mexican summer has no terrors for the sleepy frog, or the long-winded blue heron or the quiet inhabitants of the little village of San Pilar.

San Pilar with its two hundred souls was but a modest little village, although prosperous enough in its own contented way. Señor Valdes owned all the land about, and most of the good people of the village worked in his fields and sheared his sheep and branded his horses and cattle; indeed, without Señor Valdes the village would soon have been as desolate as any other spot on the prairie.

Notwithstanding the Señor's evident importance, he was still a young man, so young that no one called him Señor Valdes, but always

Don José. Two years ago old Señor Valdes died and left his son thousands of cattle and sheep and hundreds of horses and barns filled with corn and bales of cotton; so Don José was very rich.

The village gossips had it that the old man had made a great match for his son with a fine lady at the city of Mexico, and that before long, moreover, the young man would bring her to San Pilar; but José continued to live all alone in his great house and the village gossips gossiped in vain.

Next to Don José the most important person in the village was Father Badelon, who lived in a cottage at one end of the village beside his little church. His niece kept house for him and tended the little garden attached to the house.

Fifteen years ago, Father Badelon had made a journey from San Pilar to the City of Mexico; he went, they said, to administer the last sacrament to his only brother; howsoever this may be, when he returned, he brought with him a little bundle of rags in which was concealed an ugly little face. It was his brother's child, and the good man, aided at times by several kind women of the village, had cared for the little waif like a father, until she grew and grew—like a weed the neighbors said—from a babe to be a strong, handsome girl; and finally, one day Father Badelon found that his darling was no longer a child, but almost a woman—with her black Spanish eyes and red lips, and soft, sun-browned neck and shapely shoulders, the prettiest maiden in San Pilar—the belle on feast-days, who set the youths of the village a-sighing and knew it, but was still her uncle's darling and joy and solace in his old age—Theresa.

* * *

One evening Father Badelon sat out on his little verandah, eating his supper. The well-seasoned *tamales* and a fat partridge which some kind neighbor had sent him, together with a few slices of tomatoes and a small bottle of sweet wine, made a fine repast for the old man. He ate and drank with the air of an epicure, for he was very proud of the fact that he had been initiated into the secrets of religion and afterwards into the mysteries of good living, at the great City of Mexico.

He could hear Theresa washing the dishes in

the kitchen, and bustling about and singing in such a homelike way that he felt very happy and much blessed in having such a treasure of a niece. At short intervals the girl came out to see if her uncle needed anything, and then she disappeared again into her little kitchen.

Theresa, herself, was not quite happy. For months it had been understood in the village that Don José was going to the great college at the far-away city of Vera Cruz. Now it was almost autumn and to-morrow the young master was to bid good-bye to San Pilar for three years.

José was an old playmate of Theresa's. For years the young man had come and read his Vergil to Father Badelon and with his aid worked out the *dark* problems of Euclid. So Theresa and José soon became great friends, and often when the lessons were said and Theresa had finished rubbing and arranging her pans and kettles, the boy and girl often frolicked on the cool river and had many a fine row in José's flat-bottomed boat, and brought home many hat-loads and apron-loads of juicy dew-berries and great ripe pecans.

So naturally she felt very sad, now that she was going to lose her friend, and besides, José had been very kind of late; and last Sunday, in spite of the gossips' tale, he had actually dared tell her that he loved her; as if the foolish boy knew what love was! and besides that, she could not waste her time as many of the silly girls of the village did. It was all well enough for Julia Flores to make eyes at him (as if he would *look* at her), but Father Badelon's niece and housekeeper had no time for such follies. But then José was *very* good and *very* brave, and she hoped the blessed saints would protect him when he was far away. She would pray for him every night.

She was still busied with her dishes when she heard José come up the garden walk and bid her uncle 'good-evening.' So she came out on the cool verandah and he bade her 'good-evening,' too, and there the three sat out in the soft darkness and listened to the crickets' music and talked of the young man's future. He would make a great name for himself at college, no doubt, and his friends should hear good things of him.

Finally Theresa sang; it was the last time

osé would hear her for many a day. As listened silently and Father Badelon nod-mpathetically and drummed a soft accom-ent with his fingers on the verandah g, Theresa sang all the songs which she osé knew and loved—the hymns sung in ttle church and on feast-days, the songs ie *rancheros* sing to their cattle and those e love-songs which descend from one gen-n of Mexican maidens to another. Then ng “En la huertæ nace la rosa.” It was id José’s favorite, so, when she had ended ather Badelon had said, “Very beautiful,” niled at José and sang it again:—

‘The rose looks out in the valley,
‘And thither will I go,
‘To the rosy vale where the nightingale
‘Singeth his song of woe.”

‘The virgin is on the river side
‘Plucking the lemons pale;
‘Thither—yes thither will I go,
‘To the rosy vale where the nightingale
‘Singeth his song of woe.”

n Father Badelon gave the young man essing, wished him “God-speed,” and im ‘good-bye’ and ‘good-night,’ and went bed, leaving Theresa and José alone. evening wore on and soon José must go and rest for the hard journey in the morn- Theresa held out her hand to bid him ye, and a tear rolled down her cheek and it, and—yes, she could not disguise it, as weeping—weeping so, that when José od-bye she could only answer by sobs. n he drew her to him, and kissed her lips first time since they were little children, ld her for the second time that he loved at he could not live, far away at Vera nless she, too, loved him; and he spoke oldly until at last she did believe she loved ust a little. Then José kissed her again ey were very happy, and she promised, gh three years was a long time, that she wait for him, a thousand, if necessary, s—now she knew she loved him, and of she hated that odious Felipe who paid irt on the last feast-day of San Joaquin. xé—well he would never cease to re- r her and this evening, and he would

come back in three years, and they would live happy all their lives, in this dear valley of the Tehuacana; and she must sing, sometimes, the song of the rose and the nightingale, and think of him.

Finally, after many good-byes, he left her sobbing her heart out as she watched him disappear in the darkness at the end of the garden.

* * *

Three years had almost gone; in but one month Señor José Valdes would have completed his course at the University of Vera Cruz. He was very impatient to hasten back to San Pilar, and his cattle and horses and sheep, and the shade of the cottonwoods on the banks of the Tehuacana, and best of all—to Theresa. To Theresa! ah, he will show her, that among all his fine friends, he still remembers the humble country maiden and her kisses and her song.

He received a letter from Father Badelon, every five or six months; not oftener, for the mail-stages were slow and San Pilar is a thousand miles from Vera Cruz. So he studied on, very happy, until one day a sad letter reached him—a letter in a strange hand. Father Badelon was dead, and Theresa had gone to the City of Mexico, to seek the protection of an aunt there. She had sent word to José that she was there awaiting him and that she was expecting him soon.

Alas! the letter was already six months old, and José spent no more time in Vera Cruz. “Poor girl,” he thought, “she must be weary of waiting. Suppose, she is suffering, suppose this aunt is not kind to her. Suppose she has not found her aunt! God forbid!” Nonsense, she is there safe and happy, waiting for him. In two weeks he will find her, and then—then she shall be queen of Pilar; he will make up to her the loss of her old friend, and all their lives they will live together, happy in each others great love.

Thinking thus, he journeyed to the City of Mexico.

* * *

The holy feast of the Navidad was approaching and the City of Mexico was very beautiful of an evening, with its brightly lighted shops and gay throngs, and hurrying carriages.

Christmas snows and December winds are unknown in this city of pleasure and love; and even then, near the end of the year, the wine-gardens were full of music and cigarette smoke and balmy air and fair women.

José and his friend, Señor Manuel Perez had just arrived in the capital, and enjoyed the sight as only young men can.

"It is too late to find Señorita Theresa, to-night," Don Manuel told his friend.

To-night they will dine at Vagos' famous hotel and then, after dinner, they will see the sights and spend a pleasant evening while the city is gayest. To-morrow, after they have found Theresa, the three will start on a long journey. José and Theresa to their happiness, and Manuel to pay them a long visit.

So they went forth, arm in arm, and José was very gay for he felt that Theresa was near him. As they walked along he hummed the words:—

"The fairest fruit her hand hath plucked
"Tis for her lover all:
"Thither—yes, thither will I go
"To the rosy vale where the nightingale
"Singeth his song of woe."

They visited Perrejo's gambling hell and laughed at the perverseness with which the fickle goddess shunned them; they visited the gayest dance-halls and wine-gardens; the musicians played beautiful airs that José had never heard before; the very wine they drank seemed to take a rarer flavor from its surroundings and many a soft-eyed beauty smiled at the two handsome young men whose gay spirits and money seemed to have no end.

"Ah," said Don Manuel as he threw a kiss to a damsel whose lips were as red and evidently as fragrant as the famed roses of Istamboul, "are not the most beautiful women in the world around us to-night?"

"Yes," answered José, "except—wait until you have seen Theresa."

Finally they wandered down into a gloomier part of the city where the lower class of concert halls offered their rather doubtful attractions. Entering one of these they were immediately surrounded by young women smoking cigarettes and none the better for the wine they had drunk.

At one end of the hall was a small stage, with a single scene representing an Italian. On this stage some of the girls sang, free to time. In one corner of the room an old man was thrumming a guitar; the wine and *diente* flowed freely and the air was laden with cigarette smoke. José and his companion soon disgusted but they must stay, and eat and drink, and the girl on José's lap with a long list of loving words in his ear.

"How often do they sing?" he asked his companion, "I should like to hear *you* sing."

"I have just sung," said the girl. "I have a hateful thing to sing next. Oh she is so beautiful!"

Just then he stopped her. One of the girls had mounted the stage and was singing. He knew. Out into the hot, foul air came the words and the tune:—

"The rose looks out in the valley,
"And thither will I go,
"To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
"Singeth his song of woe."

José looked over his companion's shoulder and saw, on the stage, a creature—half painted and brazen, her eyes bleared, cheeks hollow and pale from many necessities, but nevertheless familiar. She wore a dirty, gaudy, spangled dress and ridiculous colored stockings. Her breasts were bare, and on the right one was an ugly scar. She was singing:—

"The virgin is on the river side,
"Plucking the lemons pale;
"Thither—yes, thither will I go
"To the rosy vale where the nightingale
"Singeth his song of woe."

José looked at the singer as in a dream. The face, the song, the—yes, it was Theresa! The beautiful brown had faded from her face and neck and shoulders, and they were pale now. Her freshness, too, was gone. Very little of her old beauty remained, but he was no mistaking the voice and the eyes and the hair.

Theresa! Theresa! She whom he had said good-bye, three short years ago was so beautiful there, before his eyes, one of the most beautiful lost women. What had been her trials in this cruel city? How had it been possible for

good and pure and beautiful to sink so low? No one will ever know the story. May God pity her in the end.

San Pilar and Father Badelon and the cottage and the little church at one end of the village, and the old croaking frog, at whom she had often laughed in her careless way, and the saucy kildee, and the cool river and the soft nights and the crickets' song and the old love are all lost memories to her now.

The Tehuacana is flowing peacefully along under the tall cottonwoods, and Father Badelon is sleeping near his little church, beneath the spot where he used to walk on Sunday afternoons. And Theresa?—well Theresa is no more. That

is not she who stands there singing, and laughing in a lewd way, among those ruffians and low women.

* * *

José pushed his companion from his lap and strode out into the darkness. As he turned up the street, the song of the harlot came to him, sweet and clear, on the night air, as in the other time:—

"The rose looks out in the valley,
"And thither will I go
"To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
"Singeth his song of woe."

William B. Cohen.

DISTANCE.

I was weary of the city,
For it seemed so old and gray,
So I wandered through its portals
To a hilltop far away;
Thence I looked and saw the spires
Of its myriad temples shine,
In the long, last rays of sunset,
With a beauty most divine.

If we could but see the lives we lead,
That seem so dull and bare,
As from some far distant hilltop
There were many glories there.

S. C. Brackett, '91.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

ANOTHER STUDY IN HAPPINESS.

By a Shallow Junior.

I CAN not see exactly why a man should want to sit down and study his happiness. I am thoroughly happy most of the time, but it never occurred to me to study my happiness until I read in the *Advocate* other men's studies in the subject. The causes of their moods appeared so utterly different from mine, that I determined to offer the *Advocate*, in all humility, a study of the latter. I begin with this explanation as an

apology for publishing a study of such an uninteresting kind of happiness, after the much higher varieties that have been expounded in this paper. I understand, however, that the *Advocate* wishes the views of all sorts and conditions of undergraduates, so perhaps those of a very ordinary citizen will be acceptable, if only as a contrast to the better expression of deeper thoughts.

I must confess the conclusion from my crude study is that I am happy, not because I am good, but because I am having a good time. I do not mean to imply that I am particularly bad; I am not. Nor am I a systematic loafer; I work fairly hard. But I take every opportunity of enjoying my college life, and I have a good many opportunities.

I never attempted to try my work by the standards of the world; tried by the standards of the college it usually brings me a C, a very quiet gentlemanly mark, nothing conspicuous about it. I would like to get on the rank list to please the family, and in one particular course to please myself. In that course, at the Finals, I will get a B, the Lord and the instructor willing. Once I got quite interested and excited over some high marks, and thought of becoming a candidate for honors; but upon cool and calm reflection I came to the conclusion that it would not pay. There are other things that I can acquire in college, as valuable as honors, and I should have to give them up if I became a candidate for a *magna cum*. For instance, I should lose my happiness, probably while trying for honors, possibly if I succeeded, certainly if I failed. I shall therefore continue contented with my C, or at most make a try for a *cum laude*.

I am surely interested in athletics, though not enough of an athlete to get on any of the teams. I have been in training for one of them for quite a long time, partly for public principle, partly for private benefit. I shall soon be turned off the team and then I shall play tennis or row every day for my own pleasure and exercise. Though I am not at all strong or athletic, my health is always perfect, and that I suppose is a great cause of my happiness.

I have done my best to help along one of the college papers. I have never helped it along very far I fear, but I think it is the duty of every man who can not serve his college on a team to do what he can for the papers. I do not get any pleasure out of the work for it is a great bore and uses up a lot of time, but I shall keep at it until I feel sure that my services are no longer required. I am sure that my editorship does not add to my happiness.

Though not rich, I have enough money to be perfectly comfortable. I do not think, however, that that has much to do with my happiness; I could be equally happy with less money. I room alone, and spend a good deal on pictures and other things that I could perfectly well get along without. I know lots of men quite as happy as I who have smaller allowances, and I am quite as happy as men who have much larger. I belong to two or three clubs and enjoy them immensely. I dare say I waste a great deal of time at them but they are good resting places, and meeting men is not always wasting time. I have a good room, and my friends have good rooms, so that I could be happy enough without my clubs, which, however, I must confess, are very pleasant. I go into society, in the invitation sense of the word, very little; no more, in fact, than is necessary to keep from offending various friends and relations. It is a good deal of nuisance to go into Boston and I can enjoy my spare time more at college.

Though I know and like many men, my friends are few, but they are enough, and they are my chief source of happiness. It took me two years to sift them out and secure them, and I succeeded in the process. Even if I never did anything else in college, I should consider my four years well spent in making the friends I have.

I have been told, and I fear it is true, that I am the kind of man who is a reproach to the University. I often realize that I am not working conscientiously; I get disgusted with myself for not accomplishing anything either in athletics or scholarship. At such times I feel rather blue. I never "mentally cudgel myself black and blue in bed" because I always go right to sleep and wake up, if I have luck, just in time to rush for my first recitation. Once, when roused by a sense of my lack of back-bone, I worked frantically for two months at everything. The result was that I was in a constant hurry and worry, saw nothing of my friends, made myself blue as indigo, and accomplished not a bit more than I did before. Finally, I came to the conclusion that it was no use trying to do more than my limited muscle and brains would

permit. I admit that I am a worthless specimen; I am sorry for it, but I am happy.

Somehow or other, I never have time to read outside of my courses and seldom inside of them. I go in to the theatre occasionally, more because "the crowd is going" than from any desire to see the play; I should never go alone. I am very fond of modern pictures, especially of certain subjects; but I do not care at all for the old masters, and I do not think I can tell the difference between a good picture and a bad one. I like tunes very much, but I do not appreciate classical music and know nothing of the subject. I should not know Beethoven's Fifth Symphony from his Eighteenth, and the only time I ever wanted to let tears drop on my

programme was when, in standing up to let some one go by, I stepped on my hat. I do not want any one for a moment to suppose that I have not the greatest respect for appreciation of the Fine Arts, or that I would not give a great deal to understand them myself. This is a confession, not an ignorant mockery.

To sum up, I am keeping well, making good friends, studying enough to become a good citizen and a fairly well educated gentleman, learning more in books and men than I could anywhere else, and having a royal good time. Under such conditions it would be strange if any one were not happy and I shall always advise any boy to go to Harvard and do likewise.

MILTON.

GREECE had her Homer, Troy's commemorator,
Who told of Greeks and Trojan's mingled war.
The Roman poet sang of arms and the hero
Seeking his city and the Lavinian shore.
But greater far the Saxon who could tell
How those who fell from Heaven, created Hell.

The grand, blind Puritan, whose sightless vision
Saw more than any perfect human eyes,
Might picture fierce and awful war in Heaven,
And sing of Satan fallen from the skies.
When such a spirit drove the mighty pen
It scorned to write the paltry deeds of men.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

A FRIEND once related to me an incident of the Crimean war which may bear repetition. It ran some like this.

It was during the siege of Sebastopol. A young Englishman was stationed in the city as war correspondent for the "London Standard." The city was under the surveillance of severe military rule, and it was a most dangerous piece of business to try to evade, in the slightest degree, the restrictions imposed by the military authorities. It was especially forbidden any one to send from the city despatches, even of the most innocent kind, before an inspection was made of them by the officers detailed for the day. Thus

it was, that all the correspondents for foreign papers were obliged to put their despatches in the hands of the officers before sending them. The inspection was frequently delayed several hours, and sometimes it was a day after the articles had been written, before they reached their destination in London.

It was the account of a sudden and victorious sortie made by the besiegers that the young English reporter determined to send to his paper in London, without waiting for the usual inspection. It was a dangerous experiment on his part, but if he should succeed, he knew that the "Standard's" account would be fully a day

ahead of those of the other papers, and that his own advancement on the staff of correspondents would be ensured.

He was caught in the very act of sending the despatches, and thrown into a dungeon of the prison which was situated immediately under the house of the military governor of the city. He was told that the penalty for his offence was death, and that he would be shot at dawn of the next morning. As he lay there in the darkness of early evening, he heard the sound of music coming from rooms of the governor's house far above him. He sent for his jailer and asked what the music was for. The jailer told him that it was being played at the birthday ball of the governor's young daughter. The prisoner, whom we shall call Bronson, sent for the governor and asked him if he might be allowed to spend his last night on earth at the ball. It was a strange request, but the governor granted it when Bronson gave his word of honor that he would not try to escape.

Bronson dressed himself in the uniform of a lieutenant of the guards, and was then led by the governor up to the ball-room. The governor told his daughter that there was a young Englishman who was to start at dawn on a most diffi-

cult and dangerous mission from which he might not return alive, and he asked her to be as kind as possible to him during the course of the ball.

Bronson was introduced to the girl, and danced with her many times during the evening. The ball had just broken up, almost all the guests had gone, and the grey of dawn was just beginning to show itself, as Bronson stood talking with the young girl. At that moment the governor came into the room, and walking up to the pair, said to Bronson, "come, it is time you started." The young Englishman said good-bye to the girl, and at parting she gave him her handkerchief as a remembrance of the ball. He took it, and going down into the court-yard a few rods away, found the file of soldiers with muskets ready loaded. He took his position, and when all was ready, he gave the signal himself by dropping the handkerchief. The soldiers fired.

As the young girl, still standing in the ball-room, heard the report of the muskets, she said, "They are giving a salute to the brave soldier, as he starts on his journey."

T. W. Lamont.

LOVE AND DUTY.

BY the side of one of the sandy roads of New England, there stands an old white house, to which, not many years ago, a blacksmith's shop was added. At first the new white paint on the shop gave evidence of the exact line of separation between the two buildings; but of late a great vine has been spreading its impartial branches over house and shop alike, and to the casual observer the effect is that of a single building. In front of the house are beds of flowers, bright with the varying reds, blues and yellows which country people love so well. The house is low, and looks cosy and homelike.

Though the house and shop have come to be almost identical, there is one respect in which they differ widely. The house is nearly always

perfectly still. You would scarcely think it was inhabited, were it not for an occasional low voice, scarcely audible in the road, or a woman's hand adjusting some of the geraniums in the window boxes. The smithy on the other hand, is never quiet, except at meal times;—and the clinkety-clink of the hammer, as it falls again and again on the anvil can be heard a great way off. The shop is small, and arranged with scrupulous neatness. There is no heap of old iron lying uselessly in the same place into which it was thrown ten years before. Everything is bright and clean, and everything is in its place.

The blacksmith is not one's ideal of a blacksmith at all. He has no massive arms nor grimy face, nor has he a herculean frame. He

is tall with shoulders a little stooping, because of his trade, arms sinewy but not large, and a calm brow with gentle blue eyes beneath it; and altogether, for a descendant and pupil of Vulcan, he bears very little resemblance to that deity. He moves slowly, and seems listless; though on occasion he can wield the great hammer which stands in the corner, with ease and dexterity. Somehow he seems to bear with him a grief that is present wherever he goes. What can have happened to him? What has made him so gloomy?

For twenty-seven years Joseph Graham, "Joe, the blacksmith," as he is called, has lived in the old white house. There he first saw the light, and there his father, a long time ago, first saw the light, too. Beyond that it boots not for us to trace his genealogy. Joe never does. His father before him was a blacksmith. He plied his trade half a mile up the road; but when he died and Joe came into the business, the young man had the new shop built, and there he has been ever since. He lives in the old house with his aunt and grandmother, and a very quiet life he leads. Up every morning at half past five, — breakfast, — work, — dinner, — work, — supper, — bed. What a stupid existence! you say. Yes so it is, and so Joe finds it.

When he was ten years old, Joe was the most ambitious little fellow in the neighborhood. No height of grandeur was too lofty for this young giant, who seemed disposed to scale the heavens. He was a determined student at school, and led his class, for he wanted, he said, to prepare for his future greatness. He had fully made up his mind that he would be a lawyer, and at fourteen he organized a debating society in which he was the most prominent speaker, for the less ambitious rural youths could not be prevailed upon even to open their mouths.

As manhood came on, Joe began to grow serious. It was all very well to make up his mind to be the best lawyer in the state; but where the money to pay for his education? His father was an honest blacksmith, who just succeeded in making both ends meet. He had once put a hundred dollars in the savings bank, and felt glad if he could keep it there. Joe had made up his mind to teach school, and get through

college somehow, by hook or by crook, when suddenly his father died. There was a quiet funeral; and the next day, Joe, who had been filling his father's place at the anvil for several weeks, went down to the shop, and begun his work there. At the end of a year he built a new shop close to the house, so as to be "handy to the old folks" as he said;—and there he has been ever since.

His dream of being a lawyer had not faded from his mind; but present needs offset future ideals. And so the years went on. Business was not very promising on the quiet New England road, and he paid the expenses of his aunt and grandmother,—his mother had died when he was a child,—and felt proud when he got through each year with that same old hundred dollars still safe in the bank. And gradually his dreams of future greatness faded away; the blacksmith's hard work does not foster one's youthful ideals; so the ambitious young man grew a little more languid in his movements, and a little more commonplace in his ambitions till,—something happened.

Not far up the road from where the Grahams live there stands a little stone house covered with ivy. Here there dwelt, three years ago, a man named Upham with his wife, and his daughter, a girl of nineteen. A very pretty daughter she was, and straight as a reed; though she was by no means tall. Her brown hair, brushed back from her forehead, set off to advantage her interesting face and kindly brown eyes. Altogether she was quite remarkable for a simple country girl. Her father had been well off; but he had lost money in a foolish speculation, and, as is often the case, when his pecuniary resources gave way, his physical powers relapsed also. His daughter, Alice, tended him carefully, and by so doing won the hearts of the country folk, who regard it as one of the most sacred duties of those in good health to take care of the insane and infirm.

As may be imagined, Alice found plenty of admirers from the neighborhood; and one of them, looked upon with some favor, too, was Joe Graham. Joe had made up his mind not to marry. He knew he could not support a family of his own in addition to his aunt and

grandmother ; but he had an irresistible temptation to go to see Alice, and so he used to go, fondly persuading himself that he did not want to marry her, but that it was only a neighborly call. And when he was there, her eyes seemed to look right through him, and her voice set him crazy, and altogether he felt as if he would be willing to die for her. And after this he would walk home and reason his feelings into submission.

One Sunday afternoon, Joe was taking a tramp through the woods. He liked the fresh air and the cool shade of the trees, so different from his hot and dusty shop ; so towards evening on Sundays, he used to take a quiet stroll for a mile or two.

He called it "going to his Sunday afternoon church." And certainly if one hears the singing of the birds and the swaying of the branches with a reverent spirit, and thinks of the great source of these and many other blessings, there is little reason to doubt that a "Sunday afternoon church" may prove as beneficial as a Sunday morning one. In the house of prayer one hears a man give his views about his maker,—outdoors, one gets his inspiration first hand.

Joe had walked for some time this evening, and was resting, leaning with his hand against the trunk of a tree, while he watched the sunset across the waters of a beautiful lake which lay close by, surrounded by wooded hills. The sun went down in solitary grandeur with scarce a cloud near by to keep it company, while the distant south and east were lighted up with a fading light. Joe had a spark of poetry in him, and poets love a sunset ; so he stood, watching the last ray fading from a cloud far to the south, long after the sun had gone down. Suddenly he heard the splash of an oar, and in another moment he saw Alice Upham rowing leisurely round a bend of the lake. He did not move a muscle, but stood watching her.

She was a graceful girl, and every stroke she took was well executed, while it seemed to Joe a miracle of precision and dexterity. On she came with slow and even strokes till she was nearly opposite him, and then she stopped. The oar-locks creaked, and she dipped the

leathers of her oars into the water to soften them, and stop the disagreeable noise. She looked very graceful to Joe, as she leaned over the side, intent on her work. Suddenly one of the oars slipped from her hand, she reached out for it, touched it, but could not grasp it, stretched out still further, and losing her balance fell out of the boat. A slight scream, a brief struggle, and she had sunk.

It was only the work of a few moments for Joe to plunge into the water, swim out, and return laden with his precious freight. He raised Alice in his arms when he reached the shore, and looked down at her face. She had lost consciousness ; but he could hear her deep, regular breathing and was not anxious about her. How sweet she looked, as he held her there with her head resting on his arm. He glanced around anxiously to see if anyone was in sight, and then quickly, as if afraid that a moment's time might take away the privilege, he leaned down and kissed her pale lips,—then he coughed slightly, took a new hold of his burden, walked rapidly to the little stone house, and surrendered Alice, who was still unconscious, to the care of her mother.

Joe did not come home till late that evening. He kept walking up and down the road, thinking, thinking, thinking, till it seemed as if his heart would break. Yes, he loved Alice. There was no hiding that from himself now. But he must not think of marrying her. He had all he could do to support his grandmother and aunt ; he could not afford to have a family of his own. "Why cannot I be like the other young men?" thought the poor fellow. "They marry when and whom they will. What a dear wife Alice would be, to wait for me when I come in of an evening. Ah, well ! I must think of it no more. I will never marry.—Never, never, never !" he shouted till the still night echoed with his voice. At last with a heavy heart he turned and walked down the road to the little white house where his grandmother was awaiting him.

"Why Joseph Graham !" she said as he came silently into the house, "you're as wet as a fish !"

"Never mind, Granny, I'm going to bed.

Good-night!" and he was off upstairs without another word.

The good old woman looked ruefully at the cold chicken and currant jelly that she had arranged for his supper, then cleared the table and put away the food. "He can have it for his breakfast, the dear boy," she said by way of comforting herself.

The next morning at six o'clock. Joe's hammer was heard clinking away merrily just as usual. His heart was more like the anvil than the hammer; it suffered many blows and endured them all patiently. All day he worked, combating his desire to walk up the road and ask after Alice. Finally, late in the afternoon he decided to go. He sauntered up to the Upham's house, went in without knocking, and found Alice sitting in the parlor alone. He walked slowly up to her, and they shook hands.

"I wanted to find out how you were, Alice," he said slowly.

"You are very kind. Mother says you saved my life yesterday. I am very, very grateful to you."

Joe stood looking down, with his hat in his hand, and neither spoke for some time. Then he said:—

"Well, good-bye, Alice. I may not see you again very soon, so—so—good-bye." He shook

her hand and went out. She stood at the window watching his tall figure as it disappeared from sight. "If I should ever make another call on her, I should ask her to marry me," said Joe to himself. "I must never go there again." And he never did.

A few months afterwards the Uphams moved away to New York State. Some rich relations of theirs had died, and they had been left a fortune and a large house on the Hudson River. They moved away, and Joe has never seen Alice since that day.

So Joe still works on at the old trade, and lives on in the old house. Three years have gone by since he has seen or heard of Alice Upham; but he has not forgotten her, nor will he. His grandmother and aunt still make much of him and he of them; but he has grown old fast in those three years. Sometimes as he stands in the woods on Sunday afternoons he wonders if Alice could have ever loved him; if they might not have married, if things had only been a little different; what a sweet little wife she would have made, if he could only have had the right to win her; if—

And there we will leave him, watching the ripples of the lake, and the clouds lit up by the dying glory of the setting sun.

A GLIMPSE OF HARVARD IN 1674.

ON the first of July, 1674, Harvard College was in a buzz of excitement. The scholars, instead of attending to their studies as the strict rules of the College required, were collected in little knots eagerly discussing some important event that was about to take place. The sober faces of the professors and of the members of the Corporation, who, clad in their black robes of office, now and then hurried across the Yard to the President's room, looked even more stern than usual. At last the President, Reverend Increase Mather, scarcely heeding the respectful salutes of the scholars, walked hastily toward his office. The excitement grew more intense as the President disappeared; the groups

crowded together in front of the main building awaiting with eager expectancy his reappearance. A few minutes later the College bell rang out slowly and dismally. With the first strokes, the doors swung open and a solemn procession came forth; the Reverend Increase Mather himself led the way, then members of the Corporation, Mr. Danforth, Governor Stoughton, Mr. Thacher and Justice Sewall. As they approached the excitement of the crowd broke forth into suppressed cries. Close behind the Corporation, and followed by the professors, walked a trembling student who hung his head so low that his face was quite hidden by the loose black robe of disgrace that he wore.

Half in sympathy for the culprit, half in indignation at his crime, the cries were hushed and perfect silence reigned until he had passed. Then the scholars fell in behind the procession that with measured pace moved toward the Library.

It was a solemn assemblage that gathered in the Library that morning; the students ranged about the room, sat in breathless awe; in the centre were the stern Puritans that governed the College; and before them the culprit stood trembling and hiding his face. Amidst the deepest silence Reverend Increase Mather rose and read the accusation.

"Thomas Sargent, scholar, having been examined before the Corporation, is convicted of using blasphemous words concerning the H. G.; it is determined that he be publicly whipped before all the scholars, that he be suspended as to his taking his degree of Bachelour; that he sit alone by himself in the Hall uncovered at meals, during the pleasure of the President and Fellows, and be in all things obedient, doing what exercise is appointed him by the President, or else be finally expelled the Colledge."

"That ye may see the execution of this sentence," continued the President, "and thereby receive strength and warning, that ye may hereafter shun the Wickedness of the World and resist the Wiles of the Devil, we have summoned you hither."

The account given by Samuel Sewall in his diary, though short, is interesting. "Prayer was then had by the President," he says; "He (Thomas Sargent) then kneeled and the instrument Goodman Hely attended to the President's word as to the performance of his part of the work."

A long prayer was offered by the President, imploring Divine forgiveness for the miserable sinner, and asking that strength be given those in authority to do their duty with sternness. The culprit was made to kneel and the black robe was stripped from his shoulders. At the command of Reverend Mr. Mather, a sturdy fellow, Goodman Hely by name, stepped forth and laid on twenty-five sharp blows with a thick rattan. The victim writhed at first as the stick stung his naked back, but soon his Puritan blood was aroused and he bore the pain with proud indifference. At last the whipping was over, and the black robe was thrown about him again.

"Prayer was again had by Mr. Mather," continues Samuel Sewall, "Mr. Thatcher Commonplac'd; subject Justification. He had a good solid piece; stood above an hour, yet brake of it before he came to any use."

Worst of tortures! to be whipped and then preached to! Even the devout Judge Sewall, whose stern religion condemned to death many a witch, and whose chief delight was in moral discussions and in sermons, confessed that, in the weakness of his flesh, he grew tired of this "solid piece" of Mr. Thatcher. When this worthy man finished, the procession was again formed and the aching and disgraced Thomas Sargent was conducted to the President's room, where after a final word of exhortation he was set free. Judge Sewall ends his account with a few words of the great moral worth of the punishment, both upon the offender and upon the Scholars in general; and a lament that "publick notice had not been given, so that more of those outside the Colledge might have witnessed this edifying spectacle."

Frederick S. Duncan.

BOOKS.

SOUL OF THE FAR EAST. By Percival Lowell. Houghton & Mifflin, Boston. \$1.25.

Mr. Lowell is already known from his interesting book on the mystical Corea, "the hermit country." In the book before us he has given us a description of Japan and China as entertaining as the other book, and far more original than any book of travel and description

which we have seen. What he attempts to show is the underlying traits in Eastern character and constitutions, and in this he has succeeded admirably. The book is a succession of witty epigrams going straight to the bottom of things and pointing out the material and racial characteristics in the most brilliant way. "Impersonality" Mr. Lowell takes as being the key-note of

the Oriental. He strikes this in his very first chapter on Individuality. In discussing the family he points out how the impersonal principle shows itself; a baby is only permitted to have a birthyear not a birthday; a man's life in the East only really begins when he is dead.

When he discusses the subject of language, wit sparkles in every sentence. He shows how personal pronouns are never used. Instead of I, he, you, the Eastern says "the augustness" "that honorable side." So in art following the impersonal, a bough of a cherry tree is more often the Eastern subject than the portrayal of man.

So on throughout the book every sentence is suggestive and pointed. In fact the constant pressing or rush of epigrammatical, neat antitheses, of sparkling generalizations, sometimes makes the reader wish for a calmer style. But on the whole, despite some few instances where exact truth may be sacrificed for the sake of a good antithesis, the book will lead the reader to a clearer appreciation of the Eastern world life.

AMERICAN LITERATURE, 1607-1885. By Charles F. Richardson, Professor of English Literature in Dartmouth College. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 vols.

THE publishers should have the gratitude of students of Literature and general readers for producing so fine an edition of Professor Richardson's work. The book is a credit to the writer and to the nation and has a grand future before it. It is a most thoughtful and suggestive work on American literature that has been published, a book in which the author has approached his task in the spirit of a true critic—wise, philosophical and just.

The book takes up in an opening chapter the consideration of early verse making in America, and then goes on to speak of the tones and tendencies of American verse, the belated beginning of fiction, the lesser novelists and the later movements in American fiction. We cannot forbear to quote one passage from one of the last pages in the book. "Life was field enough for Shakespeare, and ought to be for nineteenth century novelists. But Shakespeare did not forget the romantic, the ideal, and even the supernatural, in his treatment of human life, which was far indeed from that of Tolstoi or Tourguéneff. What is the life that the novelist is to describe? Is it action, movement, story? or is it existence, attitude, pictorial

representation? Again, which is the more important, the thing told or the way of telling it? The former; because all art is grounded on the necessity that the subject should have some reason for existence and delineation. Last of all, what is life itself? The career of upward moving souls, answers the chorus of the world's greatest authors, in fiction as in every other department of literature. Man always has been and always will be a creature of ambition, hope, love, enthusiasm, and the idea of duty; thus, only, by rectitude and hope, can he explain the mystery of life, and look forward with confidence to "the long day of eternity."

A BRIEF HISTORY OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY. By B. C. Burt, M. A. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1889. pp. xiv; 296.

MR. BURT has written a convenient short history of Greek philosophy from the earliest period down to the Neo-platonists. In a clear and interesting way he gives sketches of the philosophers with brief and suggestive criticisms. One excellent feature is the careful references to the original sources and to other histories of philosophy. The book will be useful to teachers for a text-book, and to general readers as well.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BARRERE, ALBERT, *Editor*. Lamartine's "Jeanne d'Arc; with notes and a vocabulary. D. C. Heath & Co.

WELLS, BENJAMIN W., *Editor*. Schiller's Jungfrau von Orleans; with an introduction and notes. D. C. Heath & Co.

RUNKLE, JOHN D. Elements of Plane Analytic Geometry. Ginn and Company. 1888.

SCARTAZZINI, GIOVANNI A. A Handbook to Dante. Translated from the Italian, with notes and additions by Thomas Davidson. Ginn and Company. 1887. pp. viii; 315.

SHUTTS, G. C. Teacher's Handbook of Arithmetic. Ginn & Co. Boston.

SUPER, O. B., *Editor*. Emile Souvestre's "Confessions d'un Ouvrier." D. C. Heath & Co. Boston.

ALEXANDER, WILLIAM JOHN. "Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning." Ginn & Co. Boston.

HARDY, A. S. Elements of Analytic Geometry. Ginn & Co. Boston.

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

Jan. 25. Elected to the Fencing Club: R. H. Davis, '91; A. P. Emmons, '90; J. H. Walker, '91; F. Weed, '90; W. Woodworth, '88; C. Green, '89; J. C. Barr, '90.

Jan. 27. Service in Appleton Chapel. Rev. Wm. McVickar, D. D.

Feb. 8. Meeting of the American College Base-Ball Association at Parker's.

Feb. 9. The 'Eighty-nine board retires from the *Crimson*.

Feb. 10. Service in Appleton Chapel. Sermon by Dr. McKenzie.

Feb. 11. Lecture by Professor Wright in Sever 11. "Homer in Greek life and thought."

Feb. 12. College Conference meeting. Mr. Wolcott talked on the resolutions of the Overseers. Professor Cohn gave an informal talk to the "Conférence Française."

Feb. 13. Professor Wright lectured in Sever 11. "Study of Homer."

Mr. Villard lectured under the auspices of the "Deutscher Verein." Germany of To-day.

Annual meeting of the New England Alumni Association of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity at Parker's.

Feb. 13. Semi-annual meeting of the St. Paul's Society

The following men were elected officers: President E. Sturgis, '90; Vice-president, G. Rublee, '90. Secretary, C. G. Page, '90; Treasurer, T. W. Balch '90; Librarian, A. V. Woodworth, '91.

Feb. 14. Vesper services in Appleton Chapel. Address by Rev. Alexander McKenzie.

Harvard Union Debate. "Resolved that the annexation of Canada would be for the best interests of the United States." Vote: Affirmative, 8; negative, 11.

Proposed formation of an English Club.

Banjo Club at Music Hall.

Feb. 15. Dr. J. R. Wheeler lectured in Jefferson Physical Laboratory on "The Acropolis of Athens."

Feb. 16. Mandolin Club at the studio of Boston Art Students' Association.



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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOLUME XLVII.—No. III.

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., APRIL 2, 1889.

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XLVII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., APRIL 2, 1889.

No. III.

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THE WEEK.

ON the twenty-sixth of March last the faculty voted to require all students to register before twelve o'clock on the first day after the Christmas and April recesses.

For the last year or so there has been a kind of reaction in some quarters from the liberal character of the system we have established. This movement has arisen to a large extent from the agitation without the walls of Harvard. Our life here has been described as a colorless, *laissez-faire* sort of existence; positively vicious even; we are said to be indifferent, aimless, idle; one enlightened gentleman has sneered at Harvard training as capable only of turning out a body of carefully sophisticated dudes, and has declared he should be very much at a loss in choosing between Harvard and Hades as a place to send a son. The infection has reached even the overseers, till they have joined the general hue and cry and have recommended to the faculty a rod and pickle with which to watch over their student protégés. Now, what does all this mean? Simply that our peculiar system has not met with approval in some quarters. Any effort, whether within or without the college, that aims at inculcating in the students greater manliness and earnestness of work, can meet

with nothing but praise. But in the malicious taunts of outsiders, and in the remarkable resolutions of the overseers we see a far less innocent motive. We see nothing but a tacit doubt as to the efficacy of our system, and an open effort to go back to the old way at least in some directions. Now, what answers have the faculty made to all this? They have met, they have discussed, and argued, and still, but for this last resolution, we remain, just where we have been for the last month or two, in an uncertain and equivocal position. In the face of the floods of unjust and hostile criticism we hold it to be our bounden duty to stand firm and depart not one jot from the system we have established, unless we would acknowledge all a failure from beginning to end. If the faculty have passed this resolution from their own belief that there exists a laxity of discipline that should be remedied, whether that resolution be wise or not, we say well and good. But we confess this action looks to us woefully like a sop to Cerberus. This we protest against. We do not deny that there is a germ of truth in the charges brought against us, but we strenuously object to tacking upon a university like ours a set of petty, stringent rules, that bring back to our minds our old-boarding-school days where we were used to tell the time by what we were doing. It is because this new resolution of the faculty seems to be an earnest of some such state of things as this that we look on it with suspicion. It looks decidedly as if the faculty were merely yielding to pressure from without: and if they take one step in this direction why should we not expect them to take several more. The comparatively negative character of this resolution and the delay about taking any decided action on the vote of the overseers certainly points in that direction. Our opinions as to these latter have been too often expressed to

need repeating here. We simply reassert that in principle we think such measures as the overseers recommend are an abandonment of the policy we have adopted.

As to the resolution itself, it is not particularly bad. There certainly has been much laxity among students in regard to their attendance, especially before and after vacations. We see no earthly reason why a vacation beginning on Monday should necessarily entitle a man to the previous Friday and Saturday; nor why a vacation closing on Tuesday should give Wednesday and Thursday as days of grace. On the other hand we may fairly say that men do not cut at the beginning and end of a recess out of pure wilfulness, and wantonness of spirit. We think there is usually very good excuses for cutting. Vacations are absurdly short. We trust it is not the faculty's intention to make men spend the whole of their recesses in Cambridge. But, as vacations go nowadays, this is what the resolution just passed practically amounts to. A man who lives as far west as Chicago, even, finds about a third of his recess used up on the railroad, and manages at the best to get only about four days at home. It will not be worth a man's while to go home at all, unless, while the vacations are no longer than at present, he can cut a few days at the beginning and end of the recess. We perfectly well recognize the necessity of some discipline in the matter. If the authorities say that vacation is to close on a certain day it is absolutely absurd for a man with impunity to lengthen out the recess according to his own taste. While men are in college their presence is of course necessary: and any reasonable measures the faculty may take to affect this purpose are justifiable. But such action should be within reasonable limits, so that a man may feel himself compelled to remain in Cambridge rather by his sense of responsibility than from obligation. If it is to be made a heinous offense not to be in Cambridge the day after vacation we have a right to demand that our vacations be of respectable length. It is surely not unreasonable that a man should wish to spend a week at home once or twice during the college term. So many of us have the privilege of visiting our families

whenever we choose, we are apt to forget that there are more than a few men to whom this opportunity is denied save at vacation time. It is certainly a harsh rule that denies them such an opportunity altogether. We admit the principle of the resolution is indisputably correct; but we protest against it as rank injustice unless it be accompanied by longer recesses.

Having heard many men of late complain of an unusual number of special reports, we feel called upon to protest against undue extension of the system. To begin with; what is the object of the special report? The object of the special report, as far as we can discover, is to train men in the use of the library—to accustom them to sift out valuable items from masses of material—to encourage original conclusions from individual research—in short to inculcate the habit of careful, first-handed investigation. That all of these advantages might be derived from the system, and that it might awaken a fresh interest in college work, is not to be doubted. We are not objecting to the use of special reports; we are protesting against the abuse of them. That such an abuse exists, that these individual researches are becoming exasperatingly frequent and difficult seems beyond a question. The cavils of outsiders, and the doubts of the overseers, if they have done nothing else have served to sow the seeds of an almost truculent activity among our instructors. It would seem as if every instructor felt himself individually referred to in the various complaints of laxity of discipline that have been brought against us. One would think that hitherto all our professors have been blind and that the scales have but now dropped from their eyes, from the reckless manner in which they are heaping Ossa on Pelion. Not to mention hour examinations we are fairly buried under a perfect mass of these special reports. Four years ago the courses in which they were customary were extremely rare; now they are the regular thing in the majority of courses. We know of no more uncomfortable position than that of the man, who struggles vainly with a half-dozen of these relentless reports, by a superhuman effort finishes a couple on time,

to find two or three courses several weeks ears. His reports done, he must fall to and main on the regular work he has started. As a result every day we see men have so much staring them in the face they do little more than moan over their hard It is no answer to say that every man can have or six hours in which to do some individual research,—the matter is far more formidable.

Subjects are frequently assigned for a man must take at least a day or two in finding his authorities, which, when found, be pored over a solid week. We have in at the moment an unfortunate man who has his special reports due within three weeks. One of these, a particularly tangled affair, he has worked till he is nearly distracted. He has thrown whole courses by the board, he has been freed from the dust of the stack vast number of volumes, from each of which he has culled perhaps a sentence: and after all he is not ready to start. It will take two weeks before he can get his material into satisfactory shape. This may be an exceptional case but it stands for a serious evil. We hold that reports are being carried altogether too far. The special report usurps the place the regular itself should occupy. We protest against turning the whole system of individual research into the ground. Instructors must remember that men have something more besides working on one pet course. With a look after we object to spending more than half our time on one. The object of the special report is lost when it grows burdensome. Suppose we are right to take the carefulness of the individual investigation as the chief thing to be derived from the system. Now, if the report becomes a drag, slovenly reports will follow, and thus much valuable time will be wasted that might have been far more profitably employed elsewhere. How is it possible for a man to take any interest in his work, when he knows that it is being carelessly done, and that, by putting him ahead, it is actually hindering and retarding him? What earthly benefit can be derived from a special report that takes up so much time that the good to be derived from the course itself is materially less-

ened? It is false reasoning to say that by this system of special research work is got from men, who would otherwise do nothing. Must the faithful suffer along with the remiss? It is all very well to take measures to force men to do careful work. Nobody can approve of such measures more highly than ourselves. But moderation must be used, else the bow may be bent too far, and snap. However well intentioned men may be, they are not going to get themselves into hot water, if possible, and the result will be that they will avoid courses, however valuable, in which it is known the instructor is liable to assign much special work. And, we confess, we think such conduct would be perfectly justifiable. If the instructor makes these special reports a customary part of his course, and proportions the regular work accordingly, well and good. Unfortunately they do not only, in many cases, assign the reports unexpectedly, but worse still, where the reverse is true, they are by no means in the habit of making a corresponding diminution of the regular work. The result is that the system is, in our opinion, carried greatly to excess, and men are overburdened with work.

We take occasion here to emphasize a sentiment expressed in the *Crimson* of a few days ago relative to certain unfortunate conflicts between some of the college courses—notably between Fine Arts and Philosophy in 1889-90. Of course the re-arrangement of the schedule is an arduous task, and must inevitably result in some conflicts, which, were it possible, would better be avoided. For this reason any harsh criticism of the committee who have the schedule in charge would be unjust. No doubt their duty often forces them to a choice between evils, and the lesser of these must in general be borne. It would indeed be strange could all the individual tastes of the students be gratified. Yet it seems to us highly important that the particular conflict in question should if possible be avoided. Not least among the valuable impressions of college life is the recollection of a professor's personality, and the lifelong stamp left upon the student by the instructor's manner and character. The cherished reminiscences of the

graduate are reminiscences of his favorite professor. Now there are probably no two courses in college which grant more latitude to the professor's individuality than Fine Arts and Philosophy. In fact their strength lies almost wholly in his personality. From their very nature, therefore, they are courses which the undergraduate, except in individual instances, ought to defer until his senior year, when he may bring to bear all the accumulated breadth of three full years of study. They are primarily courses which tend toward breadth of view, and hence, far more than language, science or mathematics, are fitted to polish the student's education, to exert upon him not only a pleas-

ant, but also a lasting, refining influence. Surely the time for such studies is when the college student stands nearest maturity. It is therefore desirable, at least in the eyes of many, that these two courses should be made elective together in the senior year, and already from many quarters we have heard the wish expressed by members of the class of '90 that they might elect both Fine Arts and Philosophy for their coming senior year. In consequence we feel justified in mentioning the matter thus early and in expressing the hope that a change in the arrangement of these courses may prove practicable.

A STRANGE CASE OF HEREDITY.

FOR once in its history the little village of Backton was actually excited. Society scandal, to be sure, occasionally ruffled its quiet, and at such times the whole county was agog; but it was seldom that news of the outside world made such a stir, and this was one of those rare occasions. Then, too, the news was of one of their own townsmen, and that but served to increase the excitement. It seemed almost too strange to be true, and yet, coming as it did from the great university town, its truth must not be questioned. There was no doubt about it; Harry Waite had been made a professor at the University: professor of Fine Arts, they said; but the villagers having known him all his boyhood would have been far less incredulous had the rumor been Black Arts. To be sure, as the farmers now admitted, "he *was* a likely youngster"; but Harry Waite a professor? the idea was preposterous. The truth is the word professor inspired too much awe in the minds of the villagers. Alas! now, for the poor girls who had jilted him in his boyhood. Their's was a sad fate; and yet, in justice to them, there is no denying that he was awkward and homely beyond his fellows. Still, there was a little pang at the thought of their harsh treatment, and when they read

The County Crier, as all the village did that week, the poor girls wished inwardly that they might have just one more chance to redeem themselves.

At length the last lingering doubts were silenced by the arrival at Squire Waite's of a letter from Harry, telling in full how his good fortune had come about. Two years before, in the early part of his senior year,—he begged their pardon for not having told them, but the matter had really seemed very trivial until now—he had dreamed word for word an essay upon the abstract subject of Beauty, all except the very close, that was wanting. The two following days passed with his dream still imprinted on his mind, and hour by hour the realization grew upon him that the essay was certainly worth writing out. At length, therefore, he conquered his timidity, and trusting to his memory virtually copied the words of his dream—all except the end—for that he was forced to rely upon his native powers of thought. Finally, after many erasures and fresh attempts, he patched up an ending which, although it was far from satisfactory, yet seemed to be the best of which he was capable. A month, however, passed, during which the essay lay neglected in a drawer, before he finally ventured to offer it

sm to a kind-hearted professor who especially friendly to him. The week which followed ended with Waite's a note, requesting him to call upon professor to talk over with him the essay on

The following evening, at the ap- me, Waite made his way up the steps and trembling and was received very by the professor. He had read the l devoured it—in a word he was de- ith it, and, although he disbelieved in pliments, he was in justice forced to was the most thoughtful and in many most remarkable piece of undergradu- he had ever seen. He really would rivilege of showing it to some other of the faculty. Meanwhile he strongly Waite to persevere in a field of study he had shown remarkable aptitude.

quest was of course cheerfully granted, e went home completely dazed with ected success. "The most remark- e of undergraduate work I have ever pt ringing in his ears—"Remarkable, le."

l as he was not to blow his own trum- ews of Waite's sudden dignity leaked ig the students, and as many as re- om whispering confidentially in their n's ear, "I told you so," were heard to 'I'm glad of it; Waite's a good fel- Such is the style of college judge-

soon became the intellectual lion of admired of his fellows, and a close n of the faculty. The whole Uni- reed, in so far as they knew his recent at, despite a comparative weakness at it was delightful, excellent. Mean- was universally remarked to his credit ore his new honors with becoming

From this time forward Waite spent e hours in the association of learned r at a reception given in honor of some erateur, now at dinner with Professor s, and now in a quiet chat in the study ewly acquired friend. All the time, which he could spare from his duties gladly to the study of the Fine Arts

for which his passion rapidly grew as he ad- vanced. The close of his senior year found him, therefore, a devotee of beauty and culture, with a determination to make them his life study. All the energies of his post graduate year were bent in this direction, and though he seldom produced anything as a result of his labors, his conversation and the few short essays which he wrote showed him to be a marked man. In intellectual circles he was a growing favorite, and it was therefore no surprise to his friends to hear, shortly after the death of Prof. Beauxarts, that Mr. Harry Waite had been ap- pointed assistant professor of Fine Arts, with permission from the University to study abroad two years before assuming his college duties.

Of course Squire Waite and his wife were overjoyed at the news of their son's success. They had known all along that Harry was a fellow of more than ordinary ability, and, though he had been somewhat of a flyaway in his boyhood, they were sure at the time that that very trait was a mark of genius and future greatness. As for the villagers, they seemed sorry that the mystery of the affair was finally cleared up; yet they were glad that their town had been so honored by the outside world, and the few politicians among them who were ac- customed to gather nightly at the village inn felt more sanguine than ever of their recog- nition in the coming state campaign.

The two years of Waite's study passed quickly, and he returned to the University more fully in love with his subject than ever. Upon assuming his lecture-room duties he found him- self, of course, a little embarrassed—always conscious of himself, and fearful, to a large degree needlessly, that his hearers were watch- ing with critical eye his every effort. Gradu- ally, however, this feeling wore away, and gave place to a flow of speech which easily showed him to be a thoroughly cultivated man and a master of his subject. Year by year he continued unremittingly his studies, attending, of course, as a matter of culture to his varied social duties, but above all a scholar and an authority whose opinion was much sought and trusted. His untiring energy, too, bore fruit in the popularity among the students of his

courses. Even closing his mind to the meaning the hearer listened with delight to his polished flow of words, and words and thought together were justly retained as among the brightest of the graduate's college memories.

During his years of work Prof. Waite found time to give to the world the results of his labors. After six years of professorship he published his work on *Ancient Art*, which gained for him an international reputation, and this was followed somewhat later by a book entitled *Mediaeval Architecture* and a short treatise on *The Present and Future of American Art*. The current magazines of the day, also, received varied contributions from his pen.

But, as in the case of many men of untiring energy, Prof. Waite's health broke down, and he was forced to take a quiet year of rest. At first he purposed to spend the time in travel, but he finally decided to seek the little village of his birth, and there to renew, if possible, his boyhood. Accordingly he established himself with his family in the old homestead, away from his books and all his social cares. He found the country life refreshing and his health rapidly improved. There was a keen pleasure, not unmingled, to be sure, with a certain sadness, in talking to the few old settlers who still remained, and listening, sometimes to the stories of his own boyhood days, sometimes to the early history of the little village. One old farmer in particular, now past ninety years of age, took great delight in strolling up to the house and relating the stories of his early youth. He remembered, as a mere lad, when the professor's grandfather had built the old homestead, and how some years later the little story-and-a-half farm house had been remodelled to accommodate the growing family. He was sure the upper story had been built directly over the old roof, for he remembered how odd the idea had seemed to him when the repairs were making.

A few days after the old man's story of the homestead the professor had occasion to visit the attic, and while there, prompted by his curiosity, he ventured to raise a few of the loose boards in the centre of the floor. The old

farmer had been right, for there beneath lay the rotten ridgepole of the old farm-house, now sprung in places from its fastenings, and on either side ragged rows of moss-covered shingles running off into the pitch darkness beyond. But that which attracted him most was a heap of rubbish reaching, as nearly as he could see, down to the very eaves. It was apparently composed of the truck of the old house, which, too precious to be burned, had been thrown topsy-turvy into this new store-room and forgotten. There were musty old papers and mouldy books, pictures, and children's trinkets, and among the rest a rusty sword which the professor recognized as the property of his grandfather, who had been a colonel in the war of 1812. The more he searched the more interested he grew—and such of the papers as he found still legible he read eagerly. Most of them were old letters, stray thoughts, and essays, dated, and written over his grandfather's signature. As he was thumbing over the yellow pages near the bottom of the pile, his eye caught the word "beauty," and a little further down the page the sentence, "In a world of squat things a toad would be beautiful." The thought seemed strangely like one which he remembered he himself had written years before. With renewed interest he gathered up the few pages of the essay, and, dropping the rest of the bundle which he held, commenced eagerly to read. The beginning seemed a bit familiar, and the farther he advanced the more he was struck with the similarity between the essay and his own ideas. A sudden break in the thought where a leaf had been lost gave him a moment to think. What was it he had in mind? He was sure that sometime or other he had written something very much like this—Oh, yes! he remembered now. The essay of his dream—the essay which had led to his present greatness. But how could this be? Feverishly he took again the pages and read the remainder. The essay was unfinished and what was stranger still, ended just where the dream of years before had stopped. He remembered it distinctly, and yet the whole matter was a profound mystery which completely baffled him. In his eagerness to solve the

ion he took a train that very afternoon for old university town and spent a large part the next day in hunting up the old essay and comparing the two—his grandfather's and his

Save for the break in the middle of the paper there was hardly a point of difference. The wording, to be sure, in one or two places was a little unlike, but the idea was everywhere the same. Puzzled, therefore, though he was, he could not doubt the identity of the essays. The longer he studied the matter the greater the mystery became.

His grandfather's work had come to him in a dream, appearing as his own, that much he knew; but how? and why? The question baffled him. His friends, too, were equally puzzled; and though the philosophers among them were ready with their theories, Professor Waite was forced, for want of all explanation, to regard the case as either a freak of nature, or better, a working of some new and unknown law of thought.

ANOTHER PARABLE.

Now there belonged to the House on the Charles, a large garden. In this garden were many beautiful flowers which had been fully cultivated by the Head Gardner. There were more beautiful and more numerous in any other garden, and the Head Gardner was justly proud of his work. Attracted by the variety and profusion of the flowers, the bees swarmed in the garden of the House on the Charles in greater numbers than in any other. With the bees also came a number of butterflies who attracted much attention from the passers-by on account of their bright colors and their movements. Altogether it was a very beautiful place and the bees collected much honey there, though the butterflies attracted much attention.

Now in a field hard by the garden, belonging to the House on the Charles, browsed a herd of Seventeen Sacred Asses. This herd was an ancient venerated institution of the House so that no one was allowed to disturb it.

The Sacred Asses were always giving the Head Gardner a great deal of trouble. They were constantly attempting to break down the garden and get into the garden. They had been upon thistles themselves, and they despised flowers and would have liked to trample upon them. The ragamuffins and envious fellows who stood outside the garden delighted to cite the Sacred Asses to break in and stamp upon the flowers.

One day a malicious tramp called the attention of the Seventeen Sacred Asses to the butterflies that fluttered in the garden. The Sacred Asses got very much excited thereupon and brayed out to one another "Let us break into the garden and trample on the butterflies." That was the Sacred Asses idea of reform. They thought they could step on the butterflies. That was the size of the Sacred Asses intelligence.

With the herd were Five Intelligent Keepers whose care it was to calm the Sacred Asses if possible whenever they got one of these destructive fits. The Five Intelligent Keepers had been in the garden, and appreciated its use and beauty, and they did their best to restrain the herd. Their efforts were of no avail however, so they cried out to the gardeners to take care, for the Asses were coming.

The Head Gardner was much alarmed and summoned his Hired Men together and consulted with them. Then they all took their stand, in front of the garden gate, with pitchforks and staves to prevent the Sacred Asses from entering. But all the time the Head Gardner and his Hired Men were in fear and trembling, for well they knew that if the Sacred Asses should get upon their long ears and use their heavy hoofs the Hired Men would be shot clear out of the garden. For the Seventeen Asses were Sacred and could not be resisted. The Head Gardner and his men therefore en-

deavored to appease the Sacred Asses, and threw them sops, and caught a few poor butterflies and threw them out to the Sacred Asses. And the question now is are the Seventeen

Sacred Asses going to be appeased, or are they going to rush the gardners, and raise right merry Gehenna in the Garden?

THE SLOW SET AT THE HARVARD ANNEX.

BY A MEMBER OF THE ANNEX.

UNFORTUNATELY for the Annex the excessive moderation of certain members has fastened upon that institution a reputation which, to say the least, is grotesque. Perhaps the thought that the Annex can be unfortunate in this way may not readily occur to many, but the fact that students in Harvard College are known to hesitate before allowing their sisters to enter at Cambridge, and in some instances decline to do so, because such an act is said to involve social ostracism, must of itself prejudice the future of the Annex in some measure.

Is there, or is there not, a slow set at the Annex? Undoubtedly there is. But is this slow set in the majority? If the answer is "yes," will it not apply to other women's colleges as well? Or does Cambridge present unusual opportunities or attractions for slow girls? Questions of this sort have been asked so many times without bringing a satisfactory reply that it may be well to give to the academic world a fair presentation of the facts as they are. Lest the very title of this paper should move our numerous friends to indignant protest, it may be remarked at the outset that Cambridge life, while not necessarily slow, presents many attractions for the blue-stockings who form a small, though conspicuous part of the membership of the various classes at the Annex, and to whom our enemies assign the rights and privileges of a ruling set. A clear exception having thus been made, many sensible girls may forget all petty annoyances in

"Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Our much-esteemed Secretary, with the aid

of statistics backing a careful report which was founded upon accurate observation, proved, last fall, not only that "mental and physical health are alike safe for the woman who gives herself to the pursuit of a collegiate education," but also that "the emotional in her nature does not restrain her from sober thoughtfulness." Having thus silenced the popular cry against collegiate training for women, it is possible that the authorities may regard the popular conception of Annex slow life as being of no importance whatever.

Without doubting for a moment that the executive committee could fully accomplish the feat of vindicating the Annex from the charge of sacrificing muscle to brain, it is well to bear in mind the fact that the evidence necessary to demonstrate a close connection between "high scholastic percentages" and "tennis," and "fencing," and "pedestrianism," and "gymnastic training," may be obtained with comparative ease and accuracy. The Annex girl, in general, is not a young woman who is bent upon a career of unchecked dulness; and yet a certain amount of slow life does exist.

A slow Annex girl when absent-minded is proudly conscious of the fact that she still has a mind, and though it may be absent on some important occasions, her well-regulated spirit never soars to the dangerous height of a giddy girl's spontaneity. A member of the slow set is not a fool; but her case is pathetic enough. There is not one joy in life that she tastes during her girlhood. No one will resent more quickly than she any praise for forbearance or unselfishness in her conduct; in her extremest dulness she is always "the intellectual girl"; which, being interpreted, means in the plainest phrase that

etter stuffed with book-knowledge (not
dge of books—a different thing), and
e pays more dearly for what she gets than
girls do.

proximity of the Annex to a large Uni-
of men and the fact that the girls rarely
ne another outside the lecture-room, and
s frequently meet the men who are in
, may account for the theory of excessive
iness" in Annex life.

," exclaims a non-sympathetic commun-
Harvard students, "all this is sheer non-

We grant exceptions, of course; but
nex girl as we know her is a gaunt figure,
wny, spectacled, and five feet twelve!
welcome to come to Cambridge of course,
; as she does not bother us; but the nor-

mal girl—the *pretty girl*—is the only one we are
interested in. She never wears blue stockings."

Peace, my brothers! There are such mon-
strosities as you depict, and they trudge every
day through Cambridge mud and note not your
ridicule: for their heads are buried in the clouds,
their eyes see fantastic visions, and they care
not whether it rains or shines. Such types,
however, are not more common at the Annex
than elsewhere, although this statement would
seem to clash with your preconceived ideals.
So, when you grow weary of contemplating
the celestial giants of whom this paper treats,
perhaps you will accept as a human reality the
larger sisterhood of girls whose heaven is on
earth.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE HOUR EXAMINATION.

e time is better than another for speaking
he hour examination, certainly none is
tting than the present. For some weeks
been known that the Senior and Junior
ics were due on April 2. A Sophomore
is likewise due on that day. In more
re course a thesis is required before the
recess. Yet within the last few days, in
dst of all this work announcements of
examinations have appeared on every

Some men are little better situated than
the "Mid-years" or the "Finals," with
or even more hour examinations, and a
c or a theme staring them threateningly
face. No matter how faithfully they
worked in the last two months, they are
crowded, unnecessarily annoyed, and
themselves, forced, by a vicious system
work unworthy of them. If the hour ex-
ion is to continue a part of our system
s, some arrangement ought surely to be
whereby instructors, either in neglect or
ace of each other's purposes, can not heap
amination upon hour examination upon
pless and unexpectant student. If we

are to have these examinations in so many of
the larger courses, let certain days be appointed
for them,—at the end of each term, if that time
seems best,—so that students may have time for
adequate preparation in each course, so that they
may be spared a strain, far worse, in its sudden
coming, than that of the "Mid-years" or the
"Finals," and that, so far as it is possible in so
short an examination, they may do themselves
and their work justice. Perhaps the present
examination system is the best for our needs
that has yet been devised; but so far as student
opinion goes, it is reasonably safe to say that
more and more men are coming to recognize
the advisability of at least a trial of one set of
long examinations at the end of the year, and at
the end of each of the two preceding terms, of
hour examinations, if hour examinations must
be given, in all courses where the instructor
desires them, upon dates determined and known
before hand.

But if rumor is at all to be credited the
authorities of the College, anxious to placate
their critics in at least one respect, are con-
sidering the amendment of the present regula-

tion that requires forty-eight hours notice to students, of all hour examinations, so that the instructor need not announce his examination until his class meets him. In student parlance, the instructor may "spring" an hour examination whenever he chooses. If one of the most important functions of the hour examination is to "catch" the men who have been steadily neglecting their work, the hour examination unannounced will be admirably effective. But it has surely an equally important function in enabling the men who have worked well and faithfully, to show the fruits of their labor. The announced hour examination is too short to afford these men opportunity to show adequately the sort of work that they are doing. But the hour examination unannounced, if the experience of the past means anything, would work even greater evil. In their constant dread of the test, well fitted though they were to meet it, men would make apprehension the spur of their work, and the hour examination the standard by which to try it. Entering the classroom in full expectancy of an examination, and none being given, they would be demoralized, at least for the recitation hour, by the sudden relaxation after the strain. It is wanton folly thus to sacrifice the great body of hard-working students as a sin offering for the trespasses of Jack Go-Easy and Tom Never-Grind.

And, finally, is the hour examination an adequate test for any but a loafer's work? It would be obviously futile to attempt to test the student's work in the higher linguistic, historical, philosophical, or scientific courses by an examination of barely an hour. Besides, in these courses instructor and student are in such close contact that the one is easily cognizant of the

quality and quantity of the other's work. Even in that large class of courses that are neither elementary nor advanced, the hour examination works more harm than good. It indeed forces the lazy men into three or four days of assiduous, and often assisted, grinding, but it does not make them regular in their work, and it never will. On the other hand it weakens the regularity of the hard working men. In conscientious zeal to pass an hour examination creditably, for a week, perhaps, at any rate for some days, they throw aside work in all but one of their courses. As soon as this hour examination is out of the way another is announced, and again, one course absorbs all the effort of the student. Thus the hour examination defeats the very regularity that it would encourage.

The proper field for the hour examination is the few very large elementary courses that are still given in the College. In these, the number of students is far too great for the instructor to follow their work by any other method. The work of these courses is such that it may be well tested by an hour examination. These courses, lastly, are few; so that the student would not be scourged incessantly by the lash of apprehension from one hour examination to another. Until a year or more ago, the hour examination was practically confined to such courses. Now it is rapidly spreading through all departments and every kind of course. The results so far as they can be judged at this early day are not so encouraging as to warrant the establishment of the announced hour examination as a test of general utility to the University. There is scarcely a valid argument to be adduced in support of the unannounced.

SOME SPECIMENS OF THE FAUNA HARVARIANA.

A LEARNED naturalist who has travelled in this country and devoted a great deal of study to its natural history, is writing a book on the Fauna Harvariana. We have been able to

obtain a few of the advanced sheets of this work and publish them herewith. They contain short descriptions of the habits of eight prominent specimens of our Zoölogy.

I.

THE SPORTING FRESHMAN, OR

Damphulis Innocuus Minor.

is is our most familiar Autumn visitor. arrive in large numbers in October and in with us a great part of the winter. The is not peculiar to Harvard, as it is found little variety all over the world, and we records of its existence for nearly two cen- s. Dr. Johnson has left us a valuable unt of it, and thus describes one of its pecu- ies: "He goes into a box at the play with ompanions with a great deal of noise and out "damn me but this is a devil of a damn play." The reader will at once recognize this description of the bird's habits and that it is identical with the species known at present.

is very gregarious, being almost always l in large flocks. These flocks often settle ght on the top of a herdic and whirl out to bridge. They will then fly up and down with loud cries and a great deal of clatter, they are easily frightened into stillness, ially by their dreaded enemy, the proctor- is.

hen he first arrives in the fall the *Damphu- tinor* has a very gay plumage and a loud but, like the bobolink, as the year advances comes more and more sober and by spring ould not be recognized as the same bird. feeds chiefly on cigarettes and becomes very violent thereon. His habitat is the ns House, Leavitt & Pierce's or any other icuous locality.

II.

THE CLUBHUNTER, OR *Excelsior Repens.*

is member of the Harvarian fauna is not y so common or noticeable as the preced- but much more interesting. He belongs to izard family and spends all his time in gling up the stalks and weeds in the garden, which habit he derives his name. That is he comes into the garden for. It is very ing, on a sunny day, to watch him creeping

up a stalk, hiding behind the leaves so as not to be observed, and when he reaches the lofty height of the flower at the top, to see him swell and bask in the sunshine in sublime content, utterly oblivious of the leaves below him by which he has crawled up. He is a patient, persevering little fellow. Sometimes he does not succeed in getting to the top, but he never gives up trying.

III.

THE SOREHEAD, OR *Ventracidus Vociferans.*

Akin to the Clubhunter and equally interest- ing is the *Ventracidus Vociferans*. Though his habits are diametrically opposed to those of the foregoing species, his nature is the same, and he is often developed from an unsuccessful Clubhunter. While the latter basks on the top of the stalk the Sorehead sits on the ground at the bottom, and yelps at him continually. He is very funny but often becomes a nuisance. When he can get any one to look at him, he will work himself into a frenzy, and thinks he is re- forming the whole garden by calling attention to the insignificant and harmless little Clubhunter. The principle food of the *Ventracidus* is notori- ety and vinegar, and his habitat is sometimes the college press, but oftener the Boston *Record* office.

IV.

THE BUTTERFLY, OR *Nilfactor Elegans.*

An insect that we have been hearing a great deal about lately, is the beautiful Harvarian Butterfly. Prejudiced persons, who know little of natural history in general and still less of the natural history of Harvard in particular, often call this insect the national bird of Harvard. Our butterflies are certainly very prominent but more on account of their conspicuous character- istics than on account of their numbers. A very few of these brilliant creatures flying rapidly about from flower to flower will make the whole garden appear alive with them.

It is a pretty, agreeable insect doing no harm to anything but itself. It has an ephemeral exist- ence rarely, lasting four years. It emerges from the chrysalis in which it has been developing for eighteen years, into the light and liberty of

the garden. In delight at the freedom it finds there, it flies about for two or three years with no responsibility, sipping at all sorts of flowers, settling on none. By the fourth year the butterfly either passes quietly away, or goes into a chrysalis again to emerge a sober steady moth.

It subsists on Fine Arts and N. H. courses, generally roasted with a tutor before consumption. Habitat anywhere but a recitation room.

V.

THE GRIND-WORM, or *Crinitus Diligens*.

The opposite of the Butterfly is the Grind-Worm. This animal is really not a worm but a species of mole. It is most abundant in Harvard, but from its habits, is not noticed nearly

so much as the gay butterfly. In fact, though so common, very little is known about the animal, and he is generally misunderstood by any but the most observing naturalist. He burrows away under ground, rarely coming up to the light, until at the end of four years he gets to the boundary of the garden, and appears laden with treasures that he has collected in his burrowing. Too often, however, he emerges blinded and helpless in the strong light and ready to be run over by the first wagon that passes.

The *Crinitus Diligens* feeds on Sanskrit roots which he digs up in his burrowing. He may be found under almost any old moss covered volume. He is most common in the library districts.

SOME DAILY THEMES.

THE LIBRARY.

IN yesterday's theme I gave an account of my feelings upon visiting the library at Yale.

Not many days ago one of my old Exeter chums, who is now at Yale, spent several hours with me in Cambridge. He admired our grounds; said our buildings were fairly good, but their new Halls at Yale would easily eclipse them; acknowledged that our Gymnasium and athletic fields were splendid, but had a sly hint to the effect that these fine preparations did not seem to help our various teams much. In vain I tried to extort some unqualified wonder or admiration from him. At last we sauntered toward the library. As we entered the delivery room I noticed that he glanced with a rather surprised air at the large number of men who were consulting the catalogues. A sudden thought struck me; I remembered the deserted library at Yale. I hurried him into the reading room where nearly two hundred fellows were hard at work. There was not a vacant seat at any one of the centre tables and the alcoves, as far as I could see, were crowded. In silent satisfaction I gloated over my friend's amazement. The poor fellow

stood there speechless, almost dazed. He stared first one way and then the other and with each glance his astonishment increased. On every side he saw nothing but silent, eager students, indifferent to everything but their books. I said nothing to him but simply motioned for him to follow me. As alcove after alcove, each crowded to its fullest extent, opened upon his view, his eyes grew bigger and bigger and his mouth dropped open. Only when we left the library did my friend find speech. Then he said, in slangy, but expressive language, "Well I'll be completely blowed if you fellows aren't the biggest set of grinds I ever saw!"

ROWING.

It is the old story to-night. I can't keep my thoughts off the rowing. And, indeed, Heaven knows it has left its marks on my person. My hands are stiff with blisters, so are my heels; a protruding nail in each footrest rubbed off as much skin as would cover a dime. I limp on both sides, and must look frightfully delapidated to people who don't know me. Finally, a bang on the knee from the bow of the pair oar is stiffening me there. But I am happy,

theless. I can sympathize now with the skinned and splendidly healthy young men who get dropped in their Freshman year. I always envied them. If I were to start college life anew, I sometimes wonder whether I might not follow their example. I sat an hour ago listening to Albani, the musical splash of the oars kept sounding in my imagination. I was swinging again as we went for the last half-mile to-day coming—every faculty not concentrated, but lost in a powerful motion—every oar dipping together, catching the water on the instant, plunging through, and out arms, legs, both; each their part like clock-work—the boat cutting the water as though the two were alive. It was life!

VIEW FROM LONGWOOD BRIDGE.

Though I am very familiar with the view from Longwood Bridge, I went thither a day or two ago to note it once more. There was the same prospect one gets any cloudy day in June; the cold, black water rose and fell in gusts, as though whipped by the sharp March wind; the sky was a relentless gray, and Boston a patch of dull red houses, flaunting their roofs from a hill. This view suited my mood; but in a moment my mind ran quickly to the prospect that had delighted me once, one soft afternoon last May. A long cloud had just cleared, and the sky was of the blue that one sees in New England, only a brisk west wind has chased away the clouds. In their tumultuous flight, they had piled together in a great gray mass that hung over the eastern horizon. The water, almost as blue as the sky, was sparkling at the touch of the sun, in sunshiny ripples. An uncouth schooner with its dirty sails loosely spread, was drifting down the stream, and, half hidden by the mist that still hung over the city and the more distant water, seemed some Italian lugger. Under the gentle touch of the haze, the hard reds and harsh colors of the city had grown soft and winning; the sunlight threw a sort of golden scent aureole about the town, and Boston from the Charles, not her austere self, but a Venice of England Venice.

A BEGGAR.

IN a daily theme which I wrote some time ago, I described my meeting with an old beggar, whose piteous tale and honest face so worked upon my feelings that my ready suspicions were done away with and I was persuaded to give the man a small amount of money. The criticism on this theme was "Perfectly justifiable." Whether this meant that the subject offered sufficient excuse for the theme, or that my charity was well bestowed, I do not know; at any rate I felt at the time that I was helping a deserving man. Not many days ago I ran across this old man again. There was the same woebegone look on his face and the same ragged clothes flapped about him as he shuffled slowly along. "Up to it, again?" I said to myself, all my former suspicions returning. As the man evidently did not recognize me, out of mere curiosity I put myself in his way. As I expected, he commenced his piteous appeal at once. "The same old story; but I know you this time, my good fellow, I thought. His rough bearded chin trembled with cold as he spoke, and his hollow colorless cheeks showed hunger. In spite of myself I pitied the man and began to take an interest in his story, though I had heard it all before. "He could get no work, he had been sick, he was forced to take the road, and could I help him along a bit." The last time I saw this man I gave him money to help him to Watertown where he expected to get work. I resolved to ask him about this. "You have had no work since September?" None, yer honor, savin' a bit I got in Watertown three weeks since, when a young gentleman, God save him! helped me." He was so honest about this that, when he renewed his appeal, I found that all my prejudices had gone. Assuring myself that I was a fool to do it, I gave him a larger piece of silver than one usually gives to street beggars. As he stretched out his bony hand and thin wrist to take it, with an eager, delighted look that contrasted strangely with his woebegone face, he broke forth into blessings. "May Hiven bless yer, yer honor. May the blessin of God go wid yer wherever yer be. May yer niver lack a good heart fur to hilp the poor an

may yer allays hev lovin friends as yer reward. Yer've done more nor yer think in helpin a poor old man the likes of me. God bless yer sir, God bless, yer honor, God—" I had fairly to tear myself away from him. I walked away with a somewhat sheepish air, yet feeling strangely satisfied. I would give another fifty cents any time to be blessed so earnestly.

ON THE CARS.

While hanging to the strap of a crowded Cambridge car this afternoon, I amused myself by comparing the different types of the women who filled the seats. Finally, however, my eyes rested upon a fat, fidgety old woman, who, swollen to abnormal proportions with numerous brown-paper parcels, was with many a grunt of indigestion trying to push her neighbors far enough apart for her to settle back comfortably. It pleased the rest of the car as well as me to watch her, and when finally her persistence and cheek won the victory, a broad smile was on every passenger's face. With a grunt of satisfaction and a look of calm contempt for the rest of the passengers she leaned back fanning herself with her handkerchief. "Transfer station! change cars!" shouted the conductor. Several persons got up to leave the car, among them one of the ladies that sat next to the fat woman. As she was just disappearing through the door a gentleman across the aisle tapped a young fellow, who was standing just in front of me, on the arm, and pointed to a pocketbook that lay on the floor beside the fat woman. At the same time he glanced significantly after the woman who was just leaving the car. The young man picked up the pocketbook and hurried after her, while the passengers looked on with mingled curiosity and interest. He had hardly taken two steps, however, before the fat woman rolling herself upon her feet began to shout "Stop thief! Stop that man, he's got my purse! Stop thief!" and to make sure of her object she waddled as fast as she could after the young man. He, as soon as he understood the situation, touching his hat politely, returned the purse, which was received with a grin. "Yer've got ter be brisker than that young fellow if you're going to steal *my* purse." Amid

the roars of the whole car, she collected her scattered bundles and with a most amusing look of injured innocence pushed her way back again into her seat.

AN ACCIDENT.

Last night as I was hurrying home from a late call in Somerville I took a short cut across a field close by the railroad. As I was about to cross the track I saw a hundred feet or so distant a number of lanterns flashing through the darkness and heard cries for help. I ran to the spot and found a poor fellow who had been run over by the train that had just passed. Both his legs were cut off below the knee and the mangled stumps were pouring forth streams of blood. It was a ghastly sight; there lay a foot, stripped naked; there lay the crushed remains of the other; great pieces of flesh lay scattered on the ground, and the trickling streams of blood began to unite in large pools. The flickering light of the lanterns and the damp, dismal mist that came eddying about the group that surrounded the victim added to the ghastly effect. Although there were two policemen present, the crowd seemed dazed, and the poor fellow lay there without assistance. He was perfectly conscious, although the intensity of his pain seemed to have numbed his senses. My chum has often laughed at me for attending the operations at the different hospitals, but here their good was evident. I was not sickened by the sight of all this blood, nor did all commonsense leave me. I sent one fellow over into the nearest yard for some rope and cut a couple of stout sticks myself. As soon as the rope came, with the assistance of the policemen who had now recovered their senses, I tied the rope about his legs and began to tighten it by twisting with the sticks. The injured man looked on with a curious indifference. As the ropes began to bite and the flow of blood to be stopped, he looked down at one of the stumps in a reproachful way and said with a joking air: "Come, boys, please rub that leg a little; it feels a bit numb."

A minute later the ambulance arrived and the man was carried off to the hospital.

BOOKS.

MUSIC. Published by A. P. Schmidt & Co. Boston.

Op. 9, No. 2, arranged for octaves by Carl Erich. All simple arrangements of Chopin's nocturnes for beginners are most good, but this one of Mr. Erich's is far from a success. The sweet note of the original is lost and it is a very good exercise. As such its short-simplicity will recommend it to every teacher and his pupils.

"Polles" from Mass in C by Hadyn. Arranged for organ by Henry M. Denham. Mr. Denham has done as admirably in this arrangement of Hadyn's "Polles" as in his previous arrangements of Beethoven's "Beicuse" and the Hallelujah chorus from the "Messiah." It is a carefully executed piece and does full justice to the original.

"When shall we meet again," by F. Lynes. Sweet tenor solo with murmuring accompaniment of male voices. The words are by James Freeman.

"Arisen," by Benjamin Cutter. Little can be said of it. It is certainly no better nor much worse than the ordinary supply of Easter songs of the present

time. "The Monarch," by J. E. Webster. In setting Victor Hugo's charming verses Mr. Webster has given a pleasing and spirited air that is sure of wherever it is sung. It is worthy of all praise. The same cannot be said of Mr. B. C. Henry's setting of Shelley's sad little verse, "A Bird sat Mourning." It lacks expression and is quite out of sympathy with the words.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ESSAYS ON PEDAGOGY, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL. By Gabriel Compayré. Translated, with an introduction, notes, and an appendix, by W. H.

Payne. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1887, pp. x; 491.

Professor Compayré's book, which is devoted to primary education, reflects the merits of the French primary schools. After an elaborate account of the psychology of the child, full of practical suggestions, he goes on to discuss methods of teaching in elementary schools. He gives a great many interesting quotations from writers on education and from the French educational reports. One is impressed by the inferiority of the teaching in American public schools in almost everything but arithmetic. It is interesting, in view of present discussions, to notice that Professor Compayré, himself apparently a religious man, believes in the possibility of non-religious moral instruction in schools.

SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION: A HISTORY AND CRITICISM OF THE PRINCIPLES, METHODS, ORGANIZATION, AND MORAL DISCIPLINE ADVOCATED BY EMINENT EDUCATORS. By John Gill. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1887. pp. viii; 312.

It is one of the great merits of the elective system that it leads students to interest themselves in the science of education. To be sure those who have been at one time or another dismayed by the want of agreement, even as to fundamental principles, manifested by the most experienced advisers, will be inclined to doubt whether pedagogy, at least as applied to the arrangement of a college course, deserves as yet to be called a science at all. Nevertheless, one who has been obliged to study pedagogy for the sake of its application to himself, will be interested in what other people have thought about it.

Professor Gill's book consists of notices of a large number of different systems of education in England. It brings together in entertaining and convenient form a great amount of valuable matter. Probably no one would care to copy any one of these elaborate systems, but study of them cannot fail to be fruitful of suggestions to a teacher.

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

Jan. 15. Service in Appleton Chapel. Sermon by Andrew P. Peabody.

Jan. 16. Dr. Wheeler's second lecture. "The Polis of Athens."

Jan. 17. Ward's lecture on "Anthropology."

Jan. 18. First day of Whist Tournament.

General Armstrong lectured in Sever Hall on the education of the Negro.

Jan. 19. Dinner for Class Dinner.

Feb. 20. Meeting of Exeter Men for the formation of Exeter Club at Harvard.

Professor Harris lectured under the auspices of Deutscher Verein.

Glee Club Concert at Newton.

Feb. 21. General Armstrong's second lecture.

Meeting of Historical Society.

Kneisel Quartet in Sever Hall.

Vesper service in Appleton Chapel.

Feb. 22. Roxbury Latin School Games.

Dr. Wheeler's third lecture.

Feb. 25. Dr. Wheeler's fourth lecture.

Dr. Ward's second lecture.

Crimson Dinner.

Feb. 26. College Conference Meeting.

Feb. 28. Second meeting of Exeter Club.

Harvard Union Debate.

Vesper services in Appleton Chapel.

March 1. Dr. Wheeler's fifth lecture.

March 2. Spring Meeting of the Technology Athletic Club.

March 3. Services in Appleton Chapel. Dr. Brooks preached the sermon.

March 4. Dr. Ward's third lecture.

Dr. Wheeler's sixth lecture.

Glee Club at Brookline.

March 6. Professor Francke lectured on "Individualism as a force in German Literature."

March 7. Symphony concert in Sanders Theatre.

Vesper services in Appleton Chapel.

March 8. Y. M. C. A. Social.

Dr. Wheeler's seventh lecture.

First meeting of Andover Club.

March 9. Exeter Winter Meeting.

March 10. Services in Appleton Chapel. The Rev. Newman Smythe preached the sermon.

March 11. Dr. Ward's last lecture.

Dr. Wheeler's last lecture.

March 12. Mr. Babbitt lectured on the Norse story of "Gunnlaugssaga Ormstungu."

March 13. Mr. Koehler lectured on "Engraving in the sixteenth century."

Varsity Nine on Holmes Field.



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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

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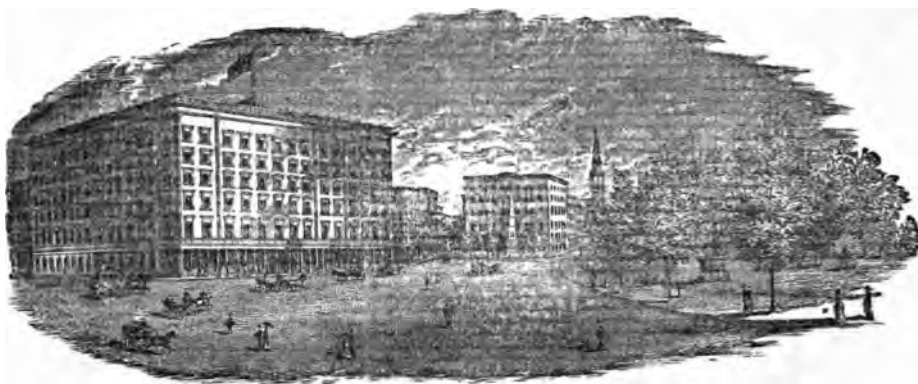


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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., APRIL 26, 1889.

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

.. XLVII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., APRIL 26, 1889.

No. IV.

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THE WEEK.

WE take great pleasure in announcing the election of Mr. H. A. Davis, as regular editor of the *Advocate* from '91.

Now that the spring recess is over the question of our athletic prospects again becomes the absorbing topic of speculation. Again we are measuring our gladiators of the crew and comparing them with our opponents at Yale and Princeton. And after our examination we find ourselves in practically the same position we have occupied for the last three or four years, a position of despondency and regret. In 'Eighty-nine leaves us there will no longer be a class in college that will have seen the letters of "championship" stamped on the crimson flag. Already as we look back on the great year of eighty-five, we begin to think regretfully of "the brave days of old." Each year has passed bringing nothing but defeat and disappointments we have stoutly put our face on the matter and have constantly repeated the reluctant but hopeful watch-word, "Wait till next year, steadily looking for some extraordinary circumstances to bring the coveted victory to our standard. But each successive year has seen our anticipations rudely shattered until now we are forced to make the humiliating

confession that this year we have at the best scarcely more than a forlorn hope. Take our various athletic teams, and what are their prospects to-day? With 'Eighty-nine will leave us almost the last of those men who have made our foot-ball team at least a formidable opponent; and we must fall back for our hopes on the skill and energy of the captain. As to the crew there is every prospect of our turning out as good an eight as has represented the crimson for many years; but unfortunately it is not any weakness in our crew we are to fear, but the phenomenal strength of Yale's veteran oarsmen. Our only hope is that the case of Orlando and Charles, the giant wrestler may be repeated. Then there is our nine:—last year we had a team that bade fair to win us the championship; but in some way or other Yale bested us again. At the present moment our nine with but three or four of the old men remaining seems in spite of every effort, doomed once more to failure, although no Harvard man will ever cease to hope as long as there is a vestige of hope left. Even the lacrosse team is now laboring under the gloom of defeat, and, as far as we can discover, the remissness of discipline and the laxity of training that now prevail in the lacrosse organization is not likely to redeem the ill-success. Almost our only consolation is that the Mott Haven Team is still victorious and we have all confidence that it will continue so. This is not a cheerful picture but we think it a just one; and as we brood over it we are forever asking ourselves what is the meaning of our continued ill-success. There is something doubtless in the cry of "Harvard ill luck"; we have suffered excessively from unexpected circumstances, entirely beyond our power to prevent. We are especially unfortunate in the loss of valuable men, and until lately we have been sadly hampered by the restrictions put upon us by the faculty. But we

think our failures in athletics are not in any great measure to be attributed to these causes. Nor do we think those failures are due to lack of hard work—although the exhortation of “harder work” is always in order. The true reason is to be found in the attitude of the college generally towards athletics. There is, we think, a lack of co-operation, a tendency to leave athletics to a particular set. Men are inclined to think their duty ended when they have attended the various contests and patriotically shouted for the crimson. They are mistaken, their duty does not end here. At the present time athletics is almost the sole medium through which the student worlds of the various colleges appear to each other and to the public; and it is an unquestionable fact that according as a college’s athletics are carried on with honorableness, unity, energy and perseverance, or contrarywise, so run the opinions of the character of the body of the students in that college. So it is the duty of every Harvard man to do all in his power to help along the good cause. This does not consist in leaving men of bone and muscle to do the actual work; nor in merely attending the various contests. Men must work individually to induce promising fellows to become candidates for the various teams; men must themselves discuss athletic questions and try to discover what is or is not advisable, so as to form a compact college opinion, so as to lead the unity and weight of the whole student world towards pushing our athletics on to success, above all that athletic men themselves may feel, not that they are a mere class with certain privileges and certain duties, but that they are the representatives of a compact body of men determined to show all possible pluck and persistency and determined to win. We think that if there were more of this spirit in our college, our chances of success would be far better.

The faculty have done well in rejecting the proposal for a morning roll-call; the overseers have also done well not to force their ideas on the faculty, who, all things considered, are better qualified to judge of the matter than the overseers. The regulations adopted by the faculty apparently aim to effect what the overseers have

so troubled themselves to attain, namely, greater regularity of work and attendance. Now regularity of work and attendance is a quality very much to be desired on the part of the student, so is cleanliness and freedom from profanity. If the overseers had met and put forth the declaration of an abstract principle, that regularity of work is preferable to irregularity, and had thereupon requested the faculty so to represent the fact to the students, we have no doubt that the latter, with their “fine sense of veracity,” would unanimously have cried “amen.” But when the overseers say to us, “you shall be regular” we re-read with considerable edification the parable of the seventeen sacred asses; and we cannot but regret that the faculty should support the overseers as far as they have supported them in these present regulations. We are not quarrelling with the intentions of the overseers or the faculty. Harvard calls herself a university: she offers certain opportunities and advantages, which a university should offer: her doors are open to all: she does her very best to provide all she can for those who enter those doors. There we maintain her duty ends. Harvard is not a college, much less a training school. As she is a university—her academic department, as her medical or her law departments, is simply an institution that offers certain opportunities which the student is at liberty to take or leave just as he pleases. The college sets up a certain standard—if the student complies with that standard he gets a certificate to that effect. Should a student abuse his opportunities, it is no concern of the college, except to point out to him the evil of his ways. The church offers certain opportunities to a man: whether he makes the most of them or not is his own concern:—if he goes wrong, the clergyman says “my friend, you are wrong, I advise you to mend your ways”—that is all. So with the college. Harvard should be thoroughly a university or else emphatically a college. Our system should be wholly elective or else wholly prescribed. The student should be assumed to be a man and be left entirely to his own will, or else he should be assumed to be a boy and be entirely under the guidance of the college authorities. With the exceptions of a few rules

which common order and decency require the student should be absolutely free from restriction or else his whole college career should be guided by regulation and restriction. It is no argument to say that men are incapable of choosing for themselves. Those men who seriously want advice can easily get it and will get it, and it is hardly worth while to depart so far from our system and put so much extra trouble on our instructors for the sake of men who will make no better use of advice than they do of opportunities generally. In the regulation of the faculty bearing on this subject change the words "is required" to "may if he likes" and the rule would be irreproachable. As to the clauses relating to attendance, once grant that rules of this character are in any degree justifiable (which assumption we deny) and they are harmless enough to be unobjectionable. The regulation as to changing electives is a good one. In any but exceptional cases men can have no valid reason for changing their courses, and the prevalence of the habit in late years has given rise to a great deal of unnecessary confusion which we are glad to see done away with. The regulations designed particularly to bring about greater regularity of work we condemn on grounds already stated. The rule pertaining to hour examinations, especially that part of it that sanctions tests of this character without previous notice, all conscientious, hard working men must protest against, as worrying and unjust to the last degree. But on this subject and on the subject of registration enough has already been said in the columns of the *Advocate* to need repetition here. We will on the whole content ourselves with calling the new regulations of the faculty inconsistent with our character of a university, and petty, trivial, and unjust.

On Monday evening, April fifteenth, the respective captains of the Crew, the Eleven, the Nine, and the Mott Haven team called together a mass meeting, the object of which was studiously concealed. When about three hundred men had gathered in upper Massachusetts they were suddenly informed that the object of the meeting was to consider the question of a dual league. They were

also assured that diplomatic considerations rendered it exceedingly advisable that the matter should not be discussed by the college at large, but that the college should delegate its authority to five men, who, a certain gentleman present remarked, much to the approval of a majority of the meeting, were committed to one side of the question. It is needless to say that this proposition was extremely distasteful to the assembled students.

Now we do not consider that enough authority has been given to this question to express any opinion whatsoever as to the advisability of forming a dual league with Yale. The opinion of the great body of the students showed itself so strongly against the project, that we need not trouble ourselves to comment upon it. We feel sure that Princeton, while she recognizes that Harvard, if she chooses to do so, has a perfect right to consider the question of forming an exclusive league with the university of Timbuctoo, will in the present case be rather gratified than otherwise at the strong manifestation of opinion on the part of the great body of Harvard students. A representative committee has been appointed to give the question a fair hearing: that committee will report its deliberations to a second mass meeting, and of the tenor of the report there can be little doubt. We are not even sorry the question has been broached, since it affords so fine an opportunity for Harvard students to express their opinion frankly and decisively. We therefore leave the question at issue in the hands of the committee, and will simply occupy ourselves in commenting upon two opinions that were expressed in the course of this meeting. It was said that in this matter we must be secret and that we should conduct ourselves with diplomatic caution. Against such a sentiment as this we protest. There is altogether too much of this secrecy and diplomacy parasitically clinging to our intercollegiate athletics. What in the world is the need of all this lawyer-like acuteness and hair-splitting? Why should we have all these complicated constitutions and leagues in order to bring about a few friendly and gentlemanly contests between our universities? Why can we not meet one another

squarely and fairly without forever resorting to little Machiavellian practices in order to outwit each other? We cannot complain if our college authorities, disgusted at all this unworthy squabbling, begin to frown on inter-collegiate athletics. We shall never lose anything by being open and frank. We must simply be obliged to look with disfavor and suspicion on any movement which we are afraid to have appear in the daily papers. In the question at issue, would Princeton be any the more hurt by an open and manly discussion on our part, than by a secret conclave, the rumors of which would be doubly exaggerated from their very vagueness! A fig for this secrecy and diplomacy; it is neither necessary nor candid.

The statement was also made in the course of this meeting that the question under discussion, being purely athletic was only fit for athletic men to pass judgment upon. Follow this out to its logical conclusion and the only decision we can come to is that the college at large must support its representatives with all its power and then mind its own business. With all becoming veneration for our athletic men, we think their function is to do the bidding of the great body of Harvard students, and we do not

think that Harvard students exist as a mere "*tiers état*" simply that the privileged athletic class may lord it as they please. We recognize that athletics are the most attractive feature of college life and athletic men are deservedly the most popular in the college; but at the same time they are only college representatives and as such have no right whatsoever on their own individual authority to make contracts with other colleges for the whole mass of students. If our various teams are not responsible to and dependent upon the mass of Harvard students what right have they to use the name? By all means let the athletic management look after their own affairs, but let them be careful that they do not commit their college to any action without first consulting her. In the question under discussion any and all of our athletic men have a perfect right to meet Yale athletic men and interchange opinions, only let it be distinctly understood that such opinions are purely individual and that only a vote of the college can have any influence in the matter. We are ready to grant our athletic men almost anything, but we insist upon knowing to what they may wish to commit us, since Harvard always feels bound to fulfil a contract.

THE LAST WALTZ OF THE LATE JOSEPH MERRIHEW.

WHEN old man Ralph moved to South Falls with his pretty daughter, there was a social furor among the young men of the town. To every social gathering or entertainment of any sort, Miss Louise Ralph had the choice of a dozen escorts, and before the year was out, there were at least a dozen young men in whose hopes she figured as the bright particular star.

Miss Ralph, on the other hand, seemed to have no favorites. She laughed and danced and flirted with all alike, and although several young men had been credited, at different times, with having gained a permanent place in her good graces, the gossip was due more to a certain air of dignified mystery on the part of the young men themselves, than any manifestation of the young lady's.

It is impossible to say, however, how far gossip would have gone in this direction, had not the unexpected appearance of two other possible suitors, given an entirely new aspect to the subject.

The first of these gentlemen was Mr. Edward Rankin, of Rio Janeiro. The story was, that in a certain local financial panic that had occurred some four years ago, Mr. Ralph, who was then one of the largest South American importers in Boston, had been almost ruined. Indeed, he had given up all hope of getting out of his difficulties, when by the unexpected aid of Mr. Rankin, a business friend in Rio Janeiro, he was not only saved from failure but his business affairs were, to all appearances, brought back to their old condition of prosperity.

the worry and hard work attendant on it, however, Mr. Ralph's health never failed, and after two more years of business sold out and came to South Falls with his daughter, to end his days in the quiet of a town. His gratitude for Mr. Rankin diminished, and as the result of several years passed between him and the latter, at this time the South Falls *Examiner* invited its readers, one summer morning, that Edward Rankin, of Costilar & Rankin, Rio Janeiro, is the guest of our town, Mr. Isaac Ralph, with whom he is ending the summer months."

Rankin had not been in South Falls very long, but certain wise people saw more in him than the thoughtless ones imagined. They were sympathizing glances at Miss Ralph and indignantly, if elegantly, of wedding May mber.

second gentleman who was regarded by a possible suitor for Miss Ralph's hand, Joseph Merrihew.

Merrihews were the oldest and had been some time the wealthiest family in South Falls, but the family and the fortune dwindled away; until Joseph, the last of the house, had to live besides his profession of civil engineer in life with. Immediately after leaving

he had been offered the position of assistant of the work on one division of a new Brazilian railroad. He had come to South Falls from college, intending to spend the summer at home and sail for his work in the autumn.

Though Merrihew was the subject of much conversation on Miss Ralph's account, he had never met her, not having been home for two years during which time the Ralphs had moved to Falls.

Wood's dance was certainly going to be successful. Her house was a perfect blaze of light and the town florist had almost emptied his warehouses in his endeavors to give the little town a genuine tropical appearance. Besides there was a supper and an orchestra, imported from Boston for the occasion, to say nothing of the artistic dance-cards and the gown.

Then Mrs. Wood had several lions. Louise Ralph was always an attraction, and she and her father were there, accompanied by the gentleman from Brazil. Joseph Merrihew, who had just gotten back from college, so changed by a beard that you wouldn't know him, had accepted his invitation with great pleasure. Of course all the young ladies knew he would be delightful, if he did not affect any silly college airs.

As soon as Merrihew arrived Mrs. Wood pounced on him.

"Now Mr. Merrihew," she said, after allowing him to say something civil, "I suppose you will not need many introductions, although some of our girls have grown up wonderfully since you were home last. There is one young lady here, though, whom I think you have never met—Miss Ralph. She has been breaking hearts ever since she has lived in South Falls, so I warn you to beware. There she is, next to Miss Corbin. We had better hurry, or you will not have a chance of getting a dance."

Merrihew followed his hostess to where a crowd of young men were busy filling up the cards of several young ladies. They were obliged to wait a few moments, before Mrs. Wood got her opportunity; then she introduced him. The girl looked up with a smile, and his eyes met hers.

Just what happened then, Merrihew could never describe. A shock, slight but delightful, passed over him, followed by a strange feeling of exhilaration. Before him he dimly saw a fair face, framed with yellow hair; the eyes gray-blue; the cheeks scarlet-stained. But aside from her beauty there was a fascination that held him there looking into her eyes. It seemed to him as though he were meeting again some half-forgotten friend, some one he had known years ago.

How long he stood before her, he did not know. The next thing he realized clearly, he was seated by her side, scribbling his name on her card, opposite a waltz.

As Merrihew sat smoking his last cigarette, that night, all he could remember clearly of Mrs. Wood's dance, was one waltz. The orchestra had played "Love comes like a summer sigh," and for a few minutes he had whirled around

with her in his arms. He had scarcely spoken during the whole waltz. The touch of her hand, her sweet breath on his face, her yellow hair brushing his cheek, seemed to intoxicate him. The same unexplainable sympathy that had held him when he first looked into her eyes, seemed to measure their waltz steps. Of all the girls he had ever danced with, he had never found one whose every motion so matched his own.

At last he took her to her seat; they thanked one another in the same breath, and then he had come home.

Now he sat smoking and thinking—thinking of her eyes, her hair, her voice, her warm hand, the tip of her slipper, peeping out from under her gown.

"*A première vue*, I suppose," he said with a grimace, as he threw his cigarette away and went up to bed.

* * * * *

It was gossiped about town, that Joseph Merrihew went to see some one at the Ralph's a good many times during the week. True, there was Mr. Rankin, who could doubtless give him much advice concerning his trip to Brazil; but the knowing ones shook their heads at that interpretation—they would have romance or nothing.

It cannot be denied that Merrihew spent much of his time in Miss Ralph's company. The fascination he had felt when he first saw her did not lessen, even when he came to know her very well. That silent, perfect sympathy between them, which had shown itself even in the steps of their first waltz, became more apparent as the time went by; it showed itself in their tastes, their thoughts, their emotions. As the summer days passed, Merrihew felt himself falling deeper and deeper in love.

One afternoon he met her as she was coming out from town, and walked home with her. After the first spell of conversation, they walked along in silence. By and by he caught himself whistling under his breath—it was: "Love comes like a summer sigh."

"Do you know that?" he asked her.

Louise had been lost in thought. She raised her head.

"Why—why it's—that waltz, you know, at

Mrs. Wood's," she answered, incoherently, and without a smile.

They had reached her father's lawn, and were standing in the shelter of some low trees at one side of the driveway. The sun had set and it was almost dark. Merrihew put his arm round her waist and drew her to him. She seized his hand and struggled for a moment, then impulsively held up her lips.

"Is it possible that you *do* care a little bit for me, Louise?" he said.

She began to struggle to get free again.

"Answer me, Louise."

Finding her struggles were in vain, she began to pout; finally her head fell on his shoulder. He bent over and kissed her hair.

When Merrihew arrived home, that night, he found a letter which called him to Boston at once on some business relating to his work in Brazil. He determined to lose no time, and, after mailing a short letter to Louise, took the late train.

He was detained in Boston nearly two weeks, but finally finished his business and hastened home.

* * * * *

It was not long after his return from Boston that Merrihew noticed a change in Louise. Not that he could complain. Her manner towards him was, if possible, more agreeable than before, but something came over her that he could not understand.

In the presence of her father and Mr. Rankin she treated him with an almost fierce kindness. She walked with him, rode with him, danced with him with a sort of jealous vehemence. She was quieter and more thoughtful than before.

At last Merrihew could restrain himself no longer. They were sitting in the little summer house, which stood at one side of the lawn, late one afternoon. She had been silent some time when, suddenly glancing down at her, he found her eyes fixed on his face so intently that it startled him. When their eyes met she blushed and looked away, confused.

He seized her hand.

"Louise, Louise, tell me, what is it?"

Her eyes filled with tears.

"Have I offended you, Louise?" he asked.

she raised her head.

"Oh no, it is not that," she said with a sob, wiping her tears away; then suddenly bitterly,

"I wish you would congratulate me; why engaged to be married."

"Louise," he cried, letting her hand fall.

"Oh yes, it is all true," she continued, her voice sounding strained and unnatural. "Why, do you not see my ring?" holding out her other

"Do you not wish me joy? I have been waiting for it all along, and it happened last

"Mr. Rankin is the happy man. You know your father owed him an awful sum of money and he could not pay and—well I have sold my

"Oh, I've brought a splendid price! My father doesn't offer any very pleasant prospects, but now, when you can't see your father turned out of the street. I hope you approve of it all. It is so agreeable to marry with the best of all one's friends."

They had both risen to their feet. Merrihew took her hand tenderly on her shoulder.

"Louise"—he began, his voice trembling. He took her hand off his hand.

"I pray *don't*," she said, harshly. "I know you would that this life can't go on forever, but of course it *can't*. I suppose when we are both old we shall forget our youthful follies. No," holding out her hand, "you wish me to marry you, don't you?"

He stared at her for a moment, then staggered and fell, struck by a hard blow. Recovering himself, he stepped forward and grasped her

As soon as his fingers touched hers, however, he dropped them and shrank from her.

When he spoke it was not much above a whisper.

"Oh, I wish you joy—much joy," he said, smiling. "Good evening."

He watched him cross the lawn to the driveway and go down the street. Then she stumbled forward and fell fainting on the ground.

Merrihew wandered about for hours in a dazed

Finally he went home and packed a trunk.

The next morning he went to Boston.

Two weeks later, the South Falls *Examiner* printed the following notice, followed by half a column of congratulations and good-wishes, in the manner of a country newspaper:

MARRIED.

RANKIN-RALPH.—In this city, on August 4th, by the Rev. Dr. Francis Heard, Edward Sykes Rankin to Louise Ralph.

II.

Merrihew sailed for Rio Janeiro on the 9th of August. He had not intended leaving until early in September, but having been offered a passage by a friend of his, Captain Barker of the merchant-ship "Lady Helen," he cut short his stay in Boston and took advantage of the captain's kindness. The "Lady Helen" was a trim schooner and a good sailor, so he expected a pleasant voyage.

"I am going to have two other passengers with me," Captain Barker had said, "one of the owners of this ship, and his wife, so if you are fond of company I suppose you can have it. If not, they will not trouble you much. They have been married only three days, and I suppose they will be satisfied if left to themselves."

The morning after the "Lady Helen" sailed, Merrihew breakfasted rather late. While he was still at the table, Captain Barker came down into the cabin.

"I want to introduce you to your fellow-passengers," he said. "They don't seem to be very fond of late rising; they've been on deck since sunrise. If you make up to the old codger, he may help you a great deal when you get to Brazil. He's got a great deal of influence in Rio. Then his wife is as pretty as a peach and not more than nineteen. They might make it very agreeable for you when we get into port, not to speak of the hot weeks before us on this voyage."

He followed the captain on deck. Suddenly he blushed like a girl, and then turned pale. Leaning against the rail were Louise and her husband. Louise seemed as embarrassed as he. Mr. Rankin, alone, was unperturbed. He stepped forward with a polite smile, and shook hands with Merrihew.

"It's very lucky we both happened to run across Captain Barker," he said. "I am sure we can find some means of making the long days before us pass pleasantly."

Merrihew murmured something concerning "his great gratification," and, as soon as possible, left them.

After that, notwithstanding Mr. Rankin's efforts to be social, he kept, as much as possible, to himself. Although he met Louise at every meal he rarely spoke to her, and she seemed to scarcely notice him. Only once he felt her eyes fixed intently on his face, but when he looked up, she quickly glanced away.

They had been out a few days over a week, and were suffering very much from heat. The semi-tropical sun shone down with such fierceness that even the sailors were glad to stay below. During the last two days, they had scarcely made a half dozen miles. Captain Barker came to Merrihew one evening with an anxious frown on his face.

"Mr. Merrihew, I don't wish to alarm you," he said, "but I feel it my duty to tell you that we have four cases of fever below. The men seem to be doing very well, and we can tell nothing certain for a day or two. The great thing to be feared, of course, is yellow fever, but I hope for the best."

"In case it should be yellow fever?" Merrihew asked.

Captain Barker shuddered.

"God, it would go hard with us, under this sun."

The next day, three more men were taken down, and the day following, two men died. There was no doubt about its being yellow fever. By the end of the week, out of the crew of sixteen men, only two were able to attend to duty. Captain Barker took every precaution regarding the proper disinfection of the ship, but the fever had taken a firm hold. All day long they lay exposed to the scorching sun, their sails hanging loosely from the masts. Not a breath of air stirred.

Two days afterwards, Mr. Rankin and Captain Barker were taken down and died within a few hours. The two sailors who were left made short work of casting them overboard. Then Merrihew went down-stairs to find Louise; he had not seen her for three days. He found her lying in her berth, half-dressed. She was unconscious.

During the next three days, both of the remaining sailors died. Merrihew was surprised that he had escaped so long from the fever. He

knew, moreover, that his only possible means of further safety, lay in getting rid of the bodies of the two dead sailors. So that night he dragged them on deck and threw them overboard.

The next morning he felt the worst symptoms of the fever upon him. He was very weak and very dizzy; his thirst was very great, while his blood seemed to be drying-up in his veins. Towards the afternoon, however, the symptoms abated somewhat and he crawled on deck.

For over a week, now, there had been no wind; the decks almost burned his feet, as he walked along them; the sea seemed to boil and send up little clouds of steam. Merrihew sank down with a groan.

He sat there, for possibly an hour, his head resting on his hands. Suddenly he was startled by some one breathing heavily beside him. He looked up—there sat Louise. He looked at her, a moment, in wonder. She was half-dressed, as he had seen her several days before. Her hair hung dishevelled around her bare shoulders, her eyes had a distinct yellow cast, her eyelids were relaxed and half shut, her face was very pale.

Then he looked away again.

"Joseph," said the girl. He scarcely heard her.

"Joseph."

She laid her hand on his knee and bent over and tread on his toes.

He turned from her like a fretted child.

Nothing daunted, she fell on her knees before him, and endeavored to pull his hands from his eyes.

"Joseph, speak to me. They are all dead but you and me. What difference does it make if you speak to me now? We shall both be dead by to-morrow. Joseph, don't you remember how happy we were at South Falls, only a few weeks ago? Oh, it was very hard for me to be so cruel to you, but what could I do? Don't you remember what merry times we had a summer? And Mrs. Wood's dance? And the first time you kissed me at the foot of the lawn? You may kiss me now, Joseph, if you will.

He raised his head from his hands and looked at her.

"Yes, you may kiss me now, if you care to,"

she repeated, nodding her head, and laying a hand on each of his arms. Her eyes seemed brighter and her cheeks had a ghost of a color.

The next moment he was almost crushing her in his arms. He kissed her lips, her eyes, her cheeks, her neck, her shoulders.

Soon she seemed to grow slightly delirious. She rubbed her foot along the deck.

"Wouldn't this deck make a splendid place for a waltz?" she asked him.

"Yes," he answered with a grim smile, "if we had music to dance by."

She was silent for a few moments. Suddenly she sprang up.

"Oh! I have it, Joseph, the captain's music-box. Wait."

She walked across the deck and went below. After a few minutes she appeared again, carrying a large music-box and a small flask of brandy. She set the box down on the deck and opened it. Suddenly she gave a delighted little cry.

Oh! the fourth air is a waltz, and it's "Love comes like a summer sigh."

She wound up the box and came towards him with the flask of brandy.

"Here, drink as much of this as you can. It will keep us from getting weak. Hurry before the thing begins to play our waltz."

Merrihew swallowed half the brandy and she

took the rest. Just then the music-box began to play "Love comes like a summer sigh."

"Oh! there is our waltz," she said. "Wait a moment."

She went over to the box and pressed a spring. "Now it will play this waltz until it runs down. Come, possibly we can dance an hour before the worst of the fever comes on."

She held out her arms to him, and the next moment they were whirling around the deck.

The sun was on the horizon, and as far as they could see, towards the west, the ocean was crimson and gold.

Round and round they went, until the sun was out of sight, leaving a crimson belt behind. Suddenly his foot slipped and they fell; they were too exhausted to rise. She tried to reach his arms again, but her strength failed her. Soon it was quite dark. He reached out his hand once and touched her face, but it was cold; then he sank back on the deck.

The music-box played on. * * * * *

About ten o'clock that night a light breeze sprang up and rustled the sleepy sails of the "Lady Helen." The waves beat softly against her sides. When the moon rose, on the deck could be seen the forms of a man and girl, lying just out of the reach of one another's arms. They were both dead.

William B. Cohen.

OVER THE RIVER.

THE lights shine over the river,
 Though the night is dark and drear,
 And beyond them, far beyond them,
 There lives a maiden dear.
 I think that I see her sitting,
 With her hands crossed on her knee;
 And I would that my heart could tell me
 If ever she thinks of me.
 The lights shine over the river,
 And I watch them, under the night,
 But my thoughts fly farther, and farther,
 Beyond their feeble light;
 And my cheek is wet with teardrops,
 Yet life seems better to-day,
 For the lights that are over the river,
 And the love that is far away.

S. C. Brackett.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

SINCE "Aleck Quest's" description of the "Fast Set at Harvard" first appeared, the American press at large has in one particular pandered more and more to the popular taste. With little regard for decency and still less for truth, it has sown broadcast over the land whatever might either by misconstruction, or otherwise, be understood to reflect discredit on the life led here at Harvard. No stigma of excess or dissipation has seemed too violent to please the hearers. The great American public, so magnanimous and free, demands to be fed with sensation regardless of cost or justice. "We will be thrilled," they cry, and the penny daily and the police journals, champions of the oppressed, rush eagerly to the assistance of the suffering nation. The saintly mother throws up her hands in holy horror as she hears the news, and thanks God in silent prayer that she did not send her son to that den of iniquity.

With such odds against her, Harvard may reasonably expect to bear the brunt of popular criticism undefended. The best is always most scrutinized for faults, and this, perhaps, is her only sufficient consolation. Yet it does not seem strange that she should at times attempt to correct these misrepresentations and to plead in her own defence. On every side she hears with astonishment the details of her own abandoned profligacy, conscious that, while she has her faults, her critics are dwellers in glass houses, as citizens of the outside world. These hypocritical moralists repeatedly assail her with the question: "And do your shamefaced sons ever deign to turn their hands to any manly work, or is their life a life of ceaseless rioting, devoid of any nobler elements?" Heaven pity their ignorance! Their questions betray their own gilded morality!

At length, however, the time has come when silence ceases to be a virtue, and when Harvard must raise her head from her labors and quietly plead her own cause. "Ceaseless rioting," indeed, she answers: "Truth knows my sons are not all above reproach. Young blood is ever hasty and prone to excesses. But you! wherein

lies your claim to the right of admonition? The mote in our eye is the beam in yours; and under the pretext of loving solicitation you search for our faults and blind your eyes to our virtues. Yet virtues we have, and noble elements here at work. My sons are not all pleasure seekers, as you would wish to prove. There are men among them; men with a purpose which they are trying to fulfil, and the rioting of their few wayward brothers is as pitiable in their eyes as in yours. But simple assertions may not satisfy you. Come with me, then, in your thoughts, and let your own eyes convince you.

This building, where we are now, is our library, and it is here that much of our work is done. Do you smile when I mention work? Wait and see. I will convince you yet. Our library is excellently equipped for its purposes, for besides its 345,000 books and 275,000 pamphlets, it is systematically and elaborately arranged to meet the needs of every class of students. "But is it used?" you ask. I have been expecting such a question. You may see for yourself. Here is our reading room where the chief reference books of all departments are kept for consultation. They may not be drawn out until the library is closed for the day, and must be returned early the following morning. I was almost on the point of reminding you that it is so near our lunch time that an unusually small number are at work, but plainly you are surprised to see so many, and so we will let what you have seen suffice. Yes, I fancied you would begin to acknowledge your error, and yet I have given you but a small conception of the use to which our books are put. Scattered throughout the various college buildings are classroom and department libraries to the number of ten, composed of the chief authoritative works on the subjects in question. Six of these subsidiary libraries, moreover, are open during the evening and are well patronized. I have, I plainly see, given you some small conception of the amount of work done within our doors; and yet you have much to learn. Pardon, then, for the sake of a just conception, what otherwise might seem

like dry statistics, and listen for a moment to the testimony of figures. During the year just passed more than 65,000 books were lent out of our main library, while over 15,000 were used in the building, and 20,000 taken out over night. The numbers are indeed startling, and represent, moreover, a total increase of 5000 over the figures of the preceding year. And still I ask your patience. I do not wish to draw any odious comparisons between our own diligence and the diligence of our foremost sister college; and yet I cannot refrain from passing from noting the disparity between the statistics of the Harvard and Yale libraries. No one could have been more surprised on learning the fact than I myself, but figures are indisputable. In round numbers, then, during the year 1887-88 40,000 books were drawn from the three libraries at Yale by all members of the University. Of these 40,000 approximately, 10,000 were taken from the University library so-called, and of this number only 58 per cent were charged to students. Of the 30,000 books drawn from the Linonia and Brothers Libraries, which are composed 30 per cent of novels, 75 per cent were drawn by undergraduates.

Here with us, however, the story is slightly changed. Of the 65,000 and some odd books drawn last year from our Gore Hall library 60,000 were charged to students. This, I would have you bear in mind, is exclusive of 9000 reserved books taken out over night in the same manner. "But are not the most of these books fiction?" you ask. I should admit that your point were well taken were it supported by the

facts. Figures, however, prove quite the contrary. Leaving out of the question the reserved books, which contain a very small percentage of fiction, I shall confine myself to those taken out in the regular manner. Unfortunately for perfect accuracy on this point I have not the statistics of a full year, and yet I think you will agree that the figures for one month are not an unfair criterion of judgment. Granted this, then, I have to offer you the statement that a fraction over 19 per cent of the books taken out by undergraduates during the month of February, 1888, were fiction. Surely this is no large percentage either for the comparison in hand or for a general statement. But my statistics no doubt are tiresome, and I plainly see my point is gained. Let me, then, but add that in the year 1887-88 92 per cent of the undergraduates made use of their library privileges—an increase of a fraction more than 5 per cent over the figures of the preceding year. It is also to be borne in mind that these statistics which I have given have made no account of those departments of our University outside of Cambridge.

To you I must have shown that, despite the criticism of the world, there is earnest work within our doors. If so I am, content; yet grant me this one slight request. I do not ask you to become our champion. Other college ties may justly bind you. Yet when you return to your friends who are our critics caution them to be at least just, if not charitable, and to remember both that our faults are far more truly their own, and that their's in reality is the more constant and conspicuous example.

SOME DAILY THEMES.

NAHANT.

I WENT to Nahant yesterday to see the storm. The sea off Nahant point was magnificent. The waves were greater than the waves that run shoreward on the beaches, gathered masses, seas heaped on seas, swinging in unhindered, mountainous, to crush upon the rough rocks that rise seaward abruptly. Far out the sea foamed with white-caps, but, till they reached

the foot of the cliff themselves the waves found no shallow, no reef to break them. They did not bend and curl lightly as summer waves; this mass was too great, their march was too solemn. Slowly each mounted shoreward, lifting its swaying ridge of crest; halted a moment, gathered its whole strength in one heaped mountainous impulse and plunged shoreward, leaping—dashing through caverns and crevices, rushing swiftly up the purple slopes of the

rocks, flashing up like white flame against the sky, shaking the firm foundations of the land with hollow thunder.

It was a power beyond and above man, a thing irresistible and untameable, to whose crests the heights of the land seemed little. The sense of it was everywhere. The sound of it was everywhere.

CONVERSATION.

A slender young man, apparently quite young, was sitting next to me in the horse car to-night. We were alone in that part of the car, and some slight accident led him to a remark, then to conversation. He spoke of the imperfections of the horse car system, and added: "But fifteen years ago we had no horse-cars at all. That was before your time, of

course." I was rather surprised at his assumption of such superiority in years, but said nothing. A few minutes later he asked me what my business was. I said I was at college. "Aren't you rather young to be going through that?" he answered.

This made me angry. I turned round to him and asked very sharply. "How old do you call *yourself*, anyway?" He paused a moment, "er—er—I'm almost twenty-one," he answered. "Then, young man," I said, "I am probably your senior." "Ah, yes," he answered, "but if one lives an active and independent life, one is far older than his years indicate. I for my part would be glad to be younger."

I have heard of merit and of "freshness," but it is hard to see how the young man's self-sufficiency could well be surpassed.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE horror of the young count was unbounded. Convinced he had left the manuscript on the table when he threw himself on his couch, his first idea was that some person had entered the room during his sleep and stolen it, but on examining the door it was found locked inside, and the window was inaccessible. Again he reflected, but the more he did so the firmer became his conviction that he had placed it on the table when he entered the room. A supernatural awe came over him, and he sank into his chair overpowered with a strange dread.

"Can it be?" said he, shuddering, "that it was no vision I saw; but that skeleton has revisited the room, and reclaimed the confession?" A cold perspiration burst from every pore of his skin. He walked to his bed and raised the pillow; to his delight and surprise there was the mysterious packet.

Trimming his lamp he sat down to compose himself; after a while he summoned courage, and with a mixed feeling of awe and eager expectation opened the manuscript. It was in

the late count's handwriting, and with the exception of a few words, perfectly legible, although the ink in some places was so faded as to render it impossible to decipher the letters. The manuscript had evidently been written in a state of great emotion, as the writing was unequal, as though reflecting the conflicting moods of the writer's mind. This is what the eyes of the young count saw, as he perused with difficulty the mouldering parchment.

"It is midnight. I cannot sleep. The dreadful secret weighs me down. I feel a strange desire to live over again that fatal passage in my life. Let me pour through my pen the stifled agony of my soul.

"Oh! dreadful day! May the 13th of September, 1609, be forever marked black in the records of time, for that day annihilated the beauty of the universe in the eyes of Charalois de Marchelli. Everything then became a Dead Sea apple to my thirsty lips.

On that day, three years ago, Gaston de Foix and I, bosom friends and loyal knights, stood at the altar with Helen and Blanche Courvoisier

ir brides, and surely never men seemed
ier than Gaston, when he called Blanche
wn for life, and myself when I stamped a
und's kiss upon the beauteous brow of
n.

r three years the sun rose and set upon
happy beings—one day dashed all to
s.

ow pleasant were our wanderings on the
s of the Loire—how murmuringly the
n flowed through the slowly waving reeds
ringed its bank, as I, walking by the side
anche, discoursed to her of her husband's
learning and gallantry; how in her inno-
: did she congratulate herself and me that
ear Helen, like a true-hearted noble sister,
her brother-in-law. Alas! how innocent-
: both fostered the passion that slew us.

e were all seated at supper after a day of
pleasant rambling. Never had Helen
d more lovely, Blanche more innocent,
never had Gaston shown more varied
ancy. He sang, and even I, in the joyous-
of my heart, sang too. He talked pleasant-
d I listened. The thought came over my
that I too was happy—that we were four
als tasting the joys of immortality. After
rting glass Gaston and Blanche rose to
rt.

'he moon was in its full beauty sailing
gh a cloudless heaven, the air was balmy;
on asked us to accompany them part of the
home. Helen took his hand, I offered
to Blanche. We saw them as far as the
erd's cot; we there parted, after having
ised to dine at their chateau the next day.
on and Blanche entered their own park,
n and I retraced our steps to our own
teau. Memorable hour! it seems to hang
me now, with its full moon, like an evil
lighting us to destruction. It was our last
y night.

ter a short conversation, I sat down to
Helen retired to her room. When I
ed our chamber she was fast asleep. A
so pure and beautiful that angels must
been hovering near, and

* * *

: the entranced reader grasped another

page. But at his touch it crumbled into dust
and was no more. In vain did he strive to
adjust the fragments; they melted at his hand,
filling the surrounding atmosphere with a pecu-
liar, pungent odor as of dead men's bones; he
returned to the remainder of the manuscript;
even this was showing signs of disappearing;
in feverish haste he grasped it and with trem-
bling hands and parched lips he read—"I
was roused from this terrible nightmare by
Helen catching my arm, and exclaiming "Char-
aloi! What ails you? Why are you groaning
so fearfully?"

I was delighted to find that it was all a
dream.

The impression, however, was so vivid that
it took possession of me, and my depressed looks
and disturbed manner at breakfast excited the
curiosity of Helen, who inquired most anxiously,
indeed with an undue pertinacity, the reason of
my despondency.

"The weather, I suppose," I answered to her
repeated interrogations.

"Impossible! my dear husband," returned
Helen; "the weather is glorious."

"Yes," said I, languidly, "but its very bright-
ness oppresses me."

"Strange fancy!"

"And I had a horrid dream last night."

"You awoke me by your fearful groan," ex-
claimed Helen, with some anxiety.

"The Saints be praised!" I fervently ejacu-
lated. "Had you not, I should have expired
with horror. What a mystery is the human
mind! How is it that such impossibilities enter
the brain? Last night I was under the dominion
of an idea which never would have crossed the
threshold of my waking thought."

And a deep groan burst involuntary from my
breast.

At last, overpersuaded by Helen's entreaties,
I told her.

The effect upon her was remarkable.

Her countenance changed, her neck and face
were crimsoned one minute and pallid the next;
indeed, she appeared to feel the recital as much
as I had the dream.

"Was it not frightful?" I said.

"Let us not think of it," replied Helen, with a

suppressed sigh, regaining her composure, and rising from her chair, she came towards me and kissed me.

It humiliated me at the moment to think that so completely had that frightful dream mastered my reason that this kiss met no response on my part. It was the first she had ever given me without sending a pleasing thrill through all my frame. I felt the kiss no more than a dead man would! This evidently stung her, for we finished our breakfast in silence.

As I was leaving the room she turned to me and said—"Count, we are engaged to dine at the Chateau de Foix to-day; we had better send an excuse."

"Absurd," I returned; "and all on account of a foolish dream! Gaston would laugh me out of patience at such an excuse."

"Of course," then said she, with much agitation, "you won't mention the dream? It is not only absurd, but it is insulting to the baron," and after a moment's pause, she added, "also to me."

"You need not fear, Helen—I know Gaston too well to expose myself to the shafts of his ridicule."

This assurance seemed to satisfy her, and smilingly wishing me a pleasant walk in the garden (my custom always after breakfast) she tripped away to her music-room.

As I paced among my shrubs and flowers, the singularity of my dream led me to examine the cause of such a strange visitation; and after much reflection, I came to the conclusion that the origin of a thought which had never entered my mind was occasioned by Helen's mentioning Gaston's name, the night before, when I awoke her with a kiss, coupled with the fact of our having promised to dine at his chateau the next day.

I felt a strange satisfaction at thus solving, as it were, what had appeared to me a psychological enigma, and my despondency in some measure subsided. Still the impression had been too powerful to be effaced at once, and the feverish anxiety displayed by Helen that I should not relate my dream to her sister or Gaston renewed the vague apprehension that had partially faded from my mind. As we walked across our meadows to the private

entrance of the Baron de Foix's park, my wife reiterated her request with increased eagerness of manner. Irritated at her importunity, I refused to converse any longer seriously on a dream.

We sat down to a dinner which was unusually sumptuous; the choicest vintages were on the table. My wife and Blanche were in excellent spirits, and Gaston, as usual, was full of anecdote and wit. I have named, I think, that the Baron was fond of wine, and although he was not what the world would call an intemperate man, his inclinations were in favor of an occasional debauch.

The excitement of my dream, and the despondency resulting from it, had also begat in me a fever which naturally craved drink to quench it, although it was only pouring oil upon flame. Gaston had great perception, and saw at a glance there was something weighing on my mind. It seemed to give him much concern—to make him almost restless—his eyes rolled uneasily—I thought I detected several inquiring glances at my wife—the feeling of my dream came over me—I felt as though it was not a dream, but an occurrence that had really happened, but which I had, like a fowl, neglected to revenge. At this moment he pushed a flask of Cognac to me—I thought was Burgundy—I filled my goblet and drank. Helen and Blanche, after saying they were going to stroll on the lawn, left us.

I remained silent—that was not unusual—but I knew I looked gloomy—this *was*. The baron did not seem at his ease. His gaiety was evidently forced—he filled his glass more rapidly than usual—instead of the epicurean sip, he swallowed it. At last, after taking a full bumper, he said:

"Charalois, what in the name of the foul fiend ails you? You have, like a true and great knight, drank more than your wont, and paid due observance to my vintage: but by the Lady of Loretta, you have sat more like a spectre at an Egyptian feast than a lover of venison and good cheer!"

The geniality of his tone reassured me. I therefore said: "Well, since you wish to know, you shall."

I know not how it was, but, as I told my

dream, the deadly effect the recital had upon him made my expiring despondency change into a suspicion, while every moment grew more and more vivid, till at a sudden exclamation of the baron's it blazed up into a certainty.

Springing to his feet he exclaimed, "Further concealment is useless. I see you have discovered all. Think of the scandal, count. We have both made a mistake. You and I chose the wrong sisters. Helen was meant for me, Blanche for you. Further concealment is unnecessary. I see that you know all.

Despite my suspicions, this terrible confirmation was more than I had expected. My blood seemed suddenly to change into fire. I almost leaped into the air, and in another moment my hand was on his throat.

"Caitiff!" I thundered, rather than spoke, "a revelation from Heaven has exposed your treachery, and as such I accept it. You have committed the unpardonable sin in the eyes of all honorable men."

"I know the penalty," he cried, drawing his dagger, and the next minute was closed in a deadly scuffle. The noise of a chair we overthrew aroused the ladies, who entered just as I had wrenched the dagger from Gaston's hand, and nearly mad with rage I buried it in the traitor's breast. He fell with a heavy groan, bath-

ing the faithless Helen with his blood as she rushed to separate us.

The horror and astonishment of Blanche was something terrible to behold, but as the dying man confessed the deadly wrong he had done me, it was changed to grief still more painful. The remorse of the once light-hearted libertine was undoubted, for he was too brave a man to fear death for its own sake. At Blanche's solicitation I extended to him my forgiveness. He grasped my hand, which I had not the sternness to withdraw, and said, "For the sake of all, for the sake of the unhappy sharer of my crime, be silent on the subject."

As his strength was fast failing, I insisted upon sending for a physician, to which he seemed to consent, saying, "Let me see Jerome." When he came, he took his old domestic's hand, and said, "Jerome, in a moment of madness I have stabbed myself. I say this to prevent all misapprehensions on this subject."

In a few moments he breathed his last.

In compliance with the prayer of the dying man, confirmed by the wish of the noble Blanche, there was no effort made to contradict the story of Jerome, who reported that in a moment of drunken excitement the unhappy Baron de Foix had suddenly, before us all, drawn his dagger and stabbed himself to the heart.

BOOKS.

INTRODUCTION TO THE POETRY OF ROBERT BROWNING. By W. J. Alexander, Ph. D. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1889. pp. iv; 212.

To those who have found Browning's obscurity and peculiarity of expression a bar to the appreciation of his poetry, Mr. Alexander's "Introduction" may be recommended as a valuable aid. The author, beginning with some of the shortest and most characteristic poems, aims to give by explanation and analyses an insight into Browning's methods. After sketching the general characteristics, he enters into discussions of Browning's philosophy and ideas of Christianity. These are based chiefly upon the poems, "Cleon," "An Epistle of Karstrish," and "A Death in the Desert," all of which are quoted in full. In an exhaustive analysis of "Sordello," the author throws light on the historical references, and explains the most obscure passages of that highly condensed poem. He gives at considerable length in the last chapters a guide to the quality and comparative value of all of Browning's poems. This will be of great service in

helping the beginner to make judicious selections from the great mass of the poet's writings. In discussing Browning's art, Mr. Alexander likens him to the Christian painters. Though crude in execution, they have merit in entering a field of art higher than any before attempted. So Browning is the pioneer in psychological poetry, and may be pardoned defects of rhythm due to increased vigor or accuracy. Often, however, the poet is inexcusably careless or wilfully awkward in expression.

The book as a whole is too disconnected to be wholly satisfactory. The parts should have been more carefully united, instead of being left almost in the form of the separate lectures on which they were based. One who is beginning the study of Browning is hardly ready to be plunged almost immediately into a discussion of the Christianity of the poems. The "Introduction," however, is successful in instilling interest in the poet, and in furnishing a valuable guide for further reading.

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

March 14. Vesper services in Appleton Chapel.
 March 15. The Economic club met. The club to be called in future the University club.
 March 16. First Winter Meeting.
 March 17. Dr. Gordon preached in Appleton Chapel.
 March 18. Professor Lyon lectured on "Babylonian Books."
 Election of officers for the English Club.
 March 19. Mr. Thayer lectured on Journalism.
 College Conference Meeting.
 March 20. Professor Trowbridge lectured in Jefferson Physical laboratory.
 Last lecture in Deutscher Verein course.

March 21. Glee Club at Jamaica Plain.
 Vesper services in Appleton Chapel.
 March 22. Professor Lyon's second lecture.
 Editorial dinner at the Boston Tavern.
 March 23. Second Winter Meeting.
 March 24. Dr. Gordon preached in Appleton Chapel.
 March 25. Professor Lyon's third lecture.

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOLUME XLVII.—No. V.



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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., MAY 4, 1889.

W. H. Wheeler, Printer, 416 Harvard Street, Cambridge.

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOL. XLVII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., MAY 4, 1889.

No. V.

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THE WEEK.

A NUMBER of graduates from various institutions who are finishing their education here at Harvard have held a public meeting in order to let it be understood what their views are on the general character of our university. We understand that we have been looking forward with considerable interest to hear what these men have to say on the subject. We had not fully appreciated our interest to be as keen as represented, but are very glad to be told. Of course we must all be very much gratified to learn that these gentlemen, who feel that they owe no allegiance to Harvard, find that there are many splendid advantages in our university and not so many disadvantages as anticipated. After we had been nearly convinced by Alec Quest and the *Record* that we were a set of abandoned profligates with no aim in life but dissipation, we must all of us have been rejoiced to discover that after all we are moral, religious and earnest. We can now show our faces again with complete confidence, being fully assured we are neither profligates, triflers, nor free-thinkers. In the face of the testimony furnished by the gentlemen in question we cannot conceive how fathers and mothers of families and other persons of refined susceptibilities can continue to look upon Harvard as the hot-house

of dreadful nineteenth century liberalism, although if such people do require further evidence—they may be referred to the delightfully old-fashioned regulations the faculty have recently adopted. But, while we cannot but be very thankful for such testimony as the gentlemen have given us, and hope that many may by its agency be reassured, still we may be pardoned if we indulge in a little scepticism as to the need of a movement such as the one under discussion. The private opinion of any mature graduate we would be glad to entertain for our own solace, or we would gladly welcome such an opinion in the columns of the *Advocate*; but for these gentlemen to come together and in a public sort of a way assure us we are not half bad savors the least bit of patronizing. Of course if men in other institutions are deterred from taking graduate courses at Harvard because of their doubts as to her character, it is extremely kind for men from other colleges who are actually here to set forth what Harvard really is. But as for ourselves we were progressing well enough for all of our iniquity and in spite of Alec Quest and that stickler for virtue the *Record*, we had come to the conclusion that our best policy was to let the dogs bark and pay no attention to them. The objection to any such movement as the one in question is, that it recognizes that in regard to Harvard's character there is a grave question. This we have never been willing to allow, but have left the whole matter to the good sense of the American Public.

The performance of the Greek play *Electra* in Sanders Theatre was witnessed with great pleasure by those of us who are interested in Greek. The play also furnished a great deal of interest to many of us whose only knowledge of Greek is a hazy remembrance of dusty para-

digms. Apropos of this performance we should like to say a word or two about the very many valuable opportunities afforded us by the varied lectures and addresses provided for us through the efforts of the faculty and the several clubs and associations. We feel extremely diffident about preaching advice; but we think men do not appreciate thoroughly all the advantages of these lectures and readings. It is one of the great benefits of the large size of our university and its proximity to a large city, that we have not a few opportunities to listen within our own walls, to one and another of the prominent men who find themselves in Boston. Not to mention the duty of politeness towards those invited to come among us, which requires good-sized meetings for purposes of welcome, we think men lose a good part of the value of a course at Harvard, if they neglect the various opportunities offered in the way of lectures, addresses readings, etc. In fact we believe it to be almost as much of a duty for a man to attend at least some of these lectures as to be constant at recitations. Not only are these lectures invariably interesting in themselves, but they also serve to distract the minds of hard-working men and to prevent them from falling into a narrow and dull routine of work. Then again the more of this extra-legal work, as it were, that we have, the broader our system becomes and the nearer it approaches to a university character. No man can afford absolutely to neglect these opportunities.

Another college has been founded; Clark college we believe it is called. Very soon will appear its prospectus containing the usual list of advantages that Clark College will afford and enumerating the many points wherein it will certainly surpass Harvard and Yale. When Clark College has been properly heralded into existence with an appropriate flourish of trumpets, it will take the usual place of the mushroom college and enjoy the usual amount of oblivion, not, however, until it has managed to absorb a considerable quantity of money which might far better have been placed elsewhere. If the process of founding institutions to be called universities goes on at its present alarming

rate, they will become parasites that do no good to the life of the nation. In the present age of good sense when the indispensability of consolidation is coming to be more and more recognized it must seem absurd to every candid thinker that so much valuable money and energy should be thrown away on little trifling institutions whose chief end must soon be to prolong by every possible effort a precarious existence. We have a number of healthy universities in the country—more than enough for all our needs. What is the use of trying by a hot-house process to warm into life all these weakling miniatures of universities? They serve no purpose under the heavens, but to sap the vitality of the real colleges of the nation, and perhaps to harbor delicately strung people who look with holy horror at Harvard, and who, when they have by a bold dash entered her precincts, find it necessary to state publicly that she is after all very far from being next door to Gehenna. England finds no need for such an imposing array of universities. She is content with Oxford and Cambridge. Why should not we be content with Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, and perhaps one or two others? We find ourselves unable to cry “long life to Clark university.”

We are glad to learn that the management of the Cricket Club, after applying in vain to the Athletic Committee and the Cambridge City Council, has finally succeeded in obtaining a ground. Though at some distance from the college, it is better than the small piece of turf back of Divinity, where the cricketers have had to practice in the past. This will undoubtedly help the captain in his efforts to develop a strong team. And the work done up to now, seems to promise good results. In the three weeks that still intervene between now and the time that the eleven plays its first intercollegiate game, the material, of which there seems to be more this year than usual, ought to have been pretty well sifted, and the team that will take the field against Pennsylvania and Haverford, ought to be better than any that has yet represented Harvard.

The management has been especially anxious

to arrange games with certain of the larger colleges, hoping thereby to arouse a broader college spirit in the game here. And though there is no prospect of a game with either Yale or Princeton this year, their efforts do not seem to have been altogether unavailing. Some time since Dr. Seaver, the Director of the Yale Gymnasium, suggested in one of his lectures the formation of a University Cricket Club. Such a club would sooner or later bring about an annual match between the cricketers of Harvard and Yale, and would add a new and interesting contest to our list of annual sports with Yale.

This spring will probably see a new sport added to the list of Harvard-Yale contests, and a very deserving one. The Shooting Club has decided to hold a tournament on its grounds at Watertown, to which it has invited the teams of all other colleges in which clubs exist. For the last two years we have shot matches with the university of Pennsylvania, but this year there are flourishing clubs at Yale, Columbia, and Princeton. If all these clubs will send teams to Cambridge, the contest ought to be most interesting.

The Shooting Club was founded in 1884 by members of the class of '86. It has steadily grown since then, in numbers and popularity, until it now has a membership of over a hundred men. Of these members, however, by far the larger part are merely ornamental, or have joined the club for dining purposes only. Those who make a regular practice of shooting are few, not more than a dozen at present. It is pity that this is so, for if trap-shooting is to take its place among intercollegiate sports, Har-

vard ought to turn out the best team she can to represent her. There must be a great many men in the University who are used to handling a gun, and if they would only go out to Watertown twice or even once a week, a crack team would undoubtedly result. As it is the University team is by no means a very bad one; but it ought to be better.

Ever since the invention of the fowling-piece, and even before that in the days of the long-bow, shooting has been recognized as one of the chief sports and accomplishments of a gentleman. It is surprising that it has not taken more of a hold upon the college. Of course the exercise, variety, and excitement of shooting in the field, is lost at the traps, but the nerve and skill required score the same, and breaking clay-pigeons is the best possible practice for killing quail.

The Shooting Club has a social side to it, which though entirely secondary to the main object of the club, is, nevertheless, not to be forgotten or undervalued. This is the annual dinner. It will be given this year to the visiting teams, and if it is not the best dinner of the year it will be unlike the former dinners of the Shooting Club. Once a year the sons of St. Hubert meet around the board, to use their cups and exchange stirring tales of the chase. Every member ought to go, and every one who is not a member had better become one, and go and stay to the end, for he will hear tales of mighty shots by flood and field, and with every course a few more yards or a few more birds are added.

Whatever be the result of the tournament, the result of the dinner is certain, and any regretful feelings left by the former are sure to be obliterated by the latter.

THE SAN JOSÉ COACH.

AT the top of a long hill, the San José stage coach was waiting for the passengers, who, one by one, came straggling up behind. The tired horses stood with their feet spread apart, panting and blowing, while great clouds of steam rose from their sweaty sides. The driver was in no mood, however, to let his horses rest.

He shouted impatiently to the slower of the passengers, who were loitering some way down the hill, and muttered crossly to himself something about ten miles further to San José, and nearly dark already. The road in front descended abruptly into a deep valley, where it was lost to sight in a forest of tall firs. Across

the valley it ascended a low, rocky hill, from which, the driver said, it wound down into the plain of San José. As the sun began to sink behind the hills, the shadows of the firs grew deeper, and the chill dampness increased. As they looked down into the gloomy cavern that waited to swallow them up, the passengers shuddered and wondered how long it would take to reach the little patch of sunlight that still shone on the opposite hill-top. At last, as they all took their places on the coach, the driver gathered up the reins; but, instead of starting, he turned about and asked, "Gentlemen, have any of you got 'shooting-irons'?"

Though somewhat surprised at the abruptness of the question, several of the passengers promptly pulled out revolvers.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the driver, "you'll be doing me a favor if you'll put your 'irons' in your valises."

In response to the questioning looks of the passengers, he continued: "You see that bit of road over yonder," and he pointed with his whip to a spot where, through the firs, the road might be seen to make a sharp rise. A swollen brook tumbled over the rocks on one side, and the black firs hung threateningly over it on the other. It was not a pleasant place to pass, especially in the gloomy twilight. "Over there," continued the driver when he thought that the passengers were sufficiently impressed with the forbidding aspect of the place, "is the place where the 'mail agents' wait for the coach. I have been stopped three times since I have been driving on this line, and each time in that same place. It's an ugly spot, up-hill, rocky, no chance to dash by; you've simply got to stop and let them go through you. Now, gentlemen, please put your 'irons' away."

"But that's just what we've got them for," exclaimed one of the passengers, boldly; "if they try to stop us, we'll shoot."

The driver laughed drily. "You take my advice. These robbers are not to be fooled with; they'd as lief shoot you as not. Two years ago I was driving this same coach. We were late, and the horses were galloping along in the dark. As we showed up on the hill over yonder, the leader gave a sudden jump, and then

stood still. A masked man, with a double-barreled gun in his hand, jumped quickly into the road. 'Up with your hands, every one of you,' he shouted; 'I'll shoot the first one of you that moves.' Quick as a flash, a quiet little chap, who sat on the box beside me, whipped out a revolver and fired. The next instant the black woods lit up, and there came a deafening report. Without a groan, the little fellow dropped from his seat, and with a dead thud fell among the wheels. 'The next one that moves will get the other barrel,' said the robber, calmly. At his command the passengers dismounted, formed in line, and, in turn, handed over to him their valuables. If any one showed the slightest hesitation, he was sure to find the gun pointing straight at him. All this time the poor little fellow that had been shot lay motionless under the coach. When he had finished with the passengers, the robber stepped back to the side of the road. 'Take the light and see if he is dead,' he said, sternly. Some one took the candle from the coach lantern, and held the flickering flame close to the body. There was a hideous wound just below the heart, where the full charge of shot had entered. His clothing and the ground about him was soaked with blood. The body was cold. 'He is dead,' said the passenger. 'Take him with you, and see him decently buried,' said the robber, in the same calm tone; and then added, 'Has he got any money with him?' They searched his pockets, and found only a large nickel watch and a ten-dollar bill. 'He'll need more,' said the robber, and striding boldly to the midst of the group, he laid a roll of bills on the body. As he stretched out his arm, the dim light of the candle showed his sleeve matted with blood. It was where the dead man's bullet had struck. Then, stepping back into the forest, he waited while we wrapped the body in a blanket, and laid it carefully on the back seat. 'Now, go,' he commanded, pointing his gun at me. I whipped up the frightened horses, and hurried on in dead silence towards San José.

"No, gentlemen," continued the driver, in a less dramatic tone, "there's no use at all in your revolvers. These 'agents' are desperate, and you are sure to get shot if you show fight. Since

that trip, two years ago, I always ask my passengers to put away their pistols. I don't want to carry any more dead corpses on my stage," he added, shaking his head solemnly.

With that, he gathered up his reins again and cracked his whip. The horses, now rested, started briskly down the slope towards the gloomy firs. One by one the revolvers disappeared; the driver's warning was not without effect. As the stage plunged into the damp shadow, the passengers drew their wraps more closely about them. Not a word was spoken, and the silence was unbroken but for the resounding hoof-beats of the horses and the

cracking of the whip. On through the black forest they galloped until the hoarse roaring of the brook warned them that the fatal place was not far away. The horses fell into a trot, and soon, as the grade rose, into a walk. The driver peered anxiously into the darkness, and the passengers sank back in their seats. The brook plunged and roared, but the dark forest remained silent. As the horses slowly pulled the stage out from the shadows to the bare top of the hill, a sigh of relief broke forth on every side. From the summit of the hill, the driver pointed out a few bright spots of light far distant on the plain. "San José," he said.

Frederick S. Duncan.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE FRESHMAN CLASS.

*"Let not thine eyes know
Any forbidden thing itself, although
It once should save as well as kill: but be
Its shadow upon life enough for thee."*

ROSSETTI.

GENTLEMEN: I ask your attention for but a few moments. I ask your reflection—your serious reflection—for a little longer. When you have listened to what I say, you may disagree with it if you will, if you will only convince yourselves why you disagree with it; you may believe it—I hope the most of you will—but if you believe it, you must not let your actions belie your principles, for should you accept it with no view of its profiting you, then I shall have penned this little sermon quite as much in vain as if you had merely cast it aside without argument.

About this time in your college life you are feeling as if the college customs, the faces of your classmates, the inside of your books, are all tolerably familiar to you. You long for novelty, and, since the Harvard idea does not tolerate street-fighting or other animal amusements, you cast about for a resource. While you are sitting in your room there comes in a

man to you whom you like to appear knowing or brave before. Tom Brown knew him as Flashman, bully, glutton and sneak. Very likely your friend is a gentleman in dress, in manners, and in almost all his tastes. However, he is a man whose one idea in life is based on the French novel: pleasure, no matter at what expense. He professes atheism; and while you do not believe him, you are no match for him in ready logic—faith never can contend with logic. He apologizes, nay, commends pleasant vices, as virtues; he admits frankly that he is a hedonist, that he is determined to have his fling before the maggots get him, or at least before he loses his teeth and his wits, if he is less brutally minded. He scouts at the idea that you can learn more by going about your business than in other ways; he assures you that the very thing you are in search of at college is to sound the depths of human character wherever you can find it; that mere book-learning is no learning at all. He is older than

You are; perhaps he has been abroad; and he has read a good deal of French. You listen to him, you may disagree with him, but you don't say so; and though, with your sister's picture on your desk in front of you, you may think him depraved, you admit that he is entertaining and companionable; you may even give him the credit of being a deuce of a thinker. Besides, you are involuntarily polite to him because he is prominently mentioned for the first ten, his elder brother having had that signal honor before him. So you sit and listen to him very seriously and very attentively, and you are on the rapid road to the very easy acquirement of a Babylonian philosophy. Have no faith in him, he is a sham and a delusion, even to himself, I have known him long, and I have read him through and through like a book, and, well-bred as he is, there is no health in him.

He is urging you to-night, I think, that you ought to "see life"; that is to say, "to do the town." He urges his point subtly and well, with almost a priestly assumption of virtue. He puts it on moral grounds: "How can one relieve vice and want and suffering, if one does not know what it is like? How is one to know what it is like, unless one sees it where it flourishes?" He pleads it as a scientific necessity—a social study, imperative in our anarchistic epoch. He regards it as a moral safeguard: "See vice in its most revolting forms, and you are temptation proof against it all." He parades it as a curiosity. He relates for your astonishment and amazement tales of dingy opium dens, gambling-rooms, and worse. "How can you know life," he concludes, with fine scorn, "if you only see one side of life? How do you ever hope to be good if you don't know what is bad? Or charitable, while you are ignorant of misery? Or of counsel to others when you are blind yourself?" This, my honest friend, is your trial; this is the fruit of knowledge the serpent offered the first human.

By this time, you will possibly have thought me an intolerable prig,—a sanctimonious preacher; and your smooth friend will call me a "canting hypocrite." I remember perfectly the time when I listened to any thing of this kind

is pharisaical, and was proud in my deafness to reason and good morals, if ever I had to hear them from anybody who was commonly esteemed good. It is a pity that this is so—that you will find the men you most like, and a good many of the men you most honor, neither high scholars, nor professing Christians—some of them, even, professed atheists. You will shrink from study for fear of being classed with the average "grind," whose rank is attained by grubbing and swiping, not intellect; you will neglect Chapel that you may not be confounded with the average member of the Christian Brethren, who neither in manners, nor body, nor brains has won your admiration; you will equally strive to have nothing in common with the member of the Total Abstinence Society whose personal appearance is uncleanly. It is a pity, I say, that these men do not even command your respect, for they are all men with a purpose. The "grind" has come here to study; he does it. The Christian Brother is not afraid, in the face of an indifference that is often more depressing than hostility, to proclaim that he is a believer in God, and life through God. The total abstainer, in the face of a strong prejudice against him, proclaims his belief that drinking and getting drunk are wrong, either physically, morally, or both. It is a pity that many of these men are neither better dressed, better born, or better mannered; that it is not the fashion to be only studious, Godly, and sober. But, prig though I be, my confident young friend, dive in the pool I have swum through, and (if you're not drowned there) you'll change your opinion of them some day.

Don't go and look upon things whose revoltingness will, like a dead body, fascinate you; don't become familiar with things like gambling-tables, which may some day wreck you, like a rudderless ship. It is not in reason that you should go through life ignorant that adultery and prostitution and drunkenness exist; but there is no reason why you should know them as you know dancing and base-ball. You do not visit dissecting-rooms or morgues, because you can well enough imagine that the only things you will see there will horrify and sicken you. Why need you delude yourself that it is

sary to see moral horrors close to, that stir pity, but, at the same time, your passion; excite your contempt, while they fire your lity? It is all very well that you should r that brothels and gambling-houses; you may have, some day, to legis- against them. But let your knowledge there; do not blunt your moral revolt them with familiarity, as the medi- student sticks a pipe in some skull's h!

istened to Dr. Lawrence preach, one Sun- in the chapel, and heard him urge men not merely decent, but to try, each one, to live nt's life. Don't think that is too hard. t think of yourselves as being saints at all; emember that if your own father had found

hedonistic philosophy the safe road, he would have shown it to you. Don't be ashamed of your innocence; it's the most precious and rare thing on earth, and the hardest to keep. Don't think all moral men are prigs or icebergs. And don't be afraid to think that being a blackguard is being a blackguard, no matter whether it is the fashion to call it "sportive" or manly or scientific. Do that, and you will find your saint- ship not so difficult. Get what you can out of your books and your societies and your dances; go, as I saw you, last autumn, with your teeth clenched and your fresh young faces flushed, into the great fight with your great rival Yale. Have a reason why you do what you do; and then, when you are about it, do it with a will. *Sic itur ad astra!*

COMMUNICATION.

would seem that Harvard men are old enough to know and respect the rights of te property. But in one particular this is ledly not the case. I refer to the prevalent e of disfiguring library books. This is so -spread an evil that I am surprised the col- press has overlooked it. To ascribe the ice to Freshmen alone, would be unneces- / malicious. It is more just, though more liating, to find the offenders among the bers of all the college classes.

very rarely take a book from the library out its being defaced with pencil or ink s. Why cannot men understand that these s are the private property of the Harvard ge library, and as such must not be muti- in any way whatever? If a man finds ure in adorning texts with comments and rations, his own books offer the best field is talent. But he should not trespass on te property. Yet some men cannot resist ing passages which they consider good. is very irritating to any one who reads with rstanding. For he must take greater pleas- a finding striking sentences himself than in ig them pointed out. But this is only the objectionable form of book-disfigura-

Some consider themselves capable of criti- cizing and correcting the style of the greatest masters. Having taken the prescribed English courses, their little learning becomes a danger- ous and delusive tool. I have often noticed these purists make violent attacks on Thackeray. But in every case the gentlemen have either twisted the passage from its original meaning, or have entirely misunderstood it. Closely allied to the purist is the commentator. He cannot resist an opportunity of explaining the text to instruct the ignorant reader. His intention is undoubtedly good, and at times he really does amuse his victim. I wonder how many future editors are among these embryonic note-makers. It is a pity that these aspiring commentators do not leave their names for posterity to admire. If this offender is the most amusing of his brotherhood, still he has no excuse for being.

Then there is the irrepressible artist. He not only gives you the product of his own genius, but must needs mar the work of others. He makes every illustration he finds either ludicrous or suggestive. But perhaps the worst of all is the man who writes all sorts of ex- clamations on the margins of books. These remarks are always childish, and sometimes far from courteous. Such words as "rats," "stuff,"

and "nonsense" are frequent. In a book I read recently a man had very properly corrected a typographical error. But, instead of stopping with that, he had written "you jackass" in the margin, a remark which was uncalled for, to say the least.

If I have treated this subject lightly, it is none the less a serious matter. The wear and tear

on library books is considerable enough without wilful injury. The abuse is doubtless largely due to thoughtlessness on the part of the guilty person, and consequently ought to be easily remedied. If the offenders could be made to appreciate the curious light in which they place themselves, the remedy for the abuse would not be far distant.

AT CRAWFORD'S.

IT was but a poet who saw a fair maiden,
 He knew not her name, and he knew not her rank;
 She sang but one song, and he could not but listen
 As deep in his heart the sweet melody sank;
 'Twas only a day, and full many have followed,
 The vision remains, though the maiden is gone;
 And often the poet, half conscious, goes humming
 The sweetest refrain of the fair maiden's song.

PARABLE THE THIRD.

THE LITTLE GAME OF THE BLUE HOUND.

NOW it came to pass that the Blue Hound, who lived in the House of Eli, conceived a great yearning to put up a game on the Great Mastiff of the Charles. A cunning scheme entered into his head, and he thought, "Verily, I will make the Great Mastiff a cause of laughter to his enemies."

So he sought out some of the Mastiff's pups, and approaching them with smoothness, he spake as follows in the Elian tongue:

"Say, young fellers, I've got a little scheme I want you to go into. It will be a nobby thing for you, easy.* You know how thick I've been lately with that Small Young Ass in the Tiger's Skin who kicked your dad last fall. Well, he is a pretty low animal, and that's the truth of it, sure.† He ain't no fit company for us, he ain't; he ain't in our set. He's treated you fellers and

all your family shameful; he has, easy, and I want to see him pinched.‡ I don't like to bore him stiff myself§, bein' as how he is a friend of mine; but, if you fellers will come right out and say you don't want no more of him, I'll back you up, sure. Now, I'll tell you what to do. You run home and ask yer pop to give you permission to do something mighty nice for him, but you'd better not tell him exactly what it is if you can help it. Tell him it's a pleasant surprise you're fixin' for him. When you've got everything to home solid and full power of attorney from yer dad, you just come right to me; I'll fix it all up in shape, sure." And saying this, the Blue Hound winked unto himself, and placed his tongue in his cheek. But the young Mastiffs saw not the action, and

* Elian interjection, meaning "yes" or "assuredly."

† Another interjection, used in the same sense.

‡ Pinched, left out, excluded, as "pinched for bones." Pure Elian.

§ Meaning same as pinch.

hearkened only to the words of the beguiler; for they had been wroth for a long time at the conduct of the Ass in the Tiger's Skin. They hastened home to the House on the Charles, and the Blue Hound, when they were gone, shook with laughter, and, picking the wooden nutmeg gratings out of his teeth, he got ready to inform the Young Ass of the joke.

The Mastiff's pups, coming home, addressed their father, crying, "Clothe us with authority, that we may overthrow the rabble who scoff at thee and do thee ill"; and then they told the Great Mastiff all that the Blue Hound had said to them.

But the old dog was not thus to be taken in; he knew the Blue Hound of old, and saw through the trick. The great Mastiff, while he was muzzled, had been kicked by the Small Young Ass in the Tiger's Skin, and the Mastiff was not the kind of a dog to leave an enemy until he had overthrown him, and chewed him up hip and thigh. He knew well that, if he should seem to run away from the Ass, with his tail between his legs, and the mark of the hoof yet upon him, it would be a right merry spectacle for the Blue Hound. What the latter wanted was to have the Mastiff propose to drop all further connection with the Ass in the Tiger's Skin,

and then the Hound would indignantly refuse the proposal. It would have tickled the Blue Hound nigh unto death to get the old Mastiff into such a position.

The Mastiff, therefore, reproved his rash offspring, saying: "My sons, how often have I told you to keep away from the House of Eli. If you persist in communication with that Blue Hound, you will get yourselves and me into some sorry plight. Time and time again have I warned you that he is no fit animal for you to get mixed up with; you have often seen his tricks and his manners. Fight him, if you like. He is a good foe in the field; but do not let him draw you into negotiations, for he is bred, as you well know, upon wooden nutmegs. Let him pull his own chestnuts out of the fire. If he is so anxious to get rid of the Young Ass in the Tiger's Skin, let him do so himself. But I ween he will not do so yet, for, as long as the Young Ass in the Tiger's Skin denounces our House, his bray is pleasant music in the camp of the Eli."

With this sage advice, the Great Mastiff restrained his pups. The little game of the Blue Hound came to naught, while up from the House on the Charles rose the strains of that beautiful hymn, "Um-ta-ra-ra," etc.

SOME DAILY THEMES.

IT pays now and then to feel one's insignificance. The cold under whose influence I wrote my last fortnightly theme was not exorcised by that performance; on the contrary, it has thriven since, and wandered in search of new worlds to conquer. Finally, it has clutched my bowels. If you will pardon a vulgar expression—none other goes fully home—I have a gripe. Just now I seize a lucid interval; in a few moments the gripe still returns. I shall call neither for the *Monthly* nor for the '90 crew, nor for English 12 (you will notice the courteous climax). I shall have but one desire in life: to become an infinitely complicated spial around a small fixed point, located under the waist band of my trousers.

The heathen can be damned for all I care, and the *Monthly* may roll up a deficit. I am become a man of one idea,—the desire for local warmth. I wouldn't part with my hot water bottle for a kingdom. I shall go to bed hugging it; but I shall first make preparation: a pair of soft slippers, a pair of trousers and ulster, and the door unlatched. No one knows when the summons to Styx (located in the nearest entry in Holworthy) will come.

CONCERT ANNOYANCES.

Why is it people will talk at concerts?—Why, moreover, will they talk so foolishly, if they must talk. They always laugh when the music is quick time, even if it be melancholy,

and read aloud the words of the libretto for their common benefit. But it is not these talkers only who are annoyances. There is the woman who feels faint and harrows up the feelings of her neighbors by loudly whispered declarations of her symptoms. Every one is rejoiced when she finally goes, — or is carried, out.

But worst of all is the woman who fans herself conspicuously with a great white fan, in a box or balcony, just before your eyes. She always keeps it bent behind the music, sometimes, of course, coinciding with its rhythm, then drifting away again, till her fan and the music are as two pendulums swinging side by side in different time, dizzying and bewildering. But, she, good soul, knows nothing about it, and save to look through her opera glasses to study the features of the singer, never intermits her unrhythmic accompaniment. All one can do is to shut his eyes or look in another direction. It is curious that a human being can have so little rhythm as not, while listening to music and swinging a fan, to catch the rhythm of the music. That is bad enough, the exaggeration of the time, but it is pleasure compared to the torturing Philistinism of its opposite.

A robin, hunting for worms, is such a common sight that I fear he does not get half the attention he deserves. He is well worth watching. The rapidity with which he runs over the ground is remarkable. His legs move too quickly to be seen, and as he keeps his head and body rigid he looks as if he were drawn by a by a string. Suddenly he stops short and lifts his head high into the air as if to say, "I am really above this dirty work, but here are the worms waiting for somebody to eat them." He adds, perhaps, as an aside, "It is true they are deliciously sweet and tender." Then suddenly he lowers his head and cocks it to one side. He is either listening very carefully, or striving hard to peer into the ground. A quick jab and he has his victim half out. He has to stand way up on tiptoe, for a worm is very elastic and anxious to hold on to his native soil. One more pull, a shake to clean off the dirt, a hasty gobble, and Robin has made a mouthful.

John and I had just seen Tom off at Plattsburg on the evening boat going south. We walked about the town for sometime under the beautiful starlit sky, but we were both tired after traveling for two days and before long went to bed. The next morning early, we were to leave for Saranac Lake. We soon fell asleep. I saw the steamer "Champlain" moving calmly over the dark blue lakes. I could see the great dim form of the walking-beam as it moved regularly up and down. I could hear its steady beat, and the gurgle and splashing of the paddle-wheels. Here and there I saw a light in the boat. The whole seemed moving resistlessly, stealthily—the stars above and the dark lake with the heavens reflected in it—around it. But it was moving towards the shore. Oh horrors! I could not act or stir, I could only awfully realize. Nearer the shore it came, nearer, yet nearer. At last there was a terrible crash. The passengers half clothed and frantic with fear, rushed to the decks. There stood Tom crying for help. I clutched John frantically and woke him up: "Oh, Tom is going to drown," said I, "Save him." "Bah," said he, "you are dreaming." In the Albany *Argus* of the next day I saw: "The steamer Champlain was wrecked last night near Fort Ticonderoga. It is supposed that the pilot was drunk. No lives lost."

Apropos of the story told by Mr. Briggs, in his recent article in the *Harvard Monthly*, of the Freshman who confounded Johnson the great Dictator, and Johnston, centerfielder on the Boston base ball nine, I can give an account of what seemed to me, at the time, an amusing incident. This afternoon I was at one of Mr. Oscar Fay Adams's reception, to which he is kind enough to invite a number of students. There is thus offered them a pleasant way of meeting many of the literary people of Boston and its vicinity. To-day Mrs. Louise Moulton and Col. Higginson were present. During the afternoon a Freshman, whose recollections of authors are just being aroused by Eng. A, disengaged himself from the crowd and leading me to a quiet corner, asked me earnestly "which is Jane Austen?" "What!" I exclaimed. "Which

ne Austen?" he repeated. "There is se Chandler Moulton, and there is Thomas tworth Higginson," he continued, "and the over there told me that Jane Austen was

Professor Hill is going to lecture about before long, and I should like to meet her much." I could hardly restrain myself breaking out into laughter; but I did, and I replied, "I am afraid you have been informed. Miss Austen is a great favorite with Mr. Adams; in fact so great that the gossips like to think that something may come of it. You know Mr. Adams has written several reviews of her books in which he praises Miss Austen immoderately, and recently he has given a fresh boom in his "Chapters from Jane Austen. Yes, he is extremely fond of her; unfortunately the young lady is not well just present, and I am quite sure cannot be here this afternoon."

t was puzzled. He stood on the front
orm of an electric car, puffing away at his
of a pipe, with his eyes fixed upon the
overhead. After several moments of
contemplation he bent over the side of
ar and watched the sparks flash from under
wheels. His mind was not satisfied yet,

for he swung himself as far out from the car as he could that he might catch a glimpse of the arm that connected the car with the overhead wire. The impression made upon him by the numerous sparks of fire that played above and below only served to heighten the mystery. It was all beyond him. He shook his head and thoughtfully puffed at his pipe. Another Irishman boarded the car and took his stand beside Pat. Here was an opportunity. "It's a quare sort uv a cratur, this eylectricity, an' a divil a bit kin I understhand how that sputterin' fire under the whales an' up on the wire kin make the ould car go," he ventured. Pat's new friend looked upon him with a superior smile. "It's azy enuf to understand fur them as knows about it. The eylectricity runs along the wire until it gets to the end uv the line an' thin it runs back agin on the rails. The conductor hists his ould broken mast there, until it gits nare the wire,—when whist! the electricity catches hold uv it and drags the car an' all along wid it."

Pat smiled with satisfaction at this explanation and to show his thankfulness offered his friend some tobacco for his pipe. It was accepted and soon the friends were smoking away, chatting between the puffs about the wonderful invention of the age.

FATHER AND SON.

all the thirteen colonies there was not sincerer rebel than one-legged Major y. To be sure, the loss of his leg in the ch and Indian war prevented his fighting but he had done the next best thing, and willingly given his only son to his country's ce.

te one afternoon Major Avery sat in an
hair at his study window, and for the thou-
h time looked across the river at the red
floating defiantly over the patriotic homes
astine. For two years the British had been
tered in the old New England seaport, and
ugh the Avery homestead was some dis-
up the street, every day the shrill trumpet
echoed through the valley, and made the

Major's heart sick within him. To-day, as the sound reached him, he glared savagely from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, and shook his fist fiercely as he cursed the enemy.

It was one of the gloomiest moments of the protracted revolutionary struggle, the early part of the year 1781, and as the old man sat there at his window, he thought over the recent events of the war. The American troops were everywhere fleeing before the better disciplined British; the large cities were in the hands of the enemy; the country was in the depths of want and misery. Arnold's treason was still fresh in the people's minds, and the Major's blood boiled as he remembered the traitor.

Then his memory reverted to his only son.

now eighteen months a prisoner in New York. "Ah!" he thought, "I wonder how Nathan fares. Four months is a long time to be without news from one's boy. The separation was hard enough when he was in the field, but now he is in prison. But he is showing himself a brave Avery, cheering the sad and tending the sick, if by God's grace he isn't sick himself. Little does he think that his old father comes and goes at the beck of these insolent redcoats." And the Major's eyes flashed as he looked out over the river.

Gradually the landscape faded from sight, and the darkness sparked with village lights down the river. He rose from his chair, and pushing it before him, he stumped across the room to the hearthstone, where a bright wood fire was crackling. In spite of his cares the Major still took his regular "forty winks" before supper. But a knock was heard at the door, and a little old lady bustled in. It was Miss Betsey Avery, the Major's sister and house-keeper.

"It's a letter, Major," she said (Miss Betsey was very proud of her brother, and always gave him his title). "It came by way of Brookville and the mill-dam road. The messenger couldn't cross the river on account of the floating ice, so had to come round."

"An order for supplies for the Britishers, I suppose. Leave it on the table," snarled the Major, for it rankled in his heart, not only, as he said, to have the minions of the Crown quartered under the roofs of Castine village, but to see them gorge themselves and stuff their horses with patriotic food.

So the Major was in no hurry to open the order, but let it lie for some time on the table. But he seemed unable to snooze as usual. Half unconsciously he took the letter, which Miss Betsey had left within reach, and broke the seal. The outer wrapping contained a folded paper, the handwriting of which made the old man's heart jump. The letter was from his son. So tremblingly he unfolded it and read:

"HONORED FATHER:—It is now a long Time since you have heard from me, and doubtless you Wonder much how I Fare. Many strange Things have Happened, and I scarce know how to Begin. I am no longer a Prisoner

in New York. You know how sad of Heart I was when I Left Castine. Phœbe Ware would have None of me, and Married that Lout, Lem Perkins. I was much Cast Down for a long Time, tho' I Disclosed it to None. Now my Feelings are changed. I have Seen much of British Officers since being in New York. Capt. Bishop has Proved most kind to me. He has Releas'd me on Parole. He has a Daughter, the most Beautiful in the World. Once I thought Phœbe Ware was that. Now I know better. My Beautiful Ruth and I are to be Marry'd next Month.

"Cap. Bishop and I have had, moreover, many Discussions concerning this unhappy war. He has persuaded me that my former convictions were unfounded. Honor'd Parent! You will say that I have Surrendered to the World and the flesh of New York. But Capt. Bishop has satisfactorily Proved to me that the Colonies are Wrong. I have Declared myself a subject of dear Old England and a Liegeman of good King George, whom God Preserve! I have been Offered a Lieutenant's Place in Captain Bishop's Regiment; but I cannot Resolve to Fight against my old Companions. I shall Serve in the West Indies until the Close of the War.

"I shall Pay you a Visit before Leaving America. I shall Reach Castine on a British Transport on the 19th instant (D.V.) and will Cross the River immediately to spend a Week with You."

The Major was dumfounded: It was with difficulty he finished the letter. Then he crushed it fiercely in his hand and flung it into a corner. So here was the son, upon whom he had lavished so much faith and hope, a new Benedict Arnold, an accursed renegade and traitor. The news seemed so unreal that the old man could hardly believe what his eyes actually saw. He rose from his chair and thumped up and down the room. It was too much for one man to bear, and for the first time in many and many a year, the veteran was shaken with sobs, while tears poured down his wrinkled cheeks. "What a dishonor to our family!" he thought, "what a disgrace to the Avery stock! That I should have begotten such a viper! I should have been glad to see him dead, could his death have freed our coun-

try. I even pitied childless patriots who had no sons to fight for hearth and home. And now they will point the finger of scorn at me, that I have nourished a traitor. The old fathers and mothers of Castine will turn aside as I pass and the children will whisper 'Treason!' as I draw near."

Suddenly the Major stopped and picked the letter from the floor. He smoothed the crumpled sheet and looked at the last lines: "I shall reach Castine on the British Transport (D.V.) and will cross the river immediately to spend a week with you."

The letter had been delayed in transmission. To-day was the 19th! Nathaniel might be expected at any moment. The Major hobbled to the window. Directly opposite the Avery farm was a brighter sparkle on the darkness. It was plainly much nearer than the village lights. It seemed to move. Could it be a boat setting forth?

For a moment the old man stood motionless. Then he gathered himself together by a violent effort. He stumped to the table, opened a drawer and took from it a pistol.

The old Major drew his long cloak over his shoulder, seized his hat and pounded down the stairs. Little Miss Betsey was bustling about the kitchen with a vigor remarkable in one of her age, busied in preparations for supper. The long table, spread with a snowy cloth, was loaded with food, a rough plenty, in spite of marauding Britishers. As Miss Betsey, standing by the fire cleverly turned a flapjack in the air, she called after her brother:

"Major! Don't be gone long! Supper's most ready!"

He did not answer. Tramp, tramp, tramp! came echoing back from the lane.

When Major Avery reached the bank of the river and looked across the water, the sparkle was perceptibly nearer. The night itself was calm and still, but the river was full of large chunks of moving ice hitting and splashing each

other as they flew past. It was foolhardy to attempt to cross, but Nat had crossed under such circumstances before, and the Major knew that the advancing spark must be his herald now.

He threw off his cloak. He clutched the pistol and leaned against a tree. The weapon was cocked and primed and he kept his eyes alternately fixed upon the sparkle on the water and the deadly barrel. The light was now in mid-current. The old rebel distinguished the dark outline of a boat. In it he could dimly see the figure of a man. The river was too full of ice for oars to be of any avail and the man was pushing himself across, poling his skiff among the chunks of ice and deliberately finding the least threatening way.

Major Avery gazed in gloomy admiration at the stalwart form and the vigor with which it pushed its way. But his eyes were dilated with anger. "Curse the traitor!" he muttered.

With compressed lips and unswerving hand he raised the pistol. As he took steady aim, the moonlight flashed on the the shining barrel like a sign of divine approval.

The young man worked unconscious of overhanging doom.

Suddenly a low cry escaped the Major's lips. An immense cake of ice was within a few feet of the boat, carried on by the swift current. One moment more, and it struck the frail bark, smashing it like an eggshell against the ice on the other side. The man sank. Then he rose to the surface and struck out vigorously. Unconscious of danger, he struggled manfully against the swirling ice and freezing water.

Another huge cube shot down the river. It was within a few feet of his head. A loud splash as it toppled over, a gurgling cry, and, as the swimmer sank, the cube plunged on.

A flash of flame, a dull report, and the old Major lay upon the bank, with a bullet through his brain.

Charles H. Conrad Wright.

THE MOULD AND THE BELL.

“Wenn die Glock soll auferstehen,
Muss die Form in Stücken gehen.”

I HEAR the bell from the tower high,
It rings the hour, by night, by day,
And, trod by every passer, lie
The broken mould, the scattered clay.

I hear a voice from out the skies—
'Tis sweeter than it used to be—
And in the little churchyard lies
A broken mould of common clay.

The spirit could not e'er prevail,
It could but murmur and be dumb;
Until its fleshly bonds did fail,
The long expected hour had come.

Then sound, O bell! across the sky
Let all thy solemn music fly:
And thou, my spirits, bide the hour
That brings a new, a holier power.

Sewell C. Brackett.

BOOKS.

PROFIT SHARING BETWEEN EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE; A STUDY IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE WAGES SYSTEM. By N. P. Gilman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. pp. x; 460.

AT this period of the struggle between labor and capital, any plan to solve the problem of improving the workingman's condition without resource to socialistic schemes, deserves a full trial, and if successful should be widely adopted. That profit sharing has proved such a success, Mr. Gilman attempts to show. After devoting great space to the history and description of profit sharing, he summarizes past experience, and argues in favor of the general introduction of the principle. His investigations have been thorough, and allow him to support his statements with many facts and statistics, but hardly warrant the extreme view which he holds of the situation. After dismissing as unsatisfactory the various other schemes of industrial reform, such as product sharing and coöpera-

tion, he maintains that "profit sharing, the division of realized profits between the capitalist, the employer, and the employee, in addition to regular interest, salary, and wages, is the most equitable and generally satisfactory method of remunerating the three industrial agents." In this definition he includes many plans of distributing earnings beside strict profit sharing. The equitableness of the best forms of these can hardly be questioned. Their satisfactoriness may, however, well be doubted in many industries. Although "profit sharing advances the prosperity of an establishment by increasing the quantity of the product, by improving its quality, by promoting care of implements and economy of materials, and by diminishing labor difficulties and the cost of superintendence," yet the many managers who depend upon their own skill for success rather than upon the industry or economy of their workmen, would hardly be willing to divide their gains, but bear their losses alone. In spite of some drawbacks and defects, however, profit sharing undoubtedly has a

great field of utility before it, as well in the moral education of the laborers as in their practical advancement. Mr. Gilman's book, by pointing out the striking advantages derived in many cases from profit sharing, and by warning capitalists of wrong methods, ought to be an important aid in the solution of one of the most perplexing problems of the day.

GUIDES FOR SCIENCE TEACHING, NO. XIV: HINTS FOR TEACHERS OF PHYSIOLOGY. By H. P. Bowditch, M. D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1889. pp. iv; 58.

THIS little pamphlet, by Professor Bowditch, of the Medical School, describes many easy experiments illustrative of the rudiments of physiology. It shows the experimental method in this study can be carried into any school room by a few simple expedients, and the lessons made more interesting as well as more instructive.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LECTURES ON PEDAGOGY, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL. By Gabriel Compayré. Translated with an introduction, notes, and an appendix, by W. H. Payne. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1887, pp. x; 491.

ELEMENTS OF ANALYTIC GEOMETRY. By A. S. Hardy, Ph. D. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1889. pp. xii; 229.

CONFESSIONS D'UN OUVRIER. By E. Souvestre. Edited by O. B. Super, Ph. D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1889. pp. vi; 127.

JEANNE D'ARC. By A. de Lamartine. Edited by A. Barrère. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1889. pp. iv; 188.

TEACHERS' HANDBOOK OF ARITHMETIC. By G. C. Shutts. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1889. pp. vi; 69.

SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION: A HISTORY AND CRITICISM OF THE PRINCIPLES, METHODS, ORGANIZATION, AND MORAL DISCIPLINE ADVOCATED BY EMINENT EDUCATORS. By John Gill. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1887. pp. viii; 312.

It is one of the great merits of the elective system that it leads students to interest themselves in the science of education. To be sure those who have been at one time or another dismayed by the want of agreement, even as to fundamental principles, manifested by the most experienced advisers, will be inclined to doubt whether pedagogy, at least as applied to the arrangement of a college course, deserves as yet to be called a science at all. Nevertheless, one who has been obliged to study pedagogy for the sake of its application to himself, will be interested in what other people have thought about it.

Professor Compayré's book, which is devoted to primary education, reflects the merits of the French primary schools. After an elaborate account of the psychology of the child, full of practical suggestions, he goes on discussing methods of teaching in elementary schools. He gives a great many interesting quotations from writers on education and from the French educational reports. One is impressed by the inferiority of the teaching in American public schools in almost everything but arithmetic. It is interesting, in view of present discussions, to notice that Professor Compayré, himself apparently a religious man, believes in the possibility of non-religious moral instruction in schools.

Professor Gill's book consists of notices of a large number of different systems of education in England. It brings together in entertaining and convenient form a great amount of valuable matter. Probably no one would care to copy any one of these elaborate systems, but study of them cannot fail to be fruitful of suggestions to a teacher.

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

March 28. Last Vesper services in Appleton Chapel. Harvard Union debate. Question. *Resolved*: That European immigration ought to be further restricted. Disputants—Affirmative, C. D. Gibbons, '89; C. C. Ramsey, Sp.; negative, M. B. Clarke, L. S.; J. M. Perkins, '92. Vote on merits of debate: affirmative, 28; negative, 15.

March 29. Professor Lyon's fourth lecture.

March 30. Third Winter Meeting. Open games. Winners. Fence vault, A. H. Green, '92. Standing high jump, S. Crook, Williams, 4 ft. 10½ in. Rope climbing, C. E. Curry, '89. Tug-of-war, Columbia. Parallel bars, W. F. Pillsbury, '89. Running high jump, T. G. Shearman, Yale, 5 ft.

8½ in. Running high kick, L. C. Wason, M. I. T., 9 ft. Pole vault, T. G. Shearman, Yale, 10 ft. 1½ in. April 1. Professor Lyon's fifth lecture.

Spring recess began.

April 5. Base Ball. Philadelphia, 17; Harvard, 1.

April 6. Base Ball. Athletics, 17; Harvard, 0.

April 8. Base Ball. Boston, 16; Harvard, 4.

April 10. Base Ball. Harvard, 14; Cambridge, 1.

April 12. Base Ball. Harvard 7; Boston Athletics, 1.

[April 12]. Shooting Club match. Winner, McKay, '92. Professor H. P. Bowditch lectured on "Composite Photography."

April 13. Base Ball. Staten Island, 17; Harvard, 15. Base Ball. Technology, '91, 13; Harvard, '92, 10.

April 14. Professor F. G. Peabody preached in Appleton Chapel.

April 15. University Mass Meeting. Committee of ten chosen to consider question of athletics with Yale.

Banjo and Freshman Glee Clubs at Melrose.

Hon. J. J. Knox lectured on "History of Legal Tender in the United States."

Professor J. W. White lectured on "The Greek Stage."

April 17. Fourth Kneisel Quartet Concert.

April 18. Exhibition of Babylonian collection by Professor Lyon.

Harvard Union debate. Question. *Resolved:* That the United States should not materially increase its navy. Disputants — Affirmative, A. H.

Williams, '91; W. Austin, L. S.; negative, M. B. May, L. S.; T. Woodbury, '89. Vote on merits of debate: affirmative, 5; negative, 47.

April 19. Base Ball. Dartmouth, 6; Harvard, 4. Professor J. W. White's second lecture.

April 20. Base Ball. Harvard, 9; Dartmouth, 3. Bicycle Road Race. Harvard, 29; M. I. T., 26. Shooting Match. Lexington, 106; Harvard, 88.

April 21. Professor F. G. Peabody preached in Appleton Chapel.

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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., MAY 17, 1889.

W. H. Wheeler, Printer, 416 Harvard Street, Cambridge.

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THE WEEK.

WE think that the system of collecting subscriptions in college is very slack, and should be radically changed. That with proper methods much more money could be obtained we feel sure. There is no doubt that our system of managing accounts of the athletic organizations is careless and could be better arranged. Although the auditing of accounts by a committee was one step toward improvement, there are many points yet open to criticism. In the first place the man who is authorized to collect subscriptions for the University crew, especially, should be furnished with information so that he should be able to tell exactly how much money was needed, just how much had already been received, and how much promised, and on what the money was to be spent. Under the present system those who subscribe do not know what they are subscribing for, or how much is needed. There is a charming uncertainty amongst the subscription fiends as to the state of finances. There is no doubt that many men would subscribe more if the subscription collectors were more efficient, or if more detailed knowledge were obtainable. There is one way in which we are certain the present system has worked evil. Many times in subscriptions for class crews, nines or elevens,

there has been a surplus, more money than was needed collected—although we admit this is not usually the case. This surplus hangs around loose; the *Crimson* teems with propositions for cups and medals, etc. A feeling begins to arise amongst some of the subscribers that they might not have subscribed so much; they wasted their money when other organizations needed it more, and gradually they begin to feel toward all demands for subscriptions as if they were being cheated. It would obviate this if the collector was provided with a detailed statement.

We wish to bring up for consideration and discussion, another point. Would it not be better for all necessary class expenses to be collected at once together, and also University team subscriptions: that is, would it not be a saving of trouble for the collectors, a saving of bother and annoyance for the subscribers, if a collector should be provided with slips on which Class Crew, Eleven, Nine, Lacrosse, etc., should be printed, and also slips for the University teams. Then every man in college should be met once and asked to put down on this slip what he will give to each team and the times when he will pay the whole. Of course the reply will come that a man will not subscribe so much in a lump sum as he would if asked at separated times. On the other hand, as the system is now, every team generally has a number of unpaid subscriptions at the end of the season which are never paid. There are so many men collecting money for so many things that they become more or less careless, feel little responsibility and the subscriber feeling less, the result is plenty of unpaid debts. Now under this single subscription scheme, this one man who collects the money will feel responsibility. Unless he gets the whole sum he gets none at all; and thus there is less likelihood of a list of unpaid debts run-

ning up. The worry that the subscribers would escape also would be no mean consideration. At all events we think anything almost, better than things are now.

The last and most important topic for discussion is this: Would it not pay the University teams to hire a treasurer to keep all their accounts, and oversee all the bills? It seems to us that if a man could be engaged to keep the run of the finances of all the teams, instead of a number of more or less inexperienced managers that he would pay for his salary, in preventing any frauds in bills presented to the College organizations. It seems certain to us that our teams are sometimes imposed upon and sometimes impose on us college men. We do not believe that they are run by any means as economically as they might be. When a team is supported on subscriptions we do not believe it is necessary that when away it should go to the swellest hotel in the place, that it should have innumerable uniforms. We think that the rule by which men when at training table should pay their share of the bill, *i. e.*, that sum which they would have had to pay if taking meals say at Memorial, — this rule is very laxly applied and in many cases has been disregarded entirely. These points may be small, but they count up in the end. There are other ways in which economy it seems to us could be easily applied. If conscience does not enter into the matter, athletic organizations should see that it is to their advantage that there be no carelessness, or rumor of want of care in a team's expense. For existence of these simply increases a man's unwillingness to subscribe.

As usual, the Yale Freshmen have asked to be admitted to the Harvard-Columbia Freshman race this June. They have been refused for two years by both Harvard and Columbia, for the very good reason that that there is no room for them. This year it seems that the Columbia Freshmen are willing to admit Yale if Harvard '92 agrees, knowing pretty well that Harvard '92, will not agree. The Columbia Freshmen know, or ought to know that there is not room on the Thames for three crews to row under

equal conditions. The Yale Freshmen ought to know that too, and if they do not they had better ask the Seniors. The class of '89 can tell them something about a race at New London with three boats. Our Freshmen would undoubtedly like to row Yale '92, but they are not willing to go into a race where one of the crews is sure to be at a disadvantage. They do not want to be handicapped themselves, and on the other hand there would be little glory in beating another crew that might get the bad course. Two separate races are not to be thought of, the Freshmen could not afford it. There is enough of a drain on Freshmen pockets already for athletics. To throw over Columbia and row Yale instead is equally out of the question. The Columbia Freshmen have won their race with us for the last two years, and we hope that no Freshman class at Harvard will refuse to row Columbia until the latter has been thrashed again. When that shall have happened, then the next class will be free to row with Yale, and they very likely will do so. We certainly hope they will; not that we wish to cast any slight on the Columbia Freshmen; they have always proved fair foes and worthy ones whether victorious or defeated; but Yale is our dearest foe. There is every year the Harvard-Yale Freshman foot-ball game, and the Harvard-Yale base-ball game; it is a pity if there cannot be a Harvard-Yale Freshman boat race. But it must not be said that the Harvard Freshman row Yale because they can not beat Columbia. As for all three crews rowing at once, as we have said before, there is no room. It was tried in '86 and was a miserable failure, at the expense of Yale '89. The following year the Yale Freshmen challenged again and the matter was thoroughly discussed. The opinions of all the rowing men in the University who knew the New London course thoroughly, agreed that three crews could not row on the Thames without one of them being handicapped. The Columbia rowing men also recognized the fact, and it is a little strange that they should now change their opinion, and leave entirely to Harvard the unpleasant duty of excluding Yale. The whole affair is of course in the hands of the Freshman class, but

we hope and expect that they will not recede from their just position, and we are sure that the rest of the University will thoroughly approve their action. A Freshmen race with Yale would be interesting indeed, but a fair race is better.

The first ten of the Institute of 1770 has just been elected. Everyone knows how absurd it is to call it "of the Institute." For everyone knows that the Institute is an empty nothingness. There is no reason why it should not be a thriving Sophomore society; but to effect this it must be separated from its inner growth, and made a distinct society. The class of '90 failed in what was understood to be their promise. The class of '91 has been slack. Will not '92 be public spirited enough to make this change, which all admit could only be for the good. If members knew how old graduate members of the D. K. E. felt, it seems to us there ought to be little hesitation. The Institute, as we have often said before, could be made a large and pleasant society, which could be made more or less of a Sophomore Pudding, embracing men who at the same time are in other smaller societies. We do not believe that the expense or trouble of making it a new society, or something more than a name, would be too great.

The formation of a second Sophomore Society would strengthen every Athletic team, Sophomore at least. With classes of three hundred men, it is absurd to say that there are not more than sixty men who could meet together pleasantly and profitably in a society. We hope '91 and '92 will take this suggestion in good part.

We wish to call the attention of the Directors of the Cooperative Society to a small fact. That is, that the prices on many articles, noticeably books, have been little lower than in outside book-stores. We think that this is a mistake which must be remedied. We suppose it comes from two causes; one, that books cannot be sold so cheap when men not members of the society are allowed to purchase; secondly, that the manager is also interested in concerns outside the Co-operative and hence possibly cannot be wholly impartial. We should be glad to be notified on these points. Certain, however it is, that it is very bad

policy not to have books on sale cheaper, even if in the beginning not so much profit is made; but in the end it will be found that many more books are sold at thirty cent reduction than at twenty, many more proportionally to the increased reduction. An increased sale and attractiveness of figure brings more customers into the store, who will be led to purchase other articles.

As the system is conducted now, there is little inducement for a man to purchase his books of the Society. Moreover, if so large a part of the profits is kept for the sinking fund, there is little inducement for a man to become a member. This is shown by the want of increase of membership this year. According to the system, the only benefit a member gets is a share in the dividend at the end of the year; for any outsider can purchase books at the slight reduction. But to gain really anything by his investment of membership fee, a member has got to spend enough money in the Society to cause his share of the profits or dividend to exceed \$1.50, or the required fee. Now if a large portion is reserved as sinking fund, many men can actually lose on their investment.

We should like to call to mind a proposal which was made in our last volume. We speak of it again in hopes that the College will take it in hand next year, and that is that it is most unfair that societies like the Finance Club, the Conference, the Historical Society, should be obliged to pay the expense of the many interesting public lectures given out here. With such a fine hall as Sanders Theatre; with so many distinguished men willing to come out here and lecture, it would seem that it was the College's place to ask them rather than societies depending on assessments. The value of these outside lectures has been often painted. The chance for a student to become acquainted with the personality of prominent men, with outside views of men who are doing a world work is a great privilege and one appreciated by the audiences as most of the lectures this winter testify. Yet of all the lectures given by outsiders only two or three have been at the invitation or expense of the College. We ask again that it take the matter in hand.

SOUR GRAPES.

I WAS sitting quietly in my office some fifteen years ago. Being a young doctor, then, I was engaged in little more serious business than whistling for patients when Jack Purling burst into the room. "Hullo Tom," he cried, "if you haven't anything better to do come down to the depot. 'Ted' Corney, the champion middle-weight is coming down from Boston and the boys are going to give him a great reception. I'm going to see the fun."

I did not know what wild affair this was, but as it was dark and there seemed little prospect of any more business that afternoon I locked my door and went along with him. As I passed out the postman stopped me and handed me a letter. I waited long enough to see that it was merely a note reminding me to be sure and come to the fair which was to come off in two days and closing with an invitation to supper. It was from Dorothy Capet, one of Combedale's prettiest girls. I showed the signature to Purling who, it was said, was very devoted to her; and I laughed at his almost jealous eagerness to know why she should be writing to me. When we arrived at the station we found a crowd of men swaying to and fro, good-naturedly jostling each other and scuffling about until the train should arrive. In one corner a wretched apology for a band was pouring out an ear-splitting conglomeration of noises. Over all the crowd of roughs and small boys a few torches flared and occasionally a red light cast a blush over the scene. In a few minutes the little train puffed into the station. Combedale was a small town and so the trains which came to it were decidedly "accommodation" being composed of two or three freight cars, some coal cars and one passenger car. As the different passengers stepped from the car they were recognized and hauled away by their acquaintances for it was only on the rarest occasions that any stranger ever came to Combedale. Everybody had alighted and the crowd began to think that their champion had not come when a young man of middling stature appeared on the platform. When he saw the crowd he gave a frightened glance at them and

made a movement back. Then he stood hesitating what to do, looking timid and out of place; when suddenly some one in the crowd cried out, "There he is." And several men made a rush for him, set him upon their shoulders and the whole crowd moved off with shouts and clangor of brass instruments. Meanwhile the young man kept crying out something which was lost in the general uproar. Then somebody mistaking his excited ejaculations and struggles for a speech began to clap and cried, "Go it, old man." We watched them as they went up the street, the young man all the time vainly trying to get away from them.

The next morning when I took up my paper two headings were of interest to me. One—"Outrageous Mistake—Corney prevented from coming. Wrong man ovated"; the other,—"Purchase of the Burnham estate."—

The latter especially excited me, since the estate had been unoccupied for as long as I could remember. People had come, had looked at it and had gone away; and now it was really taken!

That day I had occasion to ride out along the river to visit one of my rare patients. As the man was poor, and the case, therefore, not a paying one, I thought I would stop a minute as I passed the Burnham place and ask the two people, a man and his wife, who took care of it, about the sale. "Ha, Jacobs," I called out, "I see some one has bought the House"; we always called it 'The House' in the village. "Have you seen the purchaser yet?"

"Yes," he replied, "he came down yesterday. A sorter nice, retiring kind of chap called here and said he hed bought the place. It was sudden' I'll admit, fur I hedn't heard :: word from the lawyers up in Boston, so I was kind er suspecting and I sez sharp like: 'Who are you, anyway, and where'd you come from.' Well, that fellow he gave a start ez if a pin had run into him, and then he said jerky like, 'I am Henry Waring.' 'No relation to old John Waring,' sez I, sort in a sociable way. He looked at me in a pained way and said, 'God,

No relation of anybody—" "And then," Mrs. Jacobs. — I knew, too well, her reputation for talking, so "Good day," I shouted, and picking up my horse, I drove on. Evidently the purchaser of the Burnham place was the man whom the crowd had mistaken for prize fighter.

He made my call, found the patient much better and not requiring my services at all, and riding back towards the town when I saw a brilliant red and blue parasol ahead of me. No doubt who it was; for no other girl in the village wore or even imagined such costumes as Miss Gertrude Flanders. Before I reached the house she had turned round and stared hard to see who it was. When she recognized me, she said, "Oh Doctor, is that you? I'm so sorry. I thought that it might be somebody else." Then without waiting for an answer, she went on. "How nice? I know you must have seen him. The girls are just wild about it, and they sent me along this road to see if perhaps he had not been out walking." The change of subject at first had rather bewildered me but I saw of course that she was referring to the new arrival. "Dora Blake saw him as he rode out here and she said he was just splendid-looking and had a lovely moustache." "Well," said I, laughing, "from what I hear I do not think the new man will be of much interest to anybody, male or female. I know you are disappointed. He may turn out a fine fellow but first impressions you know. But what the Jacobses say I should imagine he is shy, timid, retiring and gritless." "Oh dear," she cried.

CHAPTER II.

That afternoon I thought that as it must be a new man for a man to come to a place without knowing any one I would call on the new comer. He received me quietly and pleasantly without any display, showing any great enthusiasm. I had a long conversation with him; yet when I came to it over afterwards I was surprised to find how little knowledge I had gained of the

Waring was his name and he had come with the intention of practising law. That was

all he told me directly. What struck me most strongly about him was that he seemed as sensitive as a woman; several times during our talk, some little illusion made by me had made him start and grow red in the face. This confirmed my first opinion about his character, one thing especially had affected him; I was talking about his arrival and his curious reception. "Do you know for whom they took you?" I said. "I haven't the slightest idea," he replied. "Well," said I, "it isn't very flattering, but it is very amusing that they thought you were some low, vulgar sort of fellow, a prize fighter, a man who has been in more disgraceful rows than most men; you see what a prejudice against you has been established by your likeness and you now know that you must act on your best behavior to get back into good grace." I will admit that this facetious speech was not in the best taste, but I hardly could have foreseen the effect that it caused; for Waring gave a gasp and became pale and for a moment appeared so moved that I instinctively in a professional way seized his wrist and felt for his pulse. At this he recovered, smiled and saying, "Excuse me I am foolish; but it was so sudden and I thought I had got away from all that," he dashed off into a violent discussion on agricultural matters.

When I walked home that night I rather congratulated myself, for I felt that though this man was not going to be very much from a social standpoint, at least he must prove an interesting study for me.

The next day came the grand fair. Thinking this was a good chance to satisfy the curiosity of Combedale and also to make things pleasanter for Waring, I asked him to go with me. He positively refused at first, but I finally prevailed on him to go even if he only stayed a short time. On the way to the hall he almost turned back, because, as he said, he was not properly dressed, he had been out of the world for some time and now he would only be a laughing stock. "Look there," he said, pointing to a group of giggling girls across the road, "they are laughing at me now. I am a fool and they know it." We were late in arriving, and found the hall very crowded. Above the chattering noise of conversation, the shrill piping of a child was

heard. We had scarcely passed the doorway when we were assailed by a party of young girls demanding peremptorily that we should buy their wilted flowers. This alone was enough to frighten any man so that I was not surprised to see that Waring drew back from the crowd and looked about in a timid way for some place of refuge. Some one gave a loud laugh behind us and I saw him start and clench his hand tight. I turned around and beheld a gorgeous apparition having on her head a many colored cap and carrying in a business like way, a book and pencil. I saw what she wanted and so without previous words, "Miss Flanders"—"Mr. Waring." Before I could say anything else she had cried out, "Oh, Mr. Waring, won't you take a share in that baby-carrage?" I pressed my hand tight over my mouth to keep from laughing, while the poor young man grew red as fire, and looked at me as if beseeching me to take him away. I left him to the tender care of Miss Flanders and wandered away to see what there was. I had been assailed by portly matrons trying to look piquante in jaunty caps and selling babies' socks and flatirons. I had chatted and joked with the pretty girls at the flower table, I had bravely withstood the mysterious uncertain attractions of the seductive grab bag, when I felt some one tap me on the shoulder. It was Gertrude Flanders. "Well, how was he?" I cried. "Oh fine," she said, "but a little shy and so sensitive, oh dear, I made such an awful mistake. There was one of those awfully vulgar things from South Combeville walking by and I said, 'Are you not glad that you don't belong to that set.' Well, Mr. Waring flared up and said as he felt hurt, 'How do you know that I don't.' That was rather—. Oh how funny, look at him now. See he is dancing with that horrid Baxton girl who wears false hair." I looked where she pointed but it was difficult to distinguish anybody in the whirling crowd.

Finally, Mr. Waring and his partner came past in the general whirl; certainly he was dancing in a rather peculiar manner. Dorothy Capet happened to be standing near me as they went by and seeing them she burst into a laugh and cried to her attentive and adoring listeners. "Look, who is he? Who can he be, do you

suppose, to dance that way?" I do not know how it happened, but in some way the crowding of the dancers brought Waring within a few feet of where she stood. As soon as I heard Miss Capet, though her words were spoken in a low tone and were meant only for the chosen few, I looked at Waring; I saw directly that he had heard them. The same extreme paleness that I had noticed before came over his face; he unconsciously loosened his hold on his partner and they stopped. I saw him excuse himself and turn towards me. Walking past Miss Capet with lowered eyes, he shook hands with me, and saying "Good night," hurriedly walked out of the hall. "Mr. Waring is in a hurry, isn't he," said Miss Flanders.

"Oh, is that the new owner of 'The House?'" Miss Capet said. "Well, I do not think much of the new owner then. Where does he come from?" Miss Flanders seemed to resent the rather insulting tone, and replied: "You don't know him Dorothy, so you ought not to comment." "Well," she answered, "I am glad that there is no need of knowing him when there are so many more," and she nodded significantly at the bevy of youths who were each trying the rather difficult feat of smiling at her and scowling at the others at the same time.

Although Waring's first entrance into Combedale society was not exactly a success, still the red light and glamour thrown over him by his novel arrival and welcome gave him a kind of éclat, and caused an interest in him to be felt which did not die out for some time. Notwithstanding his unprepossessing qualities he seemed to be a good fellow at the bottom, and from the time when he first began to practice one saw that he was a talented and solidly excellent lawyer, although not a brilliant one like Purling. He had been in Combedale four weeks now, and we could judge very well of him. The one thing that stood in his way, and which I could see, would prevent him from having any large body of clients, was the fact that he was unpopular among the men. He kept very much by himself, never entering into social whist parties or smokers, or anything that is peculiarly delightful to the male soul. And then his sensitive-

ness was a severe drawback. Did he see a party of men talking and looking towards him, then he immediately imagined that they were discussing him. Knowing this peculiarity all the men always took the occasion to excite his suspicions, and to see him start by making odd allusions and raising laughs about absolutely nothing. On the other hand the young ladies liked him, and his exclusive retiring ways made him only the more interesting even though the more anybody tried to draw him out, the farther back into his shell he withdrew. With Miss Capet he was more distant and silent than with any of the others. I do not think that he had ever forgotten the words which he had overheard on the night of the fair; and an event that happened sometime after almost had the effect of making him a complete recluse. We had all been having a pleasant evening in playing cards, at Miss Flanders' house. When the time came to say "Good night," Waring happened to be standing next to Miss Capet, and naturally he asked her if he might have the pleasure of walking home with her. She immediately answered, "Thank you, but Mr. Purling is going home with me"; and then turning to Purling she said in a low voice, thinking that Waring had gone away, or at all events could not hear, "You will go with me, will you not?" Unfortunately Waring, whose ears always seemed to be strained to hear remarks about himself, overheard what she said, and he turned about quickly, looked at Miss Capet searchingly, and walked off.

"Oh dear, I am afraid Mr. Waring heard what I said. I did not mean to be so rude, but he is so sensitive," Dorothy said, as she looked after him.

CHAPTER III.

It was some time after this that I had a serious talk with Waring and I tried to give him a little advice or "points" on human intercourse. Except in a professional way I had not seen him since that evening at the Flanders', for he had kept more to himself than ever and no one had seen anything of him, with the exception, possibly, of Gertrude Flanders. I

was walking lazily along one of the numerous wood roads, smoking a cigar, and striking lazily and viciously at the branches with my cane, when I came suddenly upon him. He was lying on the ground under a big pine tree and with his head thrown back on the soft pine needles was gazing up at the sky, over which the setting sun threw a pinkish tinge. When he heard me he gave a quick start and I thought that he was going to run away. But he put on a faint smile and took my hand in a nervous manner. After talking on a few commonplace matters I dashed boldly into what I had been meaning to say to him for some time: "Look here, Waring, you're killing yourself. For a strong young man like you it is not healthy to be thinking too much about yourself. Seclusion and exclusiveness are all very well, but only in moderation. I can see that you are perfectly well; you're only morbid; you've got yourself into a bad state of mind. This sensitiveness and suspicion, these starts and blushes and expectation of slights, and seeing allusions in things where there are no allusions are all due to overcare of yourself. Now I am speaking pretty plain but it is time for me to speak. Other people may say that it is all caused by a bad conscience, by some fault you have—Now hold on. There you go again; over excitement about nothing"—for the fellow had looked at me in a timid, searching way—"but I say that I know better. What you want, Waring, is to get interested in some outside work. You need to brace up your mind with some invigorating, active interest or work, just as you would take iron as a tonic for your stomach. You ought to get interested in some girl; you—" I suddenly found myself talking to the clump of swaying birch trees, for they were all that were in front of me. "Well I'll be damned," I muttered, and walked on.

* * *

The next day there occurred something which, though trivial, changed the aspect of everything. Had it not been for the picnic which Miss Capet got up I should not be telling you this tale. The weather was so fine that it seemed a pity not to utilize it, and besides there was to be a moon. What more

could one desire for a river picnic? The point where we were to land was a few miles up the river, where a very high hill, called a mountain by courtesy, rose up straight from the river bank. We men struggled painfully up the river while the ladies lay in the bottom of the boats or canoes lazily watching our efforts and urging us on to race with each other, as boat passed or came near boat. We at length reached the spot and ascended the hill, making the most of it as if we were going up Mt. Blanc. Jack Purling was especially devoted to Dorothy Capet to-day and it seemed as if she, contrary to her usual habit, beamed on him more than on her other numerous admirers. When the top was reached a glorious view was spread before them; the great valley with the river winding in and out through the fields and now behind pine forests, now appearing in the bare green meadows.

When dinner was over the party separated, wandering off into the woods. Waring had been very devoted to Miss Flanders all the time. He had taken her up in his boat, had walked with her and had not spoken to any other person. It may have been imagination, but I fancied that Miss Capet looked a little vexed at his lack of attention to her. Not that she cared especially about it but I could see that she rather expected it from her past experience with the youths of Combedale. When it grew dark we all lay down on the ground. Some one took out his banjo and then we tried to lose ourselves in thought, anything to get away from the untuneful twanging tinkle. Strange to say, Dorothy and Waring were forced to a seat a little apart from the crowd in order to find a comfortable place to sit at all. I was very much surprised to see Miss Capet begin to devote herself to entertaining him. For once she seemed lively and unreserved with him—perhaps a little out of pique.

This sudden turning round, this weather cock veering almost took my breath away. What new freak of hers was this? Waring looked amazed at first and grew red, but finally seemed to be pleased. The moon had now risen above the darkly swaying trees and lighted our path for us down the hill. Miss Capet went on ahead and

we all with our sticks which we used to help us along, were hurrying on behind. Some one behind began to hurry and stumbling he fell against a man in front. This gave an impulse to the whole party and as it was imparted from one to another Waring was pushed violently forward. Before any one knew what had happened we found him lying on the ground with his head bleeding and perfectly motionless. It seems that Miss Capet had been swinging her great hickory stick idly round and round and that Waring had run directly against it. It had hit on the side of the head just above the temple, a very narrow escape from instant death. It was not Dorothy Capet's fault, yet she seemed completely demoralized by the accident. She rushed to him and tore her dress to make a bandage for his head utterly regardless of anything. Then she began to blame herself for the accident. Waring was unconscious for some time and had to be carried to the boat. He was taken home and I promised to come around in the morning thinking the injury merely a bad bruise. But when I went over the next day I found him in a raging fever which turned out to be brain fever. It was very curious and I could not account for it at first, coming from such a simple wound; but when I thought of the man's morbid thoughts and self retrospection I concluded that this must have caused it in a large part.

After this he lay sick a long time. When he began to be better the whole village turned out to congratulate him, for his illness had had a romantic interest to everybody from the curious accident which had caused it. Miss Capet more than all the others seemed to desire to be attentive to the sick man for she naturally felt that she was to blame for the accident.

While he was in that raging fever baskets of flowers and hot house grapes were sent over from the Capet's house and when he began to be able to see any one Miss Capet was one of his first visitors. As he grew stronger one day I was much surprised on making my professional call when the servant told me that Waring had gone out to drive in Miss Capet's pony phaeton. I gave a loud whistle and walked straight away much to the astonishment of the

domestic. Here was a new turn in the case. Indeed I had for sometime been wondering that Waring was willing to accept so much attention from the Capets, for to all his other callers and well wishers he had appeared very diffident and seemed relieved when they departed. He told me once that he knew they only came out of curiosity to see the house and that oftentimes he could see them laughing at him and his queer tastes. "Come, come my friend," I said, "get rid of these thoughts. Why in the world should they be laughing at you or despising you, as you are always thinking. Are not you as good as any of them? Waring is as good a name as Flanders or Damper, or Capet even?" I said, jokingly.

He seemed to wince at these words and he replied hastily catching his breath, "No, no, don't say that. What do you mean by that? Do you know—" He broke off suddenly and I took him up, "Do I know?"—You shouldn't ask pointless conundrums.

CHAPTER IV.

I was not surprised to hear in a few days that Waring and Miss Capet were engaged; yet a more ill-matched couple I could hardly conceive. It is said, however, that opposites have an affinity. I hoped that she might remedy the defects in his nature. Confidential talks with him on several times after this, however, failed to show me that he was at all changed. Indeed, his restless self-consciousness seemed even intensified. "By God," he said to me one day, "Doctor, I ought not to have asked that woman to marry me. But I really had to, you know. I could not help seeing that she was in love with me—don't think that egotistic—I felt bound in honor."

A few nights after this we were all up in Blake's room one rainy night. Everything outside was disagreeable, and we were making a champagne punch to sooth our feelings, injured by this aggravating attack that the weather was making on the outer man. We had lighted a fire of soft pine kindling to make a delightful blaze and were just beginning to be comfortable. Waring was engaged over on the other

side of the room playing chess with one of he silent cronies. He had just risen to get a glass of punch, when suddenly Purling looked up from his paper and called out, thinking to tease Waring and to see him get restless, "Hullo, Waring, what's this I see here in the Times? I didn't think you were as bad as all this. Is this you or your double?" Then he read, "Despatch from Concord—Henry M. Waring, alias Wardham, was released from prison to-day, having served his term for forgery." At the first words Waring gave a start, and as Purling continued he let the glass full of punch drop, and it broke noisily on the stone hearth. Several men rose and walked over to him to see what the matter was, for he looked so white. "Oh come," I cried, "take a brace Waring. We all know you're sensitive, but, Lord, what's the use of making such a fuss over a likeness of names?" Waring said nothing, but walking straight to where his hat was, he left the room. We looked at each other half in amazement, half in contempt. "Damned fool," said Purling. "Look here," I said, "we all know you're rather sore about that Capet business; but you must not keep harassing Waring so. He cannot help his nature."

I should not want to say that it was Purling who spread the report, but in some way an account of that evening spread through the town, and the queerest and wildest stories about Waring were circulated.

For some days, I think he did not go outside his place. When he did come down into the town he must have noticed that people were talking and looking at him very strangely. I remonstrated with several people for this, telling them that it was too hard on the man, since there was really nothing on which to base any scandal.

However, I thought that I would go up to see Waring and beg him to come out bravely and deny any false rumors. I found him walking up and down in his garden, apparently much dejected. As I approached, he silently held me out a letter. It was from Dorothy and written much as I should have expected from a girl of her proud nature. She was naturally hurt that such reports should be circulated about her

lover, and yet indignant that he did not deny them. The whole tone of the letter I could see was plainly such as would jar on Waring's sensitive soul. It ended with, "Why do not you do something?" "Well," I said, "why don't you?"

He looked at me inquiringly and then shook his head. Seeing there was nothing to be gained, I took out a morning paper and sitting down, began to read. In a few minutes Waring came up and took my hand. "Doctor," he said, "I am going to do something. Won't you come in to lunch?" "No, thanks," I said, and I drove back to town. That evening just after supper, I was sitting on the piazza when a man came running down the road—"Doct, Doctor, —come quick—up at the House—he's shot himself." "What!" I shouted, and without stopping for my surgical box rushed after him. It was true. We found Waring in his library calmly sitting at his table, his head leaning over it, while a very small strip of dark clotted blood showed what had happened. On the table was a thick letter addressed to me. Everything was arranged with neatness in the room except the fireplace which was full of burnt paper.

Of course Waring's death occasioned a great deal of talk in the town and many pitied Miss Capet, others congratulated her. Few did anything but despise her dead lover. And yet I cannot say they were right, for I have in my desk Waring's last letter to me. He especially instructed me never to divulge to the people of the village. Sensitive for himself and his name after death as well as before, he provided in that letter that what he himself had been afraid to tell even to his betrothed; should never be told to her. I only make it public now after all the interested parties are dead and gone. To me it is intensely interesting as a study in animal mind and as an illustration of how long a man can fight against his nature.

It began abruptly:

"OCTOBER 2, 1874.

DEAR DOCTOR:—I can stand the strain no longer. I was always a sensitive child. When I was fifteen years old my father—God forgive

him—became a forger and was sentenced to prison for ten years. No one can imagine the agony I went through. At my school all the boys fell away from me as though there was some barrier between us. I knew why. My father was a jailbird. I entered a distant college where I thought no one would know who I was, but the rumors crept in. I could not help noticing that I was thought different from the other ones. The same thing pursued me through the Law School. I settled in Binghampton to study law but some one found out that I had a relation who was "queer" as they told me. I thought that I would try again far away from my birthplace and my home. Can you wonder doctor that when I came *here* I wished to seclude myself. I am painfully aware of my faults and also that I ought to have behaved differently. But the dread of disgrace following me even here was terrible. The tortures I endured when I went into society were very great. I soon saw that I was rather looked down on by the men and girls. They knew my secret, I was afraid it was too clear. Doctor, how it came about that Miss Capet fell in love I do not know, but it has been the one bright spot in my life. I could not resist the temptation. I proposed to her, I was a fool for I knew all the time she despised me and was making fun of me. Then it came upon me all at once that my shame, the disgrace of my family would sometime be made public, that people were only waiting. How could I tell it to Dorothy? I too was only waiting, my revolver has been lying loaded in my bureau drawer for seven months.

I can stand it no longer. I read once on a gravestone down at Plymouth on the Cape in an old half-ruined graveyard this inscription: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." You, Doctor, with your knowledge of men, will see how it applies to my life. My best friend, good bye. Do not show this to a living soul. Let my disgrace die with me. Yours, for the last time,

HENRY WARING."

Charles Warren.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

COLLEGE ARROGANCE.

EVER since the present senior class entered college there has been much talk both in the college papers and among the students about the "snobbishness," which is supposed to prevail in Harvard social life. The word has referred to a spirit of exclusiveness on the part of the men socially prominent towards those socially inconspicuous. This snobbishness has been represented as dividing classes into mutually suspicious cliques; and has been declared to be the cause of our many athletic defeats. Inasmuch we are told, as the athlete cannot look with any confidence to the social prizes as a reward for his public usefulness, he is discouraged from exerting the muscle and pluck which he happens to have inherited from humble parents; and in consequence Harvard athletics suffer. There is very likely much truth in this, although the large prophecies that were made some two years ago of a grand social revolution which should instantly bring in the millennium do not appear to have been fulfilled; or at any rate the millennium is not one in which athletic victories by Harvard teams have played any very important part.

There is, however, a Harvard snobbishness of quite a different sort from this. It pertains to the attitude not of one set of students towards the others, but of the college towards other colleges and the rest of the world. The loyalty of the American college graduate toward what he likes to call his *alma mater* is certainly one of the most beautiful traits of American men. He is indeed to be pitied who does not care to send his son to his own college. The good colleges have such strong points of unlikeness in character and surroundings that the graduate of any one of them may easily think his own the best. But we are too apt here at Cambridge to think of Harvard as somehow of transcendent excellence and unapproachable glory. Although Harvard is, on the whole, of course, the best college, we are yet far from being in a position to look down with overbearing condescension

on all the rest of mankind. A Columbia freshman once told some acquaintances of mine that "there are but two good colleges in this country — Columbia and Harvard." That he admitted one "good college" besides his own, did not atone for the absurd superciliousness of the remark. But it is "freshness" of just this sort that continually crop out here at Harvard, and is not confined to freshmen, nor even to undergraduates.

I am not denying that this superior tone has a certain excuse. We have for half a century been making experiments in education. We have distinctly undertaken to make advances in educational methods in America, to be a leader among American universities. Our success has been gratifying; other colleges have been led to follow in our steps; and we may justly enjoy the thought that through us has come in this way marked advantage to the whole country. All this time we have been much on the defensive, and that together with natural pride at our success has given a peculiar intensity to the Harvard man's loyalty to his college. But this is only an excuse, it is not a justification for arrogance. That other colleges have copied our methods (and who shall say that they may not have copied with improvement?) shows that there is outside of our limits some faint glimmering of light. And in fact men are a good deal alike everywhere. I once heard a Harvard graduate who has since won great distinction in the field of education speak in a public address of certain "colleges or so-called colleges." A graduate of one of the smaller New England colleges, who had been teaching in a vigorous young western institution, remarked on the irritating conceit of these Harvard men, and added somewhat bitterly that the "so-called colleges," seemed to do quite as good work as Harvard itself. Every one who has met graduates from a great variety of colleges knows that there are plenty of refined, intelligent, manly, and even personally attractive fel-

lows at other places than Harvard. They have not in many ways the opportunities that we have, but they have a perfect right to the name of "college bred men."

Our recent ill success in athletics compels us to be a little more modest in one direction; and the low opinion of our morality and studiousness spread abroad by the North American Review, the Boston Evening Record, and the hasty publication of the Overseers' resolutions makes us admit that in another we are at least not above caring a little for the opinion of the rest of the world: but unless we somehow get rid of our general sense of our own ineffable eminence, we shall be in danger of making ourselves as ridiculous as the American travellers who display their diamonds at the *table d'hôte*.

I do not know of any utilitarian consideration

which makes plain the evil results of this tendency. I have no doubt that the arrogance of some Harvard men does disgust some people and tend to drive boys to Yale; but the number is not so great, nor is the loss so plainly an injury to any single important college interest, that one is led to shed many tears over a calamity which is, after all, rather hypothetical and remote. The real reason for frowning on Harvard arrogance is æsthetic. One hates to see Harvard men making fools of themselves and getting the college disliked.

And yet, even while I write this I have a disturbing consciousness that, nevertheless, the Harvard man is, as such, just a trifle better than the product of any other educational mill. For (to vary slightly the phrase of the great Snobographer) "am I not also a snob and a brother?"

THE PEASANT REBELLION.

ON a certain evening of January 1525, the sun had been set nearly an hour and the glow from the red clouds which lighted up the little village of Ilzthal in the narrow valley of the same name was slowly fading out and the sky becoming as gray and lonely looking as the great stretch of the Thuringian Forest spread out beneath. A prophet, had there been one in the valley, might, without looking for the flaming swords and bleeding phantoms visible to some wild spirits in those wild times, have found in the brightness fading into gloom, a symbol of the spirit of the reformation and have read in the sky, as children do in the fire, the countless succession of ravaged castles, bloody murders of the nobles, alternating with burning villages and massacres of helpless peasants. For the religious agitation of Luther had stirred up the political ferment. Hutten and Sickingen had led on the lesser nobility to fight for freedom, and the one had perished in the field, and the other had bled to death on the floor of his castle. But the peasants, who had been too jealous to make cause with the nobles against the tyranny of the great princes and bishops, were in their

turn to wage the fight for freedom and to fail as they had for the last three centuries. The time of deliverance from the hardships of their condition, almost unparalleled anywhere, had not yet come; and their last great effort was to die out in a few months as the sunset of that evening died out in a few hours. Yet here and there a bright, striking spot of light lasted longer only to go out more quickly.

It was nearly dark when two men, having followed up a little woodroad from the village, advanced across the edge of the ridge and descended into a little dell shut in on all sides and but partially cleared by the chopping of the previous winter. The older man, who was none other than the famous Thomas Münzer, the wild prophet of Westphalia, had a face that when passive would not have attracted very much attention. A short gray beard, a rather twisted and unsymmetrical set of features, ennobled by an expression of infinite capacity of endurance; this was all that one would commonly notice. His height and build were not especially noticeable, and he had a slight lameness, the result of cruel treatment. The youth at his side was the

son of Arnot, the village smith, slightly taller than Münzer, fair, with an enthusiastic, eager expression, which at this moment was especially called forth by the discourse with which the two had occupied their walk. For though Münzu never rose to the height of his prophetic fury save in battle or danger, he never for a moment forgot he was a man with a mission; and he was so terribly in earnest that he always impressed the young men at first sight with awe, which gave place to enthusiasm as he communicated to them his beliefs and hopes, the vision in which God had bade him be the deliverer of Germany from its thralldom to prince and priest. Münzer knew well that however uncertain the allegiance of older men, the enthusiastic devotion of the younger generation, not yet accustomed to bear the yoke of serfdom easily, could be depended on till death.

"Joseph," he was saying, and his face kindled with a glow that seemed like a fire behind the sunken eyes and emaciated face; "Joseph, I knew thy father long before thou wert born, when he was serf on Baron Gellut's, the time he lost his left hand for stealing wood to keep the house warm when your mother was dying. When thou wert small I promised him to look after thee and do what I could for thee. And now, he continued with growing excitement—now the hour is at hand. The oppressor shall perish from the land, root and branch, high and low, priest and noble shall be killed as they have killed. For what did the vision say? 'Go forth Thomas Münzer; slay and avenge; heed not the misery of the godless; let not thy sword cool from blood; overturn the stronghold of the oppressor while thou hast light,'—Joseph,—at last all my prayers and strivings and poor efforts are to be crowned. Fifty thousand peasants will rise in Thuringia alone when I give the word. [softer] But Joseph, I trust not in man's strength, for the power of those godless men calling themselves the Schwabian League is great: but God is with us, and [mysteriously] he has promised me that in the time of need he would send me a miracle, that at last his glory may be fully manifested. Oh what glory! it pays me for all the long years of hardship, torture and danger, that I, even I should

be the least instrument in so great a work. "But Joseph," he continued, "thou too shalt have part in this glorious work. It is the best I can give thee to fulfil the promise I made thy father. I have chosen thee to a work involving the danger of worse than death, and the fate of the whole army. Thou knowest of my cousin Gaspar, how, when he was seized and the forbidden emblem of the Bundshuh was found upon him, he was roasted on a fire made of the shoes of the slaughtered peasants of Illstein. Couldst thou be faithful as he was, art thou willing to risk thy life for the glory of God?"

"Father," said the young man, "I would not that you should trust me with a mission so important, for there must be many far better able to take it; but if devotion can do any thing,—ah,"—he said, his face glowing with contagious enthusiasm, "die for you and God, that I would do willingly and not even a fate like Gaspar's should rest any secret from me."

"It is well my son," said Münzer. "I knew that thou wouldst be faithful to the cause of God's truth." As he spoke he took a little bundle from under his cloak and slowly unrolled it. The young man started, and a glow of pride and joy mantled his face. There it was, the orange silk banner with the single peasant's shoe and the black cross, the banner which had cost so much trouble to make. It had been brought piece by piece under peasant's clothes, and put together at one of the midnight meetings in the forest. It was of a curious shape, with three streamers, made according to a vision of Münzer's, and had been blessed each meeting where he had preached, so that it was as precious in the eyes of the peasants as its neighbor of France,—the Oriflamme.

When Joseph had concealed it under his coat, Münzer offered a short prayer for his safety. "My son," he said at length, "thou must not stay here longer, nor attend this meeting, but hasten up the valley to Schönheim where thy cousin Peter lives; he will tell thee where to meet the army of God's servants. I will hasten thither in a few hours. Remember, my son, that the welfare of the army depends on thy prudence; for in my vision I saw this banner borne by God's angels, to help us in time of

need. Thou must be near me in the great battle and we shall triumph. Yea, the proud shall be brought into discomfort. Farewell, my son, the Lord speedily accept thy service."

Without further speech Münzer turned away, and muffling himself closer in his cloak, paced up and down meditating a fiery exhortation to the meeting presently to assemble. Joseph, full of pride and hope, was hastening with rapid steps back towards Ilzthal village. On the way he met several peasants with whom he exchanged greetings by pointing to the right shoe and then to heaven. They were all in a hurry, as if fearing interruption; for the nobles of the Schwabian League punished with death any attempt on the part of their serfs to hold meetings of any kind, knowing by bitter experience the power of even a few desperate men, when combined. The last tint of purple had faded as Joseph hurried up the valley toward Schönheim.

It was two months after this, that is in May, 1525, after weeks of fire, pillage and murder, the peasant army of Thuringia was encamped at Frankenhäusen, 8,000 strong. By mere force of numbers, and the suddenness of their attack, the peasants had been at first successful. In other places their triumph had been short; for they were wretchedly armed and could not stand against the trained soldiery and artillery of the nobles. There was a woful lack of unanimity and there were no wise leaders. If there had been any it would not have availed, for the groans of a century had burst forth into the wild discord of popular fury, and only some more discordant voice like that of Carlstadt or Rohrbach could be heard above the throng.

In Thuringia the presence of Münzer himself had helped the cause for a time, but the Schwabian League were closing in upon him. George Truchsus, captain of the League, had cut off reinforcements by defeating the rebellion in Wurtemberg, and the army of the nobles, headed by the Count of Hesse and Duke George of Saxony, was closing in upon the peasants. On this May morning the armies were face to face on the plain. There had been a little skirmishing the night before, when the Duke had planted his batteries on a little hill beyond the

town of Frankenhäusen, but the main battle had been postponed till the morrow. At dawn both sides were preparing. The peasants, though inferior in everything save numbers, were in good hope; for everyone who came near Münzer was inspired with the same fervor and would have followed him anywhere. Besides, the long promised miracle was to-day to aid them. Münzer had spent the night in prayer and had had another vision wherein an angel had warned him that the time of deliverance was at hand.

When all was ready for the battle Münzer mounted a little eminence. Joseph stood by his side with the banner of the *bundschuh*, which he had faithfully carried through many bloody struggles. His heart was confident as he looked at the man whom from his boyhood up he had been accustomed to regard as truly one of the saints. Yes, now men should see the power of truth,—that this man could do what he had promised. Oh that he could do something to help him and his friends. At least he could be true to his trust and guard the precious banner.

Münzer himself was in high spirits, and as he turned to address the army before the battle should commence, his face had lost some of its customary wild expression and was ennobled by a calm faith which gave dignity to his rugged features.

"My children," he said, "we have fought a good fight; and though it has pleased God that some of us should fall by the way, and enter into their rest, it is to us that his graciousness is manifested, in that through us he will reveal his power; and yonder oppressors shall wither as grass in the forest fire."

Loud and clear through the chill morning air came the trumpet blasts and the clattering of the Saxon cavalry. The batteries on the hill at the left opened fire, at first harmlessly, as the peasants had fallen on their knees when Münzer began his address. Nearer came the horsemen,—so near that Joseph could see the Duke at the head of his body guard. The peasants on the outside of the throng, too crowded for flight, were mercilessly cut down and their cries and groans were added to the shouts of "God and the Church."

Still above the tumult rang out Münzer's calm voice.

"Have faith, my children, the Lord will not forsake his own: be faithful as he is faithful. O Lord, now! How long dost thou wait? Arise in thine anger; lift up thyself because of the rage of mine enemies.

"Oh, I see them coming, his angels. Hold fast thy banner, Joseph. O fear not, my people. Satan shall not prevail. Now Lord, smite them. O ye blessed angels; level their pride to the dust. For this moment have I lived. They flee. O praise God."

His voice grew fainter as he was borne away

by press of the throng. No thunder of heaven was it, but the Hessian batteries ploughing furrows in the ranks of the luckless serfs that greeted Münzer's ears. An hour later, as the sun was just rising, its light showed the plain strewn with the bodies of the 8,000 slaughtered as a revenge for sacked castles and murdered lords. And Joseph, where was he? When the Duke had mounted the hill to better give orders for the pursuit of the fugitives, a bit of torn silk attracted his notice, and beside it a fair young face. No bullet of the enemy had hurt him, no cruel spear had touched him living. He had died of a broken faith.

Prescott F. Hall.

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

April 22. Cricket. Shamrock, 73; Harvard, 70. One inning.

Mr. J. C. Soley lectured on "The Isthmian Canal."

April 23. Canoe Races. Winners: W. Stickney, '91; V. M. Harding, '89; and J. B. Van Schaick, L. S.; R. F. Herrick, '90.

April 24. Mr. A. Foote lectured on "Music as a Profession."

April 25. Base Ball. Worcester, 19; Harvard, 8. Meeting of Men from other Colleges.

Hasty Pudding Theatricals in Boston.

April 27. Base Ball. Williams, 8; Harvard, 5. Shooting Match. Harvard, 95; Country Club, 93. Freshman Glee and Banjo Clubs at Boston.

April 28. Rev. W. Lawrence preached in Appleton Chapel.

April 29. Base Ball. Ninety, 11; Ninety-two, 4. Hon. T. N. Cooley lectured on "The Requirement of Impartiality and Uniformity in Railroad Service."

April 30. Base Ball. Harvard, 6; Phillips, Andover, 1. Eighty-nine, 7; Ninety-one, 6.

Centennial Service in Appleton Chapel. Address by Mr. Justin Winsor.

May 1. Base Ball. Harvard, 7; Amherst, 1.

"Electra" of Sophocles. Sanders Theatre.

May 2. Class Games. Winners: 120-yards hurdle race, A. S. Wolcott, '91, 20½ s. 2-mile bicycle race, E. F. Rogers, '90, 7 m. ¼ s.; R. H. Davis, '91, 6 m. 47½ s.; W. B. Greenleaf, '92, 6 m. 13½ s. 220-yards dash, F. B. Lord, '89, 25 s.; W. C. Downs, '90, 26½ s.; J. P. Lee, '91, 24 s.; O. K. Hawes, '92, 25 s. 100-yards dash, F. B. Lord, '89, 11½ s.; J. P. Lee, '91, 10½ s.; O. K. Hawes, '92, 11 s. Mile walk, C. T. R. Bates, '92,

7 m. 35½ s. Half-mile run, J. T. Stead, '91, 2 m. 7½ s.; G. L. Batchelder, '92, 2 m. 12½ s. Quarter-mile run, W. C. Downs, '90, 51 s.; F. W. Burlingham, '91, 56½ s.; W. H. Wright, '92, 1 m. ¼ s. Running broad jump, R. G. Leavitt, '89, 19 ft. 2½ in.; G. W. Wheelwright, '90, 19 ft. 1 in.; W. N. Duane, '92, 18 ft. 8½ in. Pole vault, W. N. Duane, '92, 8 ft. 3 in. Putting shot, H. R. Allen, '92, 33 ft. 5½ in. Throwing hammer, H. R. Allen, '92, 75 ft. 1 in.

Harvard Union debate. Question. *Resolved*: That independence in politics should be the rule and not the exception." Disputants: Affirmative, D. C. Torrey, '90, and E. I. Smith, L. S.; negative, C. Friend, L. S., and I. H. Bronson, L. S. Vote on merits of debate; affirmative, 6; negative, 15.

Freshman Glee and Banjo Clubs of Boston.

May 3. Base Ball. Eighty-nine, 15; Ninety-two, 9. Professor H. A. Rowland lectured on "Modern views in relation to electrical currents."

May 4. Base Ball, Princeton, 11; Harvard, 2. Harvard, '92, 12; Brown, '92, 5.

Class Races. Won by '89. Second, '92.

Cricket. Lawrence, 84; Harvard, '48. One inning.

May 5. Rev. W. Lawrence preached in Appleton Chapel.

May 6. Professor A. Cohn lectured on "The Centennial of the French Revolution."

Professor C. R. Cross lectured on "The Principles of Telephony."

May 7. Base Ball. Eighty-nine, 19; Ninety-one, 13. Spring meeting. Winners: 220-yards hurdle race, E. B. Bodley, L. S., 18½ s. 2-mile bicycle race, E. A. Bailey, '91, 6 m. 1 s. (Harvard record). 100-yards dash, J. P. Lee, '91, 10½ s. Mile walk, J. E.

Howe, '91, 7 m. 14½ s. 440-yards dash, R. R. Endicott, '90, 53½ s. Mile run, W. C. Downs, '90, 4 m. 46 s. Throwing hammer, H. R. Allen, '92, 73 ft. Broad jump, G. R. White, Gr., 19 ft. 9 in. Half-mile run, J. L. Dodge, '91, 2 m. 9 s. 220-yards dash, J. P. Lee, '91, 24 s. Putting shot, H. R. Allen, '92, 33 ft. 9 in. Pole vault, R. G. Leavitt, '89, 10 ft. 4 in. (Harvard record).

May 8. Base Ball. Harvard, 6; Worcester, 3.

Boat race. Winner, Harvard, 9 m. 43 s.; second, Athletic Club, 10 m. 4½ s.

May 9. Base Ball. Ninety, 9; Ninety-two, 7.

Conférence Française theatricals.

Boylston Prize declamation. Winners: first prizes, W. H. Warren, '89, C. G. Morgan, '90; sec-

ond prizes, C. W. Luck, '89, W. E. B. Du Bois, '90, T. Woodbury, '89.

May 10. Base Ball. Ninety-two, 10; Eighty-nine, 7. Harvard Intercollegiate Club organized.

May 11. Base Ball. Harvard, 9; Princeton, 6. Ten innings. Harvard, '92, 20; St. Marks, 7.

Cricket. Fall River, 80; Harvard, 40. One inning.

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOLUME XLVII.—No. VII.



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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., MAY 24, 1889.

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VOL. XLVII.

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No. VII.

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THE WEEK.

BY the time the present number of the *Advocate* comes from press we shall have heard the result of our first base-ball game with Yale. Whether we win or lose in that game, however, the nine is to be congratulated on the uphill work it has shown since the beginning of the season. At no time within our recollection were the prospects for a successful or even a creditable nine more discouraging than in the early part of the spring. The Easter trip, so far from affording grounds for hope, only served to dispel any lingering expectations we might otherwise have clung to. While both Princeton and Yale were making creditable showings, our nine was giving an exhibition of base-ball that could hardly be called respectable. Men on whom we most relied were for one reason and another unavailable, and of the new material none seemed especially valuable. The fielding was loose, the batting was weak, and to cap the climax we had no pitchers; the men who had received professional training during the winter, none of them gave promise of more than ordinary work, and there seemed absolutely no one on whom to fall back. At the same time wonderful reports were constantly coming to our ears of the great things

the Princeton nine had done; what a marvelous pitcher she had suddenly brought to light, how even the champions of the league had fallen victims to the men in the orange and black; then our nine went to Princeton and was badly defeated and men found a gloomy satisfaction in muttering "I told you so." The college generally gave up all hopes of winning the championship and began to look disconsolately at number three. But after its defeat at Princeton the nine seemed to go to work in dead earnest. Pitching, batting, fielding, base running all improved noticeably. In spite of all kinds of hard luck and gloomy prognostications the team worked steadily on in a plucky uphill manner, and finally succeeded in a hard-fought game in defeating the great Princeton team on its own grounds. We think that our nine this year has had exceptional disadvantages to overcome and unusually hard luck to fight against. In the face of all obstacles the team has worked hard and faithfully, and whether it wins or loses it deserves recognition from the college at large for the very creditable showing made in spite of everything.

There is one feature, however, about the playing of the nine which we can by no means approve of. We refer to the coaching. Some time ago there was a rumor that the faculty had forbidden coaching: we are sorry that the rumor did not prove true. When men are on bases it is necessary, we suppose, that someone should be on hand to tell them what to do at decisive moments. But further than this, coaching is not only useless but, what is more, is ungentlemanly. Anyone who saw the Newark game or that with the Worcesters might see to what disagreeable lengths this practice may be carried. In those games not the least pleasant feature was the contrast afforded between the

quiet gentlemanliness of the Harvard team and the obstreperous behavior of their opponents. Unfortunately this in several instances has not been the case. A comparison of the conduct of the Harvard team in the Williams game of the eighteenth to the behavior of their opponents would be by no means favorable to the home nine. While the Williams team contented itself with coaching in a legitimate and gentlemanly manner, certain remarks were indulged in by Harvard that were entirely uncalled for and, to our way of thinking, discourteous to the opposing team. For example, a Harvard man is on first, the Williams third baseman has the ball, which he suddenly throws to first in order to catch the runner off the base. The attempt is unsuccessful, whereupon a voice from the Harvard side is heard to exclaim, "That's the way to do it—play way off and make him throw it wild." Again, the Williams pitcher pitches a certain kind of ball which the batsman manages to hit for a single, and once more the voice is heard, this time with a very fine touch of irony, "Oh, we're on to that!" Now, this is a sort of thing that cannot be too severely condemned. The only possible use for coaching of this character is to "rattle" the opposing team, a method of winning games that Harvard men at least are wont to believe unfair. Baseball is a sport to which a great deal of cheap wit seems naturally to cling; if one likes this sort of thing let him go to a league game and he will be perfectly satisfied. In making base-ball a college sport let us at the same time make it a gentleman's sport and leave to the professionals the vulgarity and the cheap talk. We would call attention also to the fact that the privilege of playing with professionals, a privilege that is all-important to the success of the nine, is as yet only an experiment, and the faculty is not likely to continue the experiment if they see that we fail to keep clear of all the objectionable features that are peculiar to professionalism. It is absurd to suppose that the effectiveness of the nine's work is any way increased by resorting to would-be facetious remarks and loud-mouthed coaching. Even if such methods were of material assistance the nine would not be justified in making use of them. Let the team leave this

sort of a thing to those to whom it belongs and be content itself to "play ball."

The new regulations of the faculty in regard to choice of electives are very acceptable. The changes in English C and English D are especially gratifying. The previous method of crowding all the work into two long forensics, coming at uncertain intervals with a superfluous examination to cap the climax, has caused a great deal of unnecessary vexation and annoyance. We now look forward to moderate-sized forensics, which shall come at stated intervals and to which we can devote a proportionally just amount of time. We are glad too the junior classes of the future will not feel obliged to cherish an implacable grudge against the faculty for wantonly and despotically fixing the examination in English C on the last day of the finals. The abandonment of the system of extra courses is a step that cannot but meet approval. Extra courses are at the best a sort of an anomaly; the instructor is supposed to give as much attention to the men who take his course as an extra as to those who take his course as a regular, while on the other hand the man who takes the course as an extra apparently has no corresponding responsibility, but can study or not just as he pleases, and need not come up for the examination even. The disadvantages of the system are many and the benefits may all be obtained in the new method of throwing open all courses to any who choose to take the pains to attend. The other important rule of the new regulations is that relating to the change of electives. This is also a very acceptable change, and one that is calculated to save a vast amount of confusion and inconvenience. In times past men seem to have made out their elective blanks at random and to have changed about from course to course evidently experimenting for "snaps." The trouble this has given to instructors and students, to say nothing of the complications given rise to in the office, are too well known to all of us to need dwelling on here. We gladly welcome the change.

We hear that several of the professors have given out that the students in their courses must

be prepared on the entire year's work at the final examinations. We also hear that the faculty are seriously considering the advisability of making it compulsory for every instructor to cover the whole work of the year at the finals. How much truth there may be in this last rumor we have no idea, but the subject is a sufficiently serious one to warrant us to make a brief protest against the idea although we know nothing of it save from hearsay. In the first place, whatever the faculty may eventually decide, is it not extremely unjust for individual instructors at this eleventh hour to come to such a decision? For those men who have put behind them all work prior to the mid-years, and the number of these men is the number of men in Harvard College, to be obliged to go over again all the weary work of the mid-years in addition to that of the finals is simply impossible. If questions covering the first half-year appear on final examinations, unless they are of a most general nature, we most of us must simply pass them with a blank. Not only is such a requirement unjust, it is inconsistent with the existence of the mid-year examinations. If the finals are going to cover the work of the whole year, what on earth is the use of the mid-years? What use can there be in cutting a gap of three weeks in our courses, making life miserable by a mountain of grindings, only to find that we must go through exactly the same process and cover the same ground a few months later? Let the finals cover the whole year's work if it be advisable, only in that case do away with the mid-years, for they then have no further excuse for existence.

The boat-club management has instituted a very good custom this year, in taking passenger out in the launch to see the crew row. In the first place the custom will probably prove quite a source of revenue to the club, and in the second place it gives all members of the University a capital opportunity of watching the crew. The interest in the boat is undoubtedly very much increased in this way, and the men who go out to see it get a great deal of pleasure. There is no way of spending a hot afternoon more pleasantly than in lying in the bow of the launch, in the cool breeze, with a pipe, and criti-

cizing the eight poor patriots who are tugging away in the hot weather *pro collegia et gloria*. Then in the evening at dinner you can impress your brother laymen with all sorts of knowing remarks about "slumping on the full reach," "hanging on the finish," and other correct or incorrect, rowing language easily picked up during a trip on the launch. Seriously, however, we advise everybody who can to go out on the launch and see the crew. He will enjoy it thoroughly and will encourage the eight by the interest shown in them. The boat goes out every afternoon at half-past four o'clock. The most interesting subject, of course, is the crew itself; and to the question, what are they doing, there is only one answer—well. The race with the two Boston crews on the 8th showed that. In that race the eight won by just as much as they pleased. They made first-rate time, and better still, were just as fresh as they could well be at the end. Apparently they were ready to row right back again in just as good time. Of course they were not pushed hard and might not have done so well against faster opponents; but the encouraging part of the victory was not the actual winning, but the time and condition of the crew. It was extremely kind of the Athletic and Union crews to arrange the race with us, and we appreciate their action thoroughly. We hope that the eight may have more races of the same sort before going to New London, as such contests must be very good practice. Since then, while the rest of us have been interesting ourselves in Holmes field and the tennis courts, there has been a great deal of work doing on the river. Captain Herrick and his men cannot receive too much praise for the progress they have made. Of course Yale has a magnificent crew, and is sure of winning and all that; but their crew has got to continue very magnificent at New London, if their expectations are to be fulfilled. We do not prophecy victory, that would be rather too sanguine; but what we can and do prophecy with safety is that the Harvard crew next month will be no disgrace to their University. Anybody who knows what men sit in the Varsity boat, and has seen them row, knows that they will bring out all the magnificence the Yale men have in them.

IN THE REDWOODS.

IT was midnight of November 25th 1880. The moon half spent rose over the long unbroken range of mountains which extend along the northern coast of California from the Bodega Inlet to Humboldt Bay. Perhaps an hour before midnight a young girl stood in the doorway of a deserted cabin, far up in the Russian River cañon, watching the east grow light and waiting for the moon to rise. A trail half obliterated by the growth of scrub pines and fallen trees, ran a few yards in front of the cabin and led on down the cañon to an old logging camp. By the light of the moon this trail would be plainly visible at a place a quarter of a mile higher up the mountain, where it crossed a clearing in the redwoods, and toward this spot the girl's face was turned. She was alone and seemed impatient for the coming light which lingered so long among the tall trees on the summit of the range. A cloak, black and long, and from its shape evidently a "gentleman's," was thrown over her shoulders and its hood covered her head. There was no sound to stir the deep stillness of the forest save now and then the cry of some mountain cat;—and she had played with mountain cats, why should they frighten her? Yet she shuddered at the cry, it was so near, and even the creaking of a board as she stepped back a little into the cabin startled her. "My," she said to herself, "how scared I am at nothin'." Then she drew the cloak closer about her and stepped out.

The moon was rising. It looked like a great fire among the redwoods before it came up from their midst, but when it had finally risen all the cañon was flooded with its light. The trail which Mal had been straining her eyes to see through the darkness, now showed clearly where it came from a thick growth of chaparell, and she watched its stretch across the clearing more earnestly than ever. She had not long to watch, for soon he for whom she was waiting issued from the bush. He was on horseback and a riderless horse followed him. At the centre of the clearing he stopped and discharged a small revolver. Mal's heart leaped. "All is

right, all is right," she said slowly to herself; but her conscience told her all was wrong, and she burst into sobs.

"Poor Dad, poor Dad, he'll never take me back,—en Ben, en Jim. Oh, I know he'll never do it. But if he should not," she said between her teeth—"I've seen folks die, en, en"—but a pair of strong arms were around her, and that voice which had led her so far on was calling her his Mal, his sweet Mal, his little Mal, and asking her if tears were all she had for him.

Then her arms sought his neck, and she begged him not to be angry with her. "I won't cry no more," she said imploringly, and would not unclasp his neck until he had promised never to be angry with her again.

"And now, Mal," he said, "we must be getting out of here. We'll cross the river and stop at Jim's."

"No, no, no," she begged. "Not at Jim's, Jim knows me. Jim would know something was wrong,—en, en, he might *kill* you," she whispered, "if he happened to think that you were taking me away."

"Oh Mal, why do you always think of some such horrid thing as killing? But, if you can stand it, we'll cross the range and stop in one of the old logging camps to-night, and to-morrow go on to Sonoma, where we can take the cars."

"Oh I can stand it," she said earnestly, "I've been there with Dad lots o' times; only *please* don't stop at Jim's."

"Well, we won't, since it troubles you, my love,—but do you know, Mal," he continued, "you look divine in that coat of mine. I shall have to will it to you," he said with a little laugh. It was a forced laugh, but it was just as sweet to Mal, and when he lifted her into the saddle she clung to his neck until he had kissed her many times, and called her over and over again by all those sweet names which love makes up for its ornaments. Then he threw himself into his own saddle, and in single file, he leading, down into the depths of the cañon they departed.

The trail which they followed had once been

used as a log way. On each side rose the giant redwoods, towering high and dark above them. In the dense part of the forest, where the moon only shone on the higher branches of the trees, they seemed like gray-crested phantoms; and the scrubs about their base, stirred by the light wind, seemed to breathe a sigh as Mal passed beneath them; and Mal answered them with a sigh from her own heart.

Among these trees had been her home; their every sound and look, in pleasant and fearful weather, she knew; and now she was leaving them,—was it forever?

Shortly they came to the old logging camp where she had spent so many happy hours watching the huge logs thin themselves out into lumber, and seeing the great saw spin round and round. Perhaps some of that very lumber which she had seen cut had gone to the city to help build *his* house, the house which he had told her was to be hers. Thus she thought on, until leaving the camp behind they descended into the creek bed and followed on down toward the river, which they could hear rippling over the stones at the crossing. The river crossed, they left the trail and made a wide detour to avoid passing Jim's. It was so strange, she thought, to go by Jim's without stopping; Jim, who had rescued her from drowning when she had attempted to cross the river to his cabin during the rising of the river the fall before; Jim, who was almost as dear as her own father, and so much gentler; Jim, who loved *her* so.

"Jim!" she called aloud before she knew what she had said.

Her lover halted, startled at the sudden cry, and came to her.

"I didn't mean to do that," she said, "it came out,—I couldn't help it. I was thinking so much of him, and wishing I might just say good bye to him, that it slipped out all of a suddint."

A mile beyond Jim's they came into the trail again, just where it commences its upward climb into the redwoods of the coast range, and an hour later, at the edge of the woods of El Diablo, they came upon the cabin where they were to spend the night. Here they dismounted, and Mal's lover led the horses into the brush,

while she, not the least afraid, pushed open the door into the dark and vacant hut.

There was a close and stifling odor within, from the old and musty straw scattered over the bunk in the corner. A wild cat pushed by Mal, and with a low growl jumped out through the window. She gave a little start. "Jip's here yet," she said, referring to the late occupant of the shanty; "Jip knows what's nice." She sat down on the edge of the rude bunk and looked out to the brush, where she could see her lover loosening the girths to the saddles. Then she once more thought of her home far back at the head of the Russian River; that dear old river; how she hated to leave its soft ripple and its blue, clear waters; and her "Dad," and "Jim," and her brothers; thoughts of them all came surging up from her heart. She hid her face in her hands and burst into sobs. So long as *he* was with her she was happy; but alone, how timid she grew.

Some stakes had been torn from the roof of the cabin, and through the opening a little moonlight fell upon her. When she raised her face it was very white. The hood had fallen partially from her head, and one of her locks of ruddy hair had shaken itself loose from the knot into which it had been tied, and had fallen down upon her shoulder. Her lover kissed her when he came. Then all was changed, and her heart leaped with joy.

"You are not sorry, my sweet one, you came, are you?" he said tenderly to her.

"No," she sobbed, and looked up at him. "Why do you always think I am sorry? I *aint* sorry,—only Dad,—Dad will miss me, and I know he'll never take me back; en Jim. Jim will miss me too." She could say no more for her sobs.

"Ah, my little one, I am afraid you are getting tired of *my* love instead of I"—

"No, no, no I'm not, I'm not. I won't speak of them again; I won't, I won't," she cried, clinging closer to him and trying to stop the heavy sobs which would come, even when he had told her all over again how much she was to him.

"En you'll marry me when we get to the city, won't you?" she asked, looking up into his face.

But he turned his head away, and she could not see the look which came into his face; so the tears and sobs came back to her again, and he had to comfort her with his words.

"My dear Mal, why do you cry so? There, there, you are tired. How the tears have stained your face! Let me kiss them away! Why Mal, my love, do not cry! You know I love you, my sweet one. There, rest your head here and try to sleep; I will waken you when it is light." So with a sigh, her head drooped upon his shoulder, and Mal had gone to sleep.

The moon had risen a little higher. It shone full upon Mal's face, and her lover kissed her. "One would almost take her for a man in this coat of mine," he said to himself; "but how sweet her face"; and another caress told him how sweet, indeed it was.

A cool breeze had sprung up from the coast, and was bringing a heavy fog with it. For some time Mal's lover watched it, through a break in the trees, come rolling in over the range and settle down in a cloud over the Russian River valley. Then he must have fallen asleep; but only for a moment. He awoke with a little start, and under the impression that he had heard voices. He listened. The wind was stirring the dead leaves outside, and moaning among the pines. Was it only the wind he had heard? Gently he laid Mal down upon the bunk and drew the hood around her face. He stepped to the window and listened again. Still there was only the sound of the wind among the trees. Yet he was sure he had heard other sounds than those of the forest. Yes, he was right. Presently there came to him the sound as of crackling brush. Some one was coming. Yes, now he caught a glimpse of some half dozen horsemen on the trail. "God! Her father's horse and Jim's," he breathed; "they're after me; they'll lynch me if they catch me." He glanced hastily at Mal, kissed her softly,—it must be his last he knew,—then out through the door, into the chaparell, on to his horse, and away.

The men coming up the trail heard his horse crash through the brush in the distance, but thought it some fleeing deer startled at their approach.

A little before the cabin the men halted and dismounted. Their leader was Mal's father. He went softly to the window and looked in. The figure in the black coat caught his eye. He thought it the abductor of his child, and the thought fired him. It was all he cared for; to have his vengeance upon him. He did not look to see if Mal was there too. He did not think of her. His passion for revenge had mastered him. He beckoned to the rest.

"Mind, boys, don't let him hollar. Muffle him with the sack and tie his feet fast." It was quietly done. The moon hid itself behind some dark clouds. The foggy wind sobbing among the redwoods ceased, and all the voices of the deep forest were hushed.

By the sound of a distant whistle they knew it was nearing morning. "Ye know the tree, boys—up with that rietta, and give me first hand on the rope, if you please."

There was a sound as of a rope running over hard bark. Something dark rose a few feet into the air and stopped. A tremor passed through the figure, it twitched convulsively. The leafless bough from which it hung swayed up and down for a moment. Then all grew still save the giant tree which moaned and moaned and knew no resting.

It was morning—but in the woods of El Diablo all was dark as night. The wind was springing up afresh and the white damp fog grew thicker and thicker as it stole in among the tall redwoods like a phantom, obliterating all before it. Like a shroud for the dead it came and wrapped its mantle of white about the figure which swayed to and fro in the morning wind, while in a voice born of the heart of El Diablo, in the depth of the redwoods, moaned the name of Mal.

Case Bull.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE FRESHMEN'S ADVISERS.

WE have all heard, and made others hear, a great deal of discussion lately about the recent regulations of the faculty; and the discussion among undergraduates is mainly on one side. The rule about advisers for the Freshmen, especially, has called forth a great deal of indignation and exceedingly high-spirited talk about the outraged dignity of the Harvard student. Of course the dignity of the Harvard student and particularly of the Freshman ought not to be diminished,—I certainly need to hold on to all I have,—but I confess that I fail to see exactly how Mr. Verdant Green is to be so degraded by the advice, assistance and very probably the friendship of a distinguished professor. I should think that perhaps a man named Norton, or Cook, or Greenough, or James, or Shaler, or other like name, insignificant as it may be compared to Mr. Green's, might possibly give Mr. Green of Bugville, Mo., a few points about Harvard and its curriculum that were unknown to that gentleman before. I should further think that the above named man might be able to occasionally help the said gentleman out of a scrape. He might even do so, it seems to me, without seriously injuring Mr. Green's dignity.

I am myself undignified and childish enough to believe that the plan of advisers is not only a good thing for the Freshmen, but would be a good thing for the whole college. Let us first go away round and look at it from the point of view of the powers that be. Harvard is outgrowing U. 5. The government that fitted a big boarding school can not handle successfully a great university. Its magistrate can not know the character and pursuits of every student, unless indeed he resort to a system of spies which is of course not to be thought of by such a potentate. He must judge men entirely impersonally so to speak; he can make no allowance for either previous good conduct or bad. Nearly every regulation of the faculty must bear

with equal severity on all kinds of students; the parietal bug powder chokes the ant as well as the grasshopper. The recent ingenious scheme of registration after the vacation, for instance, put the man who had been working hard and regularly throughout the term in the same box with the man on probation. The only difference was that the first man had carried his cuts too long and the market had broken on him, while the second man had spent his cuts during the term, had had a good time and was no worse off for it.

Now if the charge of looking after the mass of undergraduates were divided among the members of the Faculty—or among a lot of officers, advisers, tutors, call them what you choose—and a limited number of students assigned to each adviser, it seems to me that the students could be looked after and kept in order much better and much more fairly than they now are. Each adviser would be pretty sure to know and even to become intimate with the men under his charge. He could speak for or against them in U. 5, with a fair knowledge of their character and what they were doing. The University would be governed through a system of prefects, so to speak.

Those are the advantages which such a system, it seems to me, would give to the college government. Now come back and look at it from our side. Suppose you have been working hard and are not feeling very well, or for some other pretty good reason want to go home for a few days or want to get out into the country, suppose even that you only want to get away for the opening of the quail or trout season or some other frivolous but harmless reason. If you were under the charge of a sensible, discriminating adviser, you would go to him and tell him honestly why you wanted to take a little vacation. If you could satisfy him that it would make no difference in your work, that your attendance at recitations had been regular for a long time, and that you were

not going on a spree, he would undoubtedly say, "Go ahead, Mr. —, but don't stay too long." There is no good reason why he should not say so, since he knows you, where you are going and what you are going to do. You are directly responsible to him, and he is responsible for you to the Faculty. Imagine attempting such a thing at the office! Besides this advantage to the student there would be another far greater one. He would undoubtedly become quite intimate with his adviser, and in many

cases would form a friendship that he would be thankful for and proud of all his life. There are few things that are more pleasant and beneficial to a young man than the friendship of an older and learned one.

The system of advisers is not a new and untried one. It has existed for a long time at the English universities, and the connection with their tutors is spoken of by graduates of Cambridge and Oxford as one of the pleasantest parts of their college life.

A WINTER'S TALE.

OR

MAD AS A MARCH HARE.

A Comedy, to be presented in October, 1889.

(With apologies to William Shakspeare.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BAMBOOZLE-US* *King of the Cantabs.*
 JULIUS HANNIBAL SEARIUS, *Commander of the Legions, and High Priest of Diplomacy.*
 M. DURUS VICTOR, *His Lieutenant, valiant, but hot-headed.*
 T. SUFFERANUS TAILOR, *Captain of the light skirmishers—Full of Strategy and Wiles.*
 ARTHORIUS TUBBIUS BUTLER, *Commander of the Navy. An honest, blunt, old Roman, but misguided.*
 A "GENTLE HUSHER," *(adapted from Spenser).*
 THE POPULACE.

ARGUMENT.

For many years the Cantabs, dwellers in the ancient town of Cambridge on the Charles, have had a friendly league with the distant tribe of Nassua, called also Princetoni, who inhabit the red mud plains of Nova Yersae. King Bamboozleus, ruler of the Cantabs, growing envious of the repeated and splendid victories of this tribe, resolves to break the treaty with them and to enter into a humiliating league with the ancient enemies of the Cantabs, the Elians. He carries on secret negotiations with King Eli, and then with his officers forms a plot by which he hopes to get the consent of the people to his scheme. Unauthorized acts of the king, bringing down the hatred of the neighboring tribes upon the innocent populace, have so irri-

tated the people that the king dares not break the treaty without their consent. Mysterious proclamations have been posted throughout the tribe, summoning them to assemble.

The time of the first scene is supposed to be on the ides of April, B. C. 1889.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Cambridge. Before the palace of King Bamboozleus; an excited crowd of citizens.*

1st Citizen. Dost know, neighbor, why we're summoned here?

2d Cit. 'Tis by the king's command, i'faith.

1st Cit. Ay, so every fool knows that can read; but the proclamation says not what we are to do.

3d Cit. I've heard it said the king is sick and would resign the crown.

1st Cit. Why thou blockhead, thou, the king is well; this very morning the great Bamboozleus passed through our streets, and never in better liking.

3d Cit. Nay, blame me not. I said only what I heard.

2d Cit. Some say the king will fight our foes, the Elians.

All. Oh mighty king! We'll follow, we'll fight 'em. Down with the Elians.

(Enter "Gentle Husker.")

Gentle Husker. What means this loud outcry?

2d Cit. To tell you truly, noble sir, we did but shout because they say the king will fight against the Elians.

*Cf. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, p. 2689. BAMBOOZLE—to flatter, to cajole, to bulby; derived from name of ancient king who used this method to obtain favors from his people.

All. Down with our foes! A noble king!

Gentle Husker. I pray you sirs, speak not so loud; perchance some spy may even now be lurking in our midst.

All. We fear them not.

Gentle Husker. Nay, good friends, you must not talk thus freely. The king has matter of grave import that must be solved by wise and deep deliberation, not by free discussion.

1st Cit. Noble sir, is't true the king will? and with the Elians?

Gentle Husker. I may not tell you that. I do advise you, think not of these things until the king does come.

(*Exit Gentle Husker.*)

1st Cit. I like not this mystery.

3d Cit. Nor I. The king binds our eyes and bids us see.

2d Cit. I think the king will fight our foes.

1st Cit. Why fears he then to tell us all?

All. Ay, why fears he?

(*A blast of trumpets within the palace.*)

1st Cit. Peace! The king! Now we'll know all.

—*Enter procession of soldiers, followed by priests mysteriously chanting; then the chief officers of the court, M. DURUS VICTOR, ARTHORIUS TUBBIUS BUTLER, T. SUFFERANUS TAILOR, and JULIUS HANNIBAL SEARIUS. Finally, surrounded by a small retinue, with the Gentle Husker at his right hand, comes KING BAMBOOZLEUS.*

The Citizens. Long live our mighty king! Long live!

2d Cit. We'll follow 'gainst the Elians.

All. We'll fight! A noble king! Down with the Elians.

Gentle Husker. Good sirs, I beg of you, be not so quick.

In proper time the whole will be explained.

Such rash explosions cannot fail but cause

Confusion in the king's most careful plans.

King. Sirrah, what say the mob?

Gentle Husker. They shout, long live the king.

King. 'Tis well. What sayest thou, Arthorius,

That Searius, our warrior brave, address

The people, and demand from them consent

To carry out our plan. His honored name

And hoary head will fill their brutish breasts

With awe and reverence.

Arthorius Tubbius Butler. 'Tis good, my lord.

King. Then Searius, begin; and be thou sure

To weave about their minds so thick a web

Of mystery, that their dull sense will fail

To comprehend the details of our plot.

Then, when thou has confused their brains and filled

Their ears top full of crafty words fair-sounding,

We'll say "Do this," "Grant that"; no more we'll need

To accomplish our intent.

Julius Hannibal Searius. Most royal king,

May favoring fortune smile on our proceeding.

(*To the people.*)

Oh, valiant Cantabs, mighty men, whose arms

Have carried terror to the utmost earth;

Ye citizens, most prudent and most wise,

Hear me. Our noble king, Bamboozleus,

Who in his wisdom hath you summoned

On matter of the greatest weight, demands

Your approbation—

1st Cit. We'll give no consent

Until we're told the business at length.

All. The business! We'll know the business!

Gentle Husker. Friends, cease your cries; be not impatient.

It is not fitting you should learn at once

The minutest parts of all the plan.

2d Cit. Will the king fight against the Elians?

3d Cit. Ay, is that the cause why he hath summoned us?

All. The cause, the cause, we will hear the cause.

King. Quick, Searius, quick. Calm their wrath; we'll have

To tell them part.

Searius. Most noble countrymen: with perfect faith

In your good judgment and sound sense, I dare

Unfold to you what from all weaker men

We would have kept concealed. Our noblest king

In long deliberation with his council sage

Makes this decision. The tribe of Nassau must

No more be counted as our friends; to drive

Them from our league, we will invoke the aid

Of mighty Elians.

1st Cit. What, join our foes the Elians!

2d Cit. Against our friends of Nassau!

All. Never! Never!

1st Cit. Shame on us all to listen to such plots.

What reason can he give?

Arthorius Tubbius Butler. What do you know

Compared with us? For years we have considered

This question with knotty argument

And learned talk, and in our wisdom deep

We have decided thus. And now you howl

And break up our good plans through basest ignorance.

All. Down with Tubbius! Tear him, tear him.

1st Cit. Again I say, what reasons can they give?

Gentle Husker. Why ask the cause? You've heard what Tubbius said.

These able lords in sage deliberation,

On this unmeasured time and thought have spent.

It is enough that they do find it best.

Your part is this; to humbly bow and grant

Permission.

2d Cit. Not so. Explain to us the cause.

While we in ignorance remain, we cannot

Give consent.

Tubbius. Peace my friends, this is the whole.

The mighty Elians not long ago

Sent deputies to us who said, Beware
Of Nassau; watch craftily the dwellers
On the red mud flats; trust not the cunning chiefs
Of Princeton; and then went 'way. Wherefore
Our king returned this word to th' Elians.
If ye will grant protection 'gainst our foes
And guard us 'gainst th' assaults of enemies,
We'll pay you tribute—

Searius. He's mad, good people.

(*Aside.*) Tubbius, you fool, speak one word more,
I'll drive my dagger down your throat. He's mad,
Good people, hear him not; he knows not what
He says.

1st Cit. Treason! Treason! They would betray
Us to our foes.

2d Cit. Tear them to pieces, they're conspirators,
All. Traitors, villians, tear them.

1st Cit. Down with Tubbius.

2d Cit. Down with Searius.

4th Cit. Burn the palace.

All. Burn, kill, slay,—let not a traitor live.

M. Durus Victor. My liege, I'll charge the mob and
cut

Their babbling throats.

King. Be still. O foolish people.

All. Silence! The king!

King. O foolish men, that rave

About you know not what. We summoned you
That we might ask from you consent.

You rage and foam and call us traitors.

Do traitors act as we? Do traitors tell

You plainly what they'll do? Do traitors ask

Permlission. No, good friends, in secret dens

And darksome caves conspiracy does hide

His loathed head, awaits black night, and shuns

The glorious light of day. Here openly

We make our plan and humbly beg your leave

To finish it. Is this conspiracy?

We have our kingdom's good at heart and strive

To make it prosper. Yet you call us traitors.

3d Cit. Methinks there's truth in what he says.

4th Cit. Ay, so there is; they cannot mean us harm,
For, look'ee, the king says that conspiracy
Does hide his head; while he does tell us all.

All. Noble king.

2d Cit. Yet I do not like this league with th' Elians.

1st Cit. He has not told us all. The cause! Tell us
The cause.

M. Durus Victor. My lord I would 'thou'dst let me
kill

These ins'lent, bragging fools. Ye barking curs
Be still, and listen to the king.

1st Cit. He casts

Defiance in our teeth, calls us fools

And dogs. We'll have revenge for this.

3d Cit. Ay, Ay,

We'll go no further in this business.

2d Cit. Let's stay and hear the reasons that they give

For breaking off the treaty with our friends.

All. Let's stay! Let's hear the reasons.

Gentle Husher. Good Sirs, be not so fierce. 'Tis good
for you

That they withhold the reasons for their act
As Sufferanus will explain.

All. We'll hear

What Sufferanus has to say.

T. Sufferanus Tailor. Citizens,

Where has your wonted wisdom gone, that thus

You shout abroad our plan. The wind will waft

Your cries to the far distant plains of Nassau,

Which tribe will then in arms uprise, and wave

Its dreaded battle flag of black and gold,

Advance upon us ere we can obtain

Assistance of the Elians. Be hushed

Then in your speech. We may not give the cause

That led us to this act, lest spies report

Our speeches to their tribes; for this same cause

May not discuss th' expedience of our plan,

Lest growing heated in debate, we say

Things that will anger much the Elians.

'Tis better you give power to the king

And's councillors to do what they think wise.

Thus can we act in secrecy, and gain

Through strategy, advantage o'er our foes.

3d Cit. His words sound fair and wise.

4th Cit. He is a noble man, and skilled in war.

3d Cit. He says we gain advantage o'er our foes.

2d Cit. But, look'ee, first ourselves we do give o'er
Unto our bitterest enemies.

3d Cit. Ay, that's true.

Searius. Good citizens,

I'm glad to see your sense so quick returning.

By your leave, I now will show the proper course

You people should pursue. As Sufferanus said,

Think no more of this matter, but give power

Unto the king to carry it to fitting end.

1st Cit. Full power we will not give.

2d Cit. We never will do that.

M. Durus Victor. What, will ye grant us none?

3d Cit. An' faith, we'll give em' some; it is but just
We give 'em some.

All. We grant ye power!

We grant ye power!

1st Cit. But not full power.

All. No, not full power!

Searius. Diplomacy, dear goddess, hear;—

Who art too sacred for this common herd—

Grant me thy glorious aid that I may strike

Into their brutish breasts some sense of thy

Great sacredness and worth. O hear my prayer.

(*To the people.*) O, you hard hearts, you cruel citi-
zens,

Know you not Diplomacy. A goddess she,

The greatest of them all, before whose might

The bloody god of war slinks way in fear.

By her great power, are nations overthrown

And kings dethroned, huge armies put to rout,
And all without a drop of blood. But you
In great presumption dare to sin against
Her glorious divinity. Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this your sacrilege.

3d Cit. I greatly fear the goddess' wrath.

4th Cit. We'd better yield.

Searius. Go, go, good countrymen and for this fault
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Charles' bank and weep your tears
Unto the channel, 'till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

3d Cit. I think it best we grant them fullest power.

4th Cit. Will that appease Diplomacy?

3d Cit. Ay, so the noble Searius says.

1st Cit. If I remember right, our last great battle
With th' Elians was, at command of Searius,
Made sacrifice of to Diplomacy.

2d Cit. She's more our enemy than friend.

1st Cit. Our ill success of late is due to her.

3d Cit. It may be so. Let's give the king the right
To send out chosen deputies; but ere
Decisive step be ta'en, they must report
Before us all, and gain our full consent.

All. Good, good. It is our will.

1st Cit. I do not like this plan.

2d Cit. 'Tis better, countrymen, that we discuss
And then decide this matter here, instead
Of trusting all to deputies.

All. We'll have it so; it is our will.

King. Well, Searius, what say the mob? Forced you
Consent from them?

Searius. They're blown about, my lord,
Like feathers by each gust of wind; but this
They do agree upon. They give you power
Partial, by which you may proceed in your
Designs; for further power you must again
Before their assemblage beg.

King. Why, all is well.

Once with this power, they'll find it hard to thwart
Our schemes. We'll soon be able t'increase our
might

And rid ourselves for aye of troublous need
Of asking their permission. We will act
As suits our wish, do what we will, as though
The people never lived. At the next assembly
We will cajole and worry them as, noble lords,
You now have done. We'll twist 'em round our
thumbs

Till, at our bidding, they shout "Ay" to all
That we propose. To make it easier

To mystify their minds and catch them sure
Let Sufferanus cunningly invent
Some solemn oath that they assenting to
Will be more surely wrapt up in our toils.

T. Sufferanus Tailor. My gentle countrymen, the
king begs leave
To thank you for the generous way in which
Permission you have granted.

All. Ay, 'tis true;
We've given our consent.

T. Sufferanus Tailor. In that you acted wisely.
There yet remains a matter to be done
Of great importance. You all do recognize
The matchless worth of secrecy, in deeds
Such like as this. She is the chieftest aid
Of fair diplomacy, and 'tis through her
We'll carry out this plan of ours. Hear, then,
When next we meet, we'll kill a sacred pig
And scatter thick upon a tablet blue—
A tablet blue, in honor of the Elians—
It's blood, and write thereon each man his name,
And swear by mighty Jove to keep concealed
Whate'er we in that meeting do.

All. We'll swear! We'll swear!

King. Well done, sly Sufferanus.

My noble lords, we will within and leave
This rabble to themselves. (*To the People.*) Good
people rest

Assured that you have warmest place in our
Affections. (*Exit King and officers.*)

All. Long live the king.

Gentle Husher. Good sirs, 'tis dangerous
To even think on what we have discussed.
Forget it all as quickly as you can.

(*Exit Gentle Husher.*)

4th Cit. Does any know exactly what's been done?

1st Cit. A deed without a name.

2d Cit. I' sooth, we've given power to do we know not
what.

1st Cit. These oaths and mysteries are much against
my liking.

2d Cit. Why gave we them consent at all?

3d Cit. I' faith, good sirs, the Gentle Husher bade
Speak no more of this. Henceforth our tongues
Must wag 'bout other things. We may not think
Of it—he said that, too—Wherein
Ye all have twice transgressed. Let each one now
Depart unto his home; but first let's shout
Long live the king.

All. Ay, Ay, Long live the king!
Long live our king Bamboozleus.

Publius Decius Curius.

EVALINE.

I thought it but a little thing,
To sit beside thee, while the spring
Was brooding o'er the meadows green :
I thought it but a little thing,
To hear thy soft, sweet accents ring,
My Evaline :

And now the Spring will come again,
I feel it in the wind and rain,
I see afar the grassy plain,
Long hills between ;
But never more, with song of birds,
Will come *thy* soft and gentle words,
My Evaline.

Sewall C. Brackett.

AN ISLAND LEGEND.

MANY years ago, a severe storm struck the island of Salteny with such force that it threatened to wipe away whatever had gained a footing on the little desert. Among the twenty houses on the island, none was more exposed than that of the light-house keeper, John Folger; and on the night of the storm, the old building, with its shingled roof and shingled sides, its thick shutters and its horse-shoe chimney, looked as bleak and lonely as the Haunted House of Usher. The gloom, except when the lightning flashed, was broken only by a shadowy light in one of the windows, an upper one looking out on the light-house, a beacon now as dark as all around it.

In this fire-lighted room, with her back to the window and her half-closed eyes bent on the fire, sat a young woman—who a year ago had ceased to be a girl—a woman with a strong mouth and eyes where tenderness and pride lived together. Occasionally she glanced toward her friend, Celia Folger, who slept at the opposite end of the room, the keeper's fair young daughter, whose thoughts now and again broke into smiles, for she looked into the future and saw no storm. As Jane Wentworth saw the smiles her own face clouded. "She is dreaming of Paul," she thought, "and of their approaching marriage; dreaming of the man I love, of the man who once loved me. I almost wish the storm—no, not that, but it is hard to see her smile."

As her vacant gaze fell on the smouldering fire, her thoughts floated back to the village on the mainland, and the little log school-house where her girlish fancy had first been taken by one of the raggedest young urchins that ever occupied a straight-backed bench.

Paul Macy was a bright and handsome boy and a pleasant companion, but so sensitive and proud that even when a mere child he kept aloof from his wealthier mates. He was the brother of Jane's bosom friend and "seat-mate," Julia Macy, on the leaves of whose books Jane had often noticed with some curiosity Paul's name written in a cramped hand, long before she became acquainted with the brother; but at twelve a girl has a certain pride that forbids all questions about the sterner sex. Jane smiled as she remembered the childish shame she felt when she first realized that she was on the verge of that weak age which she had sworn never to see, when she began to spin the romances wherein she was rescued by her brave knight from her wicked lover. As Julia always had the second part, that of the fast friend of the heroine, it was but natural that the hero should resemble Julia's brother as Jane imagined him.

Jane glowed, even as she sat lonely in the dark room, to remember the first day at the so-called high school, and the burning of her cheeks in her efforts to look indifferent when the triumph of the smallest lad in the class brought the teacher's smile, and the words,

‘Well done, Paul.’ He had an attractive face but for years Jane took pride in asserting that he was plain. The pensiveness and reserve that made him avoid his mates, were charms in the little girl’s mind, for she was at the age when many of us love a sigh better than a smile.

Jane thrilled again as she recalled the joy with which she learned that her Paul was Julia’s Paul, and remembered her romantic decision to make no undue advances, her joy and confusion when chance threw them together, their quarrels and reconciliations, her ill-concealed bliss at being called Paul’s sweetheart, and a thousand similar trifles, the memory of which was so sweeter than the harsh present. She loved to dwell on the eight years of happy friendship, changing gradually into pure love, spotless as an infant’s smile, and marked only by restless uneasiness in each other’s absence. During his four years at college, their letters became more and more confidential, his visits in vacation grew longer and pleasanter, and before the end of the course they were engaged. This was the happiest moment of Jane’s life, and it was soon followed by the saddest.

The pride she felt in Paul when he returned from college was equalled by her happiness in the long strolls over the gray moors, the silent hours spent on the beach, the bright plans for the future. But now she remembered too vividly the day when all had changed, when she had been startled from listening to the roar of the surf by Paul’s stammering confession that he had learned to know the difference between friendship and love.

Jane pressed her face against the cold window and looked out into the storm. Her soul was in harmony with the wild elements, and she was almost happy. Suddenly she started back, her eyes showed terror, then triumph, then doubt. The light-house towered black against a black sky. She well knew the meaning of that darkness. It meant the wreck of ships, the death of men. It meant the keeper’s disgrace and his daughter’s shame. Perhaps it meant that Celia had not yet won the game of love.

Jane lived long in the next ten minutes. First she thought of Folger driven from the island, of

Celia’s smile changed to pallor, of Paul’s return and what might happen then; but immediately these thoughts were drowned in visions of death and misery, of a drowning face, of herself the cause. It was the first conflict between good and evil, her love fighting for the wrong, her native, untrained honor fighting for the right. It was a bitter fight, but when she turned again her face was calm, and a spectator would have thought her happy.

She had won, and all would be well if it were not too late. In an instant she had awakened Celia. ‘Come!’ she exclaimed, ‘your father has not returned, it storms, we must go to the light-house.’

With a confused sense of the danger Celia obeyed, her sweet dreams rudely shattered by dread. They groped down the dark stairs, hastened across the wet and slippery rocks, and climbed the rickety steps that led to the light-house. Jane tried the door. It was locked.

For a moment she could not speak. Then she took Celia’s hand again and whispered, ‘We must find your father. It is a long way to the Mason’s, but we must go.’

Trembling, they fled along the well-known rocky path, starting and clinging closer as a loosened rock went bounding down the ledge of rocks and splashed into the sea. They had gone but a few rods when Celia shrieked and seized Jane’s hand in both her own.

Before them lay the body of a man. Jane knelt down and looked in his face. Then she felt in his pockets and drew out a key. Urged on by a single motive to leave all for the sake of the light, she clasped Celia’s hand and urged her back the way they had come, as she whispered, ‘We must not wait. He has been dead a long time, his limbs are cold.’

Celia obeyed like a child, and only her stifled sobs told Jane that she knew what had happened.

As they hastened through the driving sleet, Celia clung closer and Jane hurried on as though summoned to a fearful duty. When they reached the light-house Jane unlocked the door and dragged Celia up the winding steps to the top of the tower. ‘Where did your father keep the matches?’ she asked.

"Down stairs. No, I don't know—near the door, I believe. I can't think, I can't remember."

"Stay here, I will find them." Half way down the stairs she stumbled, but caught the railing and hurried on, not hearing Celia's frightened scream. For a long time she groped in the pitchy darkness. "I must go to the house," she thought at last. As she stretched out her hand toward the door she felt a tin box. She seized it and hurried back to where Celia peered fearfully down the stairway.

Jane hurriedly lit the great lamp. For an instant she was blinded by the sudden glare. Then she scanned the ocean as far out in the fog as she could see. She saw nothing but the angry, white-capped waves and the black rocks. The storm had done its worst; the white-caps were becoming fewer and smaller; the waves dashed with lessened force against the ledge of rocks. "Thank God! there is no sail in sight."

Exhausted by excitement and fatigue, Jane sank upon a bench and tried to think. She shuddered as she thought of Celia's father, lying cold and stiff on the frozen ground. Mingled with the future of the dead man was the vision of the young sailor whose life, she felt strangely

certain, she had saved; but she no longer thought of Paul's return as effecting her own life. Her strong love had, for the moment, vanished before the thrill of pure satisfaction which she felt in the sacrifice she had made.

Her reverie was broken by Celia's cold hand on her shoulder. "Look there, directly below us, on the rocks." Jane looked and saw what seemed to be a small boat. Her eyes flew over the adjoining rocks. On one of them was a black object, possibly a man. "Come, we must see if he is alive," she said, forcing back her fears.

Down the steps again and over the rough rocks stumbled the almost fainting girls. Jane hastened into the water up to her knees. The black object was a man. She placed her head on his breast—he was dead. She tore the clinging seaweed from his face. It was a face she knew.

Conquered at last, Jane sank upon the sand. For weeks she lived in a world of feverish dreams and hopes, and fears. When the delirium left her she slowly realized that hers was to be a widow's life, and that Celia dressed in black.

Norman Hapgood.

FANCY-FREE.

I lie in the seaward underwoods
 Where the crimson sumac glows;
 And the moss is moist and soft and green,
 And the woodland zephyr flows
 From the hillsides, where in languor sweet
 Decays the wood-born rose.
 And fancy-free I dream of love,
 And my love is the wood-born rose.
 And the shady wood and the sunlit sea
 And the billowed clouds on high
 And the seagulls circling o'er the main
 Gave rapture to my eye;
 I rejoice in the wondrous harmony
 Of sea and wood and sky.
 And fancy-free I dream of love
 In sea and wood and sky.

John R. Corbin.

BOOKS.

THE LEADING FACTS OF FRENCH HISTORY. By D. H. Montgomery. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1889. pp. vi; 321.

Mr. Montgomery's contribution to the "Leading Facts of History Series," can hardly profess to be a history of France. It is little more than the briefest summary of the chief events which took place in that country. Its brevity is, however, its greatest merit, and perhaps almost its only excuse for being. After so many excellent histories already covering the same ground, this does not pretend to be based on new materials, but to condense what has been collected by others. The perspective of events is well maintained, especially in the beginning of the book, where the author refrains from details about the unimportant monarchs before and immediately after Charlemagne. Rather too much space, however, is given to Napoleon Bonaparte's military career. The book contains numerous maps, together with some valuable summaries, tables and indices.

A CONCISE VOCABULARY TO THE FIRST SIX BOOKS OF HOMER'S ILIAD. BY THOMAS D. SEYMOUR. BOSTON: Ginn & Co. 1889. p. x; 105.

It may be doubted whether a student advanced enough to read the "Iliad" would be more benefited by the use of a special vocabulary than by a larger dictionary. If vocabularies do not injure him by leading him to be superficial and to learn the special significance of words in certain passages rather than their fundamental meaning, then Professor Seymour's compilation may be cordially recommended; for it contains all the words of the first six books of the "Iliad" and no more. Since the book aims to be concise, the definitions are usually limited to the special use of the words as they occur in this part of Homer. References are in some cases given to the line of the poem, but not generally.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY. BOOKS I-IV. Edited by B. PERRIN. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1889. pp. iv; 229.

The loafer and the "grind" ought both to hail with delight Professor Perrin's edition of the first four books of the "Odyssey." The pages are occupied about one-third with the Greek verse, and two-thirds with critical notes, based on the Ameis-Hentze edition. This commentary, which finds something to elucidate in almost every line of the poem, gives translations of all the difficult passages, with grammatical references, and is full enough to satisfy those who wish to look no farther, scarcely even to a dictionary, and also those

who wish to investigate all the references. These include even the different places where most of the words and repeated lines occur. The appendix contains criticisms of disputed passages, with the authorities for the readings in the text.

THE HISTORY OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC. Abridged from the History by Professor Mommseu, by C. Bryans and F. J. R. Hendy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1889. pp. xx; 542.

The gradual humanizing of the teaching in preparatory schools which is taking place ought to result in a great increase of interest in the study of Roman history. This abridgment of Mommseu's History of Rome has many advantages for school use. It is written in an interesting style which does not betray the fact that each chapter is only an abstract. It gives the view of Roman history taken by a great scholar, which cannot fail to make it an improvement on such colorless compends as Dr. Smith's Smaller Histories. And it has over these the great advantage of covering its period (from the earliest times to the fall of the Republic), at such length that no boy could possibly learn by heart the lessons that would have to be assigned. There is scarcely anything that tends more to unfit a boy for higher study than this habit of committing history to memory.

The book will also be of value to all students of Latin. The lists of Latin and Greek authorities, with exact references, which are appended to each chapter will be convenient.

MUSIC RECEIVED,

Song.—My Jean, by E. A. Macdonnell. A simple, unpretentious little Scotch song, sweetly and sympathetically written.

For Piano.—Sadness and Gavotte, by W. L. Blumenschein. The latter piece, better than the average modern gavotte. It is written in full chords and has much originality.

Maida Valse, by A. F. Buchanan. This waltz bears a portrait of Maida Craigen on the cover and is neatly written, but we confess that we do not find it either original or remarkable in any way more than the common waltz of the day.

For Organ.—Slumber Song, by Hausen, and Sarabande by Grieg, arranged by H. M. Dunham. We wish to commend especially the latter piece as being very well transcribed and interesting in itself.

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

May 11. Bicycle race meet. (Open to amateurs). Winners: One mile safety, R. H. Davis, '91, 2 m. 53½ s. Quarter-mile, K. Brown, '91, 41½ s. One mile inter-scholastic, P. Davis, Cambridge, 3 m. 13½ s. One-mile (handicap), R. H. Davis, '91 (scratch), 2 m. 52½ s. Two miles, Schaefer, B. A. C., 5 m. 50½ s. One mile (limited), T. Barron, '91, 3 m. 9½ s. Two mile tandem safety, E. A. Bailey, '91, and E. W. Bailey, 6 m. ¼ s.

May 12. Rev. T. M. Pease preached in Appleton Chapel.

May 13. Base Ball. Hartford, 13; Harvard, 10.

May 14. Base Ball. Ninety, 16; Eighty-nine, 8.

Freshman Glee and Banjo Clubs at Cambridge.

Dr. E. Pick lectured on "Memory and the rational means of improving it."

May 15. Base Ball. Wilkesbarre, 11; Harvard, 8.

May 16. Base Ball. Ninety, 22; Eighty-nine, 9.

Professor C. Lumholtz lectured on "The Aborigines of Australia."

May 17. Base Ball. Harvard, 12; Newark, 10.

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOLUME XLVII.—No. VIII.



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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., JUNE 7, 1889.

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No. VIII.

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THE WEEK.

WHEN we learned the score of the Freshman game at New Haven we at once concluded that something exceedingly peculiar had taken place. Part of the facts of the case have since come to our knowledge and we find that they were peculiar to such a degree that they became thoroughly disgraceful. It seems that the Freshman manager went to New Haven without money enough to pay the nine's expenses back to Boston. He relied on the guarantee of the Yale management to pay over to him one hundred dollars of the gate receipts. To begin with this was an exceedingly lax way of doing business and is only another instance of the carelessness that will creep into the management of Harvard Athletic organizations. It is superfluous to say that the manager should have taken money enough to cover the expenses of the trip and it is still more unnecessary to say that the nine should not have been allowed to go into a game simply to get the means of going home. The whole affair on the part of the manager was careless and disgraceful. The captain's share in the matter was apparently no less disgraceful. As far as we can find out his first intention was not to play the game owing to the severe storm. Inasmuch as

the team could not have remained in New Haven till Monday it is not clear that this was the best policy, especially since there is no reason to believe that rain is more injurious to Harvard than to Yale men. Nevertheless, if the captain honestly decided that it was impossible to have a satisfactory match, he should have forfeited the game and taken his men home. The plea that in this case there would not have been sufficient money is mere rubbish. To borrow would have been perfectly possible. The captain, however, allowed himself to be persuaded, evidently against his own will, and finally decided to go into the game. And just here comes the most disgraceful part of the whole matter. Having determined to enter the game the captain adopted a policy which from its wretched character we would scarcely expect of professionals, much less from those who are supposed to be gentlemen. Orders were deliberately given to the pitcher and the rest of the nine to make no attempt to play ball, but simply to work for time. Consequently when the game commenced the ball was tossed over the plate, hit all over the field and the Harvard players made no effort whatsoever to get their opponents out. Now, whether the captain ordered this or whether he merely permitted it we do not know, nor do we care. In any case the responsibility rests on him. Harvard teams have not been in the habit recently of doing much winning, but they have made a respectable showing and in any case have done their level best. Any team that failed to do its best should and would meet the censure of the college. Fairly and squarely the freshman nine has failed to do its best, and under circumstances in which they should have been particularly careful. Having once gone into the game the freshman captain should have ordered his men to play the best ball they knew

how to play and he himself should have set the example. If his pitcher, either through insubordination, lack of heart or any other cause, refused to do his best somebody else should have been put in the box, and every effort should have been made to win. To play for time is the work of a trickster and some would say such an action shows the white-feather and for a Harvard captain to show traces of trickery or lack of sand speaks for itself. We do not complain because Harvard lost the game, which Yale would have won in any case; we do complain because a set of men who represented Harvard were guilty of proceedings which we sincerely trust no Harvard team will ever repeat.

We learn from the management of the freshman crew that up to June 3rd but nine hundred dollars had been subscribed to pay the expenses of the organization. Unless eight hundred dollars more are given by the class before the tenth of the month there will not be money enough to cover the cost of the race with Columbia. As far as we can find out the management has conducted the affairs of the crew in a most economical manner and, as cannot be said of all freshman organizations, not a cent more is demanded than is absolutely necessary. Seventeen hundred dollars seems a very small amount to ask from a class of over three hundred men and we fail to see how Ninety-two can be so dead to the merits of their crew, as

to hang back in so niggardly a fashion, especially since there is every reason for pride in the eight that represents the class. If each member of the class will only consider the possibility of there being no race with Columbia, simply because there are not enough funds to pay the expenses, he will see the urgent necessity for immediate subscription. We do not suppose for a moment that Ninety-two will allow things to come to such a pass that a race will be impossible, but the fact that the management have been obliged to hint at such a contingency is sufficiently disgraceful. Ninety-two has turned out one of the best freshman crews we have had at Harvard for many a day and it seems a pity that we should be compelled to remind the class of its duty to support their eight. We can understand how the idea of subscribing to a losing team may become a duty which, however obligatory, is nevertheless irksome. But we cannot see why Ninety-two should have any hesitation in subscribing to her crew. We do not suppose the present freshman class is collectively poorer or more niggardly than the general run of classes; and yet a strange apathy apparently prevails. The management of the crew have taken measures for a thorough canvassing of the entire class in order to raise the necessary money. Come Ninety-two, show that you appreciate the fine crew you have turned out and contribute liberally to its support. The management demands only what you certainly ought to give.

AN AFTERNOON TEA.

GENTLEMEN of the ———: I am going to tell you a few of my experiences at an afternoon tea not long ago, not because they were of such a kind as to interest me very much at the time, but because I hope that, if I can depict more or less well the various feelings that in turn crowded upon me, they may be of some interest to you,—perhaps all the more so because they were rather embarrassing to me. The tea was given by the teacher of a young ladies' school, for the young ladies' relatives, friends,

and enemies, too, I should think, if I can judge from the character of some of the remarks I overheard. For such expressions as, "Oh, you *horrid* thing," "You *bad* boy," seemed to play a large part in the conversation. However, as it is the nature of that *ornamental* but rather *useless* sex never to say just what it means and to dissemble on every occasion, I have, on afterthoughts, come to the conclusion that this was only their way for expressing their admiration for the fellows talking to them, and as they did

not quite like to say, "Why, how clever you are," said just the opposite, realizing that we fellows knew enough from previous acquaintance with them not to feel at all grieved at these direct insults, but to know that they didn't mean them, that they were only lying—as usual.

The reception rooms were up-stairs, and when I reached the house it was already filled with the guests. There was a hum and a buzz about the place which would have done credit to a saw-mill in full blast. You could close your eyes for a minute and imagine yourself outside of the mill and could hear the dull, monotonous cutting of the saws, and often, as a shrill, high-pitched note of laughter came to your ears, you could fancy that the saw had struck a knot, through which it went with much labor and shrieking. In the midst of all this noise my head was in a whirl, but I managed to compose myself sufficiently to walk up to the hostess and tell her how glad I was that I could leave my arduous college duties for a short time and come in and see her bevy of beauties. But, though I stayed there for forty minutes, I didn't see them, after all. I guess that they had all gone out but one or two. You fellows who have seen Austin and Stone's collection of beauties know just how it is. These beauties, so-called, never quite fill the bill. You can realize how disappointed I was when I looked around in my search for beauty and saw about as much of it as you did at the above-mentioned museum.

I found the young lady who had invited me, pouring out tea for the thirsty crowd, and, though I never drink the stuff, except on occasions, as I told her, she forced me to acknowledge that this must be one of the occasions, and so to please her—I suppose she wanted to show the graceful way she could manipulate a teapot—I drank many a cup of the gruesome beverage, the unpleasant taste of which was somewhat taken away by her pleasant and animated conversation. But there is an end to all things, and the end comes soonest to the things that you enjoy. I soon reached my limit in the tea-drinking line, and as there was such a crowd around the table that I couldn't stay there after I had finished drinking, I was forced to move on.

Among others, I was introduced to a rather haughty-looking damsel, and as we drifted on that restless tide of elbowing humanity, we were cast at last out of the midst of the sea upon the shore—by the chocolate table. In a moment of forgetfulness I asked if she wouldn't have a cup of chocolate. *She* would if *I* would. So I had to get some. I couldn't drink it if I tried. She was sipping hers with much relish, while mine remained untouched. She made some remark about my not caring much for chocolate, and to show her I did, I hastened to convey some to my mouth. But, confound it, Gentlemen, there's many a slip, you know. Just as the spoon was in mid-air, a wave from that restless tide coming a little higher up on the shore than the last, struck my elbow, and the liquid, instead of going to the place prepared for it, went over her delicate, blue dress. I saw from her face that no ordinary apology would make her feel any better, so when I had wiped it off as best I could, I looked up in the most abject and penitent manner and said, "Miss Blank, I wish that I could sink through the floor down into the bottomless pit, and there suffer the penalties of the damned—for I suppose that I am damned, even if you don't quite like to say the word." It seemed to take her mind off the subject of my little slip, for she said, very sweetly, considering, "No; girls never swear." "What; why I thought all of Eve's daughters had inherited her faults. You know how she used to swear, don't you?" She had never heard about it, so I had to tell her the story, how Adam and Eve used to enjoy themselves in the garden; how Eve would sit in the shade while Adam wandered around searching for some new delicacy to tickle her palate. Perchance, Adam would find something new, and would carry it to Eve and say, "Eve, you like fruit; won't you have some watermelon?" or whatever it was he had, and Eve would always smile sweetly, and say, "Why, I don't care, A-dam, if I do."

I got away from her, however, as soon as I could, for I felt that at any moment her thoughts might return to her spotted garment, and besides, I didn't like the looks of it myself, so I wandered off.

I listened, as I stood somewhat apart, for a moment to the conversations that were going on around me. It was a weird, strange story the whole made, as I put together this and that remark I heard. It is like a patchwork quilt; none of the pieces are particularly attractive, yet the combination gives you an idea of something fearfully and wonderfully made. The bits of conversation I heard were not very interesting by themselves, yet, when put together, made an exceedingly interesting story, full of incidents gay, commonplace, and sad, all jumbled together in a delicious confusion.

For instance; "Poor Mr. Smith." "Ran a quarter in fifty seconds." "Left such a large family." "He gets there just the same." "How badly the community must feel," and so on about Mr. Smith, making him go through the most incredible actions. Now, I didn't care much for Mr. Smith, never having heard of that estimable gentleman before, but who wouldn't be interested to know what sort of a family he must have had, if he had to leave them at the rate of fifty seconds a quarter, and

if he was headed for Canada, and that was why the community felt so badly? I looked in the papers next morning to see if he had *got there*, but they contained no information about the strange adventures of poor Mr. Smith!

Such stories as these amused me for a while, but it was soon time to go, thank Heaven! and I bade farewell to the hostess and hastened down stairs to get my things. The din and confusion of many voices was still at its height, and the hum seemed to pervade the whole house; now it would grow louder, as if everyone were striving to out-talk the others, and again it would die almost away. As the door closed behind me, and I stood in the cool, night air, I thanked my lucky stars that I was well out of the saw-mill, and could in quiet collect my wandering thoughts, if I had any left.

Even as I was descending the steps out of earshot, I fancied, of the din and turmoil within, the door opened again, and I could still hear the shrill, far-away shriek as of a new log coming in contact with the saw.

A PAPER ON DUNSTAN VILLAGE AND ON OLD TIME VILLAGES, ESPECIAL MENTION BEING MADE OF ONE GEORGE BOOTHBY.

IN the old town of Scarboro, a few miles withdrawn from the sea, Dunstan village rests beneath the great nodding elms, dreaming of earlier days. This sleepy village was once a busy wide-awake place. Only thirty years ago there was a prosperous shipyard at the river landing, and all day long when the wind blew in from the sea, the women at the village could hear the sound of sledges, the quick thud of axes, and the clattering thump of busy hammers. But now there is hardly a sound from morning till night. The water gates have shut the tides out of the river and where, years ago, barks and schooners, and occasionally a full-rigged ship was landed, there is a little stream hardly wide enough for a dory to turn about in.

Then, too, years ago, a stage passed through the place. Three times a week it rolled up in front of the village store, changed horses and

lumbered off again toward Saco or Portland. But a railroad across the marshes has driven the stage out of use. The village store is nearly as quiet as the old shipyard, and the storekeeper having no stage horses to tend, has nothing better to do of an afternoon than to sleep on the whittled old bench, moving now and then to brush away a troublesome fly or raising his head at the rattle of a passing wagon, or the creaking of a hay rack, as the oxen turn into the watering trough.

Even more marked than the changes in the village itself, have been the changes in the character of the people; for in them every trace of the strong peculiar characters of their fathers seems to have been obliterated. Of the old men, there was hardly one who did not have a strangely individual character. They were not men who said "I s'pose so" and "I guess so."

Every man had his "convictions," and whatever question was under discussion, he expressed his opinion upon it soberly, and with perfect confidence in his own judgment.

The subjects of the discussions were very often political, but there were also religious movements, on which every one must have an opinion. Concerning these religious movements, I know very little. I have heard my father speak of the division of the Baptists into Bullockites and Free Willers, and of the very hard feeling between Methodist and Congregationalist. Every Sunday all these sects met peacefully enough as brothers and sisters in the old Dunstan Meeting House, but on week day evenings in Bible class and prayer-meeting the discussions grew surprisingly warm, as Bullockite and Free Willer, Methodist and Congregationalist, jostled one another stubbornly, to get possession of the narrow way to salvation.

In such controversy the rugged minds of these farmers were abundantly exercised, and it was probably this controversial training that developed so many queer characters among them. One of the strangest of these men was Martin Chez, the little French shoemaker, who came from no one knew where, who was an authority on all Methodist doctrine, and could make the most wonderful temperance speeches man ever heard. Then there was Jonathan Foss, who had been a sergeant in the old time militia, who, besides being a staunch Free Willer, knew the "History of the American Revolution" by heart, could tell all about Putnam's fight in the bear's den, and knew about every narrow escape of Ethan Allan or Mad Anthony Wayne. A near neighbor of Jonathan's was "Old Fenderson," who never left his house without his gun, and who was always threatening to shoot Foss's sheep if they didn't keep out of his pasture. Fenderson was an ugly old fellow who sympathized with neither Baptist nor Methodist, but stigmatized the fuss over religion as "demmed nonsense." This old reprobate was strongly suspected of selling rum to the shipyard hands, and one dark night a big kettle of tar was smoking over a fire on the green, a pile of feathers was ready near by, and Fenderson's house was raided. The old fellow himself had

disappeared but the temperance people found the rum and danced around the bonfire until a very late hour, rejoicing over this wholesale destruction of the evil element.

So I might go on naming character after character, for almost every man had what we should call a peculiar trait, and if there was any man who was not peculiar he would be so odd in the eyes of his associates as to be surely worth mentioning. I will, however, speak of only one more old fellow who is always spoken of as the last and the most remarkable of the village forefathers. His name was George Boothby. He was chiefly noted as a religious character, being a leader of the Dunstan Bullockites, believing, as near as I can find out, that education was an evil, that men should let their *minds* take care of themselves and strive to open their *hearts* to inspiration from God. That George Boothby himself had received such inspiration nobody, whether Congregationalist, Free Willer, or Methodist, ever doubted, and the Bullockites looked up to their leader as a prophet, comparing him often with John the Baptist, whom he certainly resembled in many ways.

From my grandmother I have obtained a very good description of the George. One evening soon after she was married as she was standing in the doorway, she noticed some one coming down the road at a dog trot, kicking up a thick cloud of dust. As the person drew near she saw that it was a great, dirty, misshapen man. With his face almost hidden by his matted black beard, and his eyes upon the ground, on he went past the house muttering to himself as he ran. Suddenly he stopped, raised his head, threw his great hands in the air, burst out with a thundering Gl—o—ry and was off at his mumbling trot again.

If the old man had never appeared in any other way than this, he might even now be recognized among the simple villagers as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," but like other men he had to live on his farm and the details of his character were known. He was a believer in the literal interpretations of the scriptures. He never called any man "mister" because the Bible said "call no man master." He would never take interest because the Bible

condemned letting money out at usury. But there is a story that George, after lending a neighbor one hundred dollars for a year and refusing the interest went to his debtor to buy a cow. The price of the cow was fourteen dollars but George insisted that he would pay but eight. The six dollars that he would not pay being just the amount of the interest he had refused.

In such little ways the old man was inconsistent. By his violent treatment of his sons he also somewhat injured his prophet-like reputation. He had once nearly killed these sons, after they were grown men, by thrashing them; and at another time when his son Jonathan had thrown a big ugly apple tree worm at his brother and the worm had fallen into the sweetened water pail, George seized the frightened Jonathan threw him upon the ground, forced his mouth open and made him eat this wiggling worm with no other sauce than the sweetened water with which it was dripping.

For such bursts of temper, however, the poor old man was duly repentant. Every Sunday, to do penance for his sins, he would dress himself in his worst and dirtiest clothes and sit on the pulpit steps before the whole congregation in what he called "sackcloth and ashes."

As he grew older and feebler he became less prominent. Now and then he would appear in

the Sabbath School, or day school and frighten teachers and scholars by pronouncing anathemas on the "servants of the Devil who were trying to lead the children's hearts away from God." Occasionally he would imagine that the Lord had ordered him to go and pray with some old sinner in a distant part of the town, and he would be away from home for days. But most of his later days were spent at home. In solemn moments while his thoughts were engaged in contemplating the future life he would busy his hands in working upon his coffin. A coffin which proved very useful as long as he lived to keep seed beans and peas in. His last work was that of cutting his own grave stone which was a plain slate slab with nothing on it but his initials. Some one told the old fellow after the stone was finished that the G was "turned wrong end up," but after chewing away for some time in deep thought the old man gave it as his opinion that "G was G whether it pointed north or south."

His death was very sudden. He fell one day from a cart and lived only a few hours after the fall. In his plain pine coffin, this last patriarch of Dunstan's activity was buried, and to this day his old slate grave stone with its simple inscription O. B. stands in a corner of the Dunstan Grave Yard.

WINONA'S WOOING.

IT was a midsummer night at Fort Dearborn and Corporal Tubbs found his unwonted duty as a guard irksome. It seemed lamentable that the same merit that had gained his promotion should still keep him to a private's duty. Yet it must be said that though he greatly disliked sentinel's duty he was none the less delighted that he should have been selected for the post of honor and danger. As he paced to and fro before the north gate he looked first toward the dark waters of Lake Michigan on the east, then, turning on his beat, he gazed thoughtfully at the single light of the campfire of an Indian village at the foot of the knoll upon which the fort stood. There must have been something

disquieting to his thoughts, for as he walked he was thinking forlornly of the time when he should be relieved, and he often gazed upward into the starlit sky to mark the time by the path of Orion talking companionably to himself the while.

"Wonder how long it'll be before the reinforcements come up the lake from Fort Wayne," he soliloquized, as he faced the east; and then as he turned precisely and confronted the Indian village to the west, he said, "Redskins mighty friendly but 'twouldn't take much British gold to hire them to lift every scalp in this garrison, and then this year, eighteen hundred and twelve would be the last one for many a good

fellow that is now snoring on a full stomach in the barracks."

His muttering, half audible speech seemed to bring relief to the picket's senses, which were perhaps too much on the alert and the sound of his own voice brought temporary distraction. Besides this reflection seemed to have the effect of arresting whatever apprehension might have been arising in the good corporal's heart and when he again turned his back on the village, it was seemingly with the utmost indifference.

"Howsomever, this ranger Caldwell is a powerful reinforcement, bless me if there's much about an Indian that that fellow doesn't know! and they all like him, too, and what's more they put faith in him, that they do. And whenever he brings up here at the fort he's pretty sure to have some good bit of news. This trip he seems doubt-some-like and don't know what to say, as if something was in the wind." Corporal Tubbs was getting weak again but he immediately faced the village and continued with renewed courage. "But Caldwell *is* a faith, that he is, and while he sues for peace the Britishers will have to look about lively to do us harm. Bless me, but it's a wonder that a man'll do so much for the Captain and taking no pay neither—seems as if 'twas enough pay for him just to be doing us good, 'thout taking money. Strange fellow, talks as if he was some old prophet in the Bible, about the word of God coming to him, and all that. Old Doctor Van laughs at him. Well, he works mighty hard for peace between us. And that's what I call charity; and if Corporal Tubbs ever gets to be Leftenant Tubbs he'll—"

The Corporal's dreams of advancement were here interrupted, for he heard a soft foot fall behind him and wheeled quickly about, and with a great show of precision demanded the countersign.

"Spanish doubloons," came the answer quickly, as a figure emerged from the gateway.

"Oh Ensign Lewis, it's you," said the corporal, delighted with the prospect of company, but the other stopped only to pass a few friendly words with the sentry and then strolled idly down the esplanade toward the river.

Now that the other was gone, poor Tubbs felt more than ever lonesome and he continued with greater volubility to talk to himself for companionship. "That Lewis is a fine fellow," he remarked, "never at loss for an agreeable word or a good joke. If promotion was to be gained by such gifts he soon would be commander of the post, let alone a leftenant. Why the other day, says he to Van Voorhes, when the drum major was drilling the band, with a great nodding of that wooly hat of his and a flourishing of his big stick—'Doctor,' says he 'it would be a mighty good band that could play all the airs of that drum major' and the Doctor jest laughed right out, for the Doctor's an honest good man, that he is, though he won't believe all the parson says about Heaven and Hell and all that.'"

The Corporal grinned his own enjoyment and glanced approvingly after the Ensign. "Ah ha, what's that," he added, suddenly, under his breath, "An Injun, by gum, and he's making up to the Ensign." Tubbs was hesitating whether to discharge his gun to alarm the garrison when he saw the Ensign turn around, stand a few seconds with the figure and then continue down the slope and cross the river in one of the many canoes that lay on the bank. The Corporal breathed easily again.

"It's Winona, yes it's Winona; mighty glad I didn't give the shot and bring out the watch just for only that little squaw. Howsomever," resuming his ruminating strain, "I've seen more men 'n there are in this night's watch frantic over a piece of Indian baggage that was no whit prettter than this same girl, that I hev." The reminiscence seemed pleasing and the Corporal smiled.

"Well, well, new men for new years. Times's been when private Tubbs could have made any man look about sharp to keep to the front if there was a baggage to be had; but when a man holds rank (here he squared himself primly), when a man has his way to make he can't dilly dally, and Corporal Tubbs has yet to be Leftenant Tubbs." He paused to enjoy the full pleasure of anticipation but soon mumbled on:

"Ensign Lewis don't show good tactics when he lets this little affair be the talk of the garrison; could have managed it better myself, but

that's just his free and open way. Other day, when private Bikum's wife was a-making of new frocks for the Captain's daughter at headquarters, some one said somewhat of this affair and Mrs. Heald she just let out and said that it was all stuff'n nonsense, that Ensign Lewis was engaged to her niece who is darter of Colonel Barton, of Fort Wayne, and that she'd like to hear anyone say som'at more 'bout her niece's honor. She's a good un, she is, and a vixen shrew if ever was one, but she's mighty slick when she wants to get anything done; well that's just the way to get things done, but she's in the wrong this time, I guess.

"T'other day when the captain sent me down with those presents for that old Chief Hawks father, I found the old fellow asleep over Lewis' pipe-n-tobac while he and the daughter were plaiting rush mats together, pretty's you please, she smiling like a sunset, he laughing at her pretty silliness, but his laughing at you doesn't harm, it's so jolly like and hearty. Well I thought something's up then and guessed he'd up 'n marry her as a Frenchman might, and to-day he and Caldwell were talking when I ferried them over the crick and Caldwell was saying how a wedding between an American officer and an Indian would do lots to keep peace 'twixt us an' thet if a man could do his duty 'n get a pretty wife into the bargain, he'd better close up the trade at once. Lewis jess answered 'A man doesn't marry as a military strategem, but was mightily pleased I guess. They do say that young Elk-foot doesn't quite take to being jilted for the Ensign for he's a likely young buck with lots of spirit'n that, but many another good man has got smitten and though it's not very pleasant they all outlive it and marry in six months, like's not, some of them. Then that Caldwell's jess devoted to keeping peace 'twixt us,—well that's right, a man had better never be more'n a sargent than run the risk of being scalped in a fight at ud kill off enough men to make him lieutenant. Peace and advancement say I, and Caldwell's a good man."

The corporal's garrulity might have been carried to indefinite lengths had he not just then glanced up at Orion for about the tenth time that

evening, and remarking that his watch was nearly up he stilled his tongue, squared his shoulders, threw out his chest and held himself in good trim against the time when the relief guard should come.

As he strutted to and fro he could not help remarking the stillness of the night, the prairies and woods were in the blackest shade and the broad, still lake shone like ebony. The camp fire of the Indian village had burned low and but a pale glow remained. The stars only were alive. Corporal Tubbs was beginning to long for the morning and was peering anxiously at every shrub and stump, when suddenly a cry was heard coming from the lake shore far to the north, then a gunshot and another rang out. The corporal shuddered, stood still and bristled with terror. A wild chanting song burst forth and died convulsively, then utter silence fell. It was several moments before the amazed sentinel regained his senses; then he was perfectly collected. His apprehensions, that had before unnerved him, now gave wings to his judgment.

"Lewis has fought an Indian, perhaps his rival, Elkfoot; the Indian has sung his death-song, perhaps Lewis too is dead."

In five minutes a squad of soldiers was march-double-quick along the hard sand on the margin of the lake, the danger of an ambush was forgotten, the men thought of nothing but the comrade in peril. Bayonets were set ready for a charge. Corporal Tubbs was at the head now as excitedly gallant as he had been before excitedly timorous.

In the northeast corner of the stockade of Fort Dearborn stood a block house. It commanded the lake and the woods along the shore and its loopholes were open to the cool breezes from the water. In extreme cases the surgeon, Van Voorhees, often made of its upper story a hospital.

A bed was placed in the middle of the room where it would catch every breath of air and here by the light of a tallow candle the surgeon worked steadily all night. Just as the sun rose free of the lake, he sewed the last bandage in place and paused for the first time to look about him. His quick comprehensive glance was at

once satisfied and he bent again to be reassured that his task was well completed.

Ensign Lewis lay restless in a delirium. His clear and open features were flushed with fever and his thick brown hair was rumpled over his high forehead. Occasionally he cast his wild eyes about the room but seemed unconscious of what was around him.

Corporal Tubbs, the gallant but reckless leader of last night's sally, stood at the head of the stairs to the room his hands resting on the muzzle and bayonet of his musket. His attitude was erect and conscious and the recollection of his bravery and his expectations of advancement were as plainly written in his face as compassion for the wounded and delirious Lewis. He was silent but not so from choice.

Leaning abstractedly against the log wall and gazing out over the sunlit lake, stood Caldwell the ranger. He was tall, small boned and lithe, with a large head and finely cut equiline features. His black hair hung in waves to his shoulders and threw into strong relief a countenance expressive at once of delicacy and force. His large black eyes had a mystical depth, but his prominent brows and thin nose gave an air of deep penetration. It was on the whole a selfish face but not an uncharitable one.

Close by the bedside of the delirious soldier stood the erect form of the girl Winona. She was clad in a loose calico gown that bore many blood stains. Her straight dark hair hung loose and almost hid her countenance, but a pair of dark brown eyes peered forth intent on the surgeon's every action. She seemed moved but held a reticent self command. When the surgeon finished with his patient she advanced modestly and held out her bared left arm. The surgeon started as he saw a deep gash but quickly bathed and bandaged the wound. The loss of blood had been great.

Finally Van Voorhes turned to Corporal Tubbs and for the first time demanded an explanation. Hereupon the hero burst into a torrent of words in which every body concerned in the action was highly praised, himself included, and in which little of value was told. The surgeon bore with him a moment and then, checking his loquacity, plied him with questions.

Caldwell who stood near occasionally supplied details from his own knowledge or by questioning Winona, speaking clearly and directly, so that at last the surgeon had gathered the essential details of Lewis' misfortune. While the conversation was going on Winona stood leaning against the wall, sometimes watching the talkers but more often gazing intently and pitifully into Lewis' features.

By much questioning Van Voorhes gathered that Lewis had but the day before discovered that his idle attentions to the Indian girl were sufficient to pass among the stoic savages for a declaration of love, and that her former suitor, Elksfoot, had resented his intervention. He had come to Caldwell as the most capable adviser and had been strenuously urged to finish seriously the courtship that had been so thoughtlessly begun. Lewis had objected to such a course, but not seriously. There was, he said, sufficient reason for not wanting to marry Winona, but the other thought lightly of his objections. Caldwell was firm in the hope that the marriage might yet be accomplished. It would be a means of a firmer union between the Indians and white men, and he, as a self appointed emissary of peace, could not but insist on the course he had thought best. Lewis had seemed to pity the plight of the rejected youth as much as that of the self-deluded girl. He had been restless all day and early in the night he had gone forth, ill at ease, for his favorite walk along the lake shore. At the riverside he was met by Winona who advised him, for his own safety not to proceed, alleging however no definite reason for caution. Lewis had put her off gently, saying that she should not trouble her mind about one who was nothing to her. However she had followed him secretly in the shelter of the woods. When the soldiers came to the scene of the fight they found a camp fire smouldering near which lay two prostrate Indians, the one dead the other insensible. Lewis had disappeared. The soldiers constructed a blanket litter for the still breathing Indian, in whom they recognized Elksfoot, and hastened back again along the lake shore. They had not gone far when they were hailed from the woods, and Winona appeared supporting Lewis who

was nearly unconscious and bleeding profusely from several knife wounds. The soldiers placed Lewis on the litter beside the Indian and advised the girl to come to the fort in the morning, for her bravery would doubtless be rewarded by the friends of the Ensign. She seemed not to comprehend them and continued beside the litter, occasionally stopping the soldiers to staunch the blood of both the wounded men.

During the recital Van Voorhes had smiled incredulously at the thought of the girl's wedding Lewis but said simply, "we will keep her here now, she may prove a good nurse, but do not give her any hope. Caldwell had frowned at this and cast his eyes intently on the lake. Evidently he could be very self-willed in his schemes of peace and charity.

The Indian had been sent to his people in the village but Winona would not leave Lewis' side. It appeared that the assault had been the result of the Indian's jealousy.

The early morning wore away with no change in the wounded man's condition. His delirium was of a passive nature, yet the little blood that his veins retained was highly fevered. Winona still stood silent at his bedside. The surgeon, though of a rather cold and skeptical nature, seemed to befriend the girl for her affection and constancy. Caldwell delighted in her simple ingenuousness and Tubbs found himself wondering how it would seem to have the Ensign's wife an Indian.

During the morning Mrs. Heald made the patient a visit. As she ascended the stairs she caught sight of Winona, and instantly realizing what her presence signified, she demanded angrily that the girl be sent away. The good woman was scandalized for her niece's sake, and naturally of a quick temper, she spared none present, and beshrewed Van Voorhes in particular for his thoughtlessness. Meanwhile Winona having cast a sidelong glance of wonder not unmixed with contempt for the woman's ill-checked spleen stood immovable, gazing in the patient's face. The surgeon bore it all patiently as long as he could, but finally, exerting his authority, ordered her to leave the room. She persisted, and he tried to show her how necessary Winona was as nurse. Mrs. Heald was

offended that she had not herself been summoned. Van Voorhes replied that Winona had not waited to be summoned. The other was silenced for a moment and Cadwell took the opportunity. He advanced with a calmness and dignity; that is, of all things, the most confounding to an angry woman, and in a few commanding words completely subdued her. Van Voorhes took the occasion to vent his own ill-will and ordered Tubbs to escort her from the room. This was too much to be borne; Mrs. Heald raised her brows and gave poor Tubbs a glance that seemed to fix him where he stood. She then walked slowly from the room with a parting glance of hatred at Winona. When she was gone, Van Voorhes vented his anger in an oath and then turned with a sarcastic smile to the corporal who seemed much confused. Caldwell frowned deeply and was silent. Winona alone stood apparently unmoved.

After this incident all went on as before. The patient improved slowly and it was soon evident that he had passed the regions of peril and reached that stage where recovery is only a matter of time and nursing. And so, though Lewis was not yet in his right mind, he was left for hours at a time to Winona's care.

It was beautiful to see the tenderness and reverence with which she performed each office. A light touch, a soft caress, a mere presence, a nothing, bespoke that delicacy and feeling which is the freemasonry of womanhood. Were Lewis feverish, she fanned him softly, were he restless, she smoothed his pillow. When he slept quietly she stood gazing into his face, her smiles divided between pity and love. Once when they were quite alone she bent over and kissed his forehead. Not once did she doubt his affection. The surgeon came and went, nodding and smiling with kindness. Caldwell had been summoned away and was kept busy in the Indian village. It was reported that he was caring for the wounded Indian.

At dawn, on the succeeding morning, a file of soldiers, followed by two canvas-covered wagons, was seen approaching from the south along the shore of the lake. It was the reinforcements from Ft. Wayne. A bugle call and a

salute of guns brought Winona to the loophole where she stood gazing in wonder at the arrival of the soldiers. One of the wagons drew up at Captain Heald's door while the other went with the soldiers to the barracks. There was great commotion and noise in the fort, and the girl, whom all had left in the excitement of the arrival, soon returned to the bedside to care for her patient.

The hurry and bustle without contrasted strangely with the quiet of the sick room. Except for the cot of the patient and a few rude stools the room was bare of furniture, but on the log walls hung Caldwell's rifle and powder horn. The puncheon floor had been swept clean; up in the rafters, however, the spiders were spinning industriously undisturbed. Through the loop-holes glimpses could be had of the tranquil and sunny lake, while to the west were the green prairies and groves alive with the shrilling and humming of insects. The simple girl seemed to take joy from the gladness of the world about her, and as she busied herself with the thousand and one nothings which make all the difference between neglect and careful nursing, she moved so airily and cheerfully that it seemed that the sick man felt her presence though he knew her not.

She was still busy when she heard a light footstep on the stairway. As she turned she saw a slight girlish form coming toward her. The stranger had a pretty, anxious little face surrounded by waves of light brown hair. She hesitated a moment and then said:

"I am Colonel Barton's daughter. Mrs. Heald said that I had better come and see to Mr. Lewis. She seemed frightened, almost angry—what has happened?"

As she spoke she knelt beside the bed and looked into the Ensign's face. The patient opened his eyes from a doze but seemed not to recognize her. He turned on his side and faced Winona. Miss Barton seemed perplexed and turning to the Indian said in a tremor,—

"Oh tell me what is the matter. You are his nurse, are you not? Where are the rest? why do they leave him? Oh God, he will not die?"

A sign of reassurance was Winona's only response. She stood gazing wonderingly at the girl before her. There was something self-possessed in the other, even in her grief, that made the simple Indian draw back in reticence. Yet when she thought that the stranger was probably the Lieutenant's sister she became reconciled and tried to tell in a few simple words what had happened. Miss Barton thanked her, but added, "Now I wish to be alone," and knelt at the bedside. Winona seemed not to understand, but with a native delicacy of manner knelt also. Miss Barton seemed annoyed at this and soon ending her prayers she gave a light touch to the Ensign's brown hair and turned to look out upon the lake.

At this moment the surgeon entered with Caldwell. They both started on seeing the figure at the loop-hole and whispered hurriedly a few moments. Caldwell seemed angered but was silent. Miss Barton approached the surgeon, and asked for a fuller explanation. He told her as much as he thought advisable under the circumstances, and going to the patient's bedside, remarked that the fever had gone and that the delirium would soon pass away. Miss Barton was greatly rejoiced at this and showed much gratitude to the surgeon for his service, and asked him to thank Winona for her kind nursing. Then she seated herself in cheerful expectancy at the bedside. Caldwell, who was entrusted with the interpretation, did not see fit to say more than that the sick man would soon recover.

Lewis was sleeping quietly, his face turned toward where Winona stood. The two men were talking apart in whispers. Caldwell said that Elksfoot was slowly dying, and that the Indians were much wrought up over the recent event. Unless Winona marry Lewis she could not hope ever to return to her people. She would be held in disgrace and would be deemed responsible for Elksfoot's death. Moreover, the Indians were affronted by the arrival of the reinforcements; it seemed to them that it was a direct denial of their faith. Now more than ever there was need that Winona should not be deserted. Some means must be devised to get

Miss Barton away before Lewis should awake. But Van Voorhes refused to meddle with what he regarded as the work of fate. However things went, one, at least, must suffer; he insisted upon letting events take their course.

Meantime Lewis was breathing more lightly where he lay. Winona marked the symptoms of recovery in his face, which was turned toward her, and pointing gladly at a smile that appeared upon his lips, motioned the others attention. Miss Barton received this token of sympathy with a little nod of condescension. She was rejoiced, but her gladness was perfectly reserved and conscious. The surgeon was interestedly, even anxiously watching for the result of Lewis' awakening. His hopes and sympathies were with Miss Barton, yet he feared the force of Caldwell's will. Finally the patient turned slowly on his side and languidly opened his eyes, gazing vaguely toward Miss Barton. Winona's face beamed with joy; she made a motion as if to greet his awakening, but paused, repelled by the presence of the other. Her gladness passed quickly away and sorrow and foreboding came with the first feeling of constraint. It was some moments before Lewis' mind became clear. Caldwell was resolute and appeared ready to do his best for the Indian; yet he seemed at a loss as to his best course of action. Finally the mist passed away from the patient's eyes, there was a moment of doubt, then came the glad recognition. "Edith," he said faintly. The only response was a warm kiss upon his forehead. He gathered breath and continued slowly: "You have been so kind, so good. It seems all like a dream. Ever since I have been ill you have been so gentle to me. It seemed all like a dream. You were a Moorish princess and I—" he paused, smiling,

and then continued, "and I could scarcely recognize you, but I knew who it was because you were so kind and gentle. None but you could be so gentle and so good. Edith, my love." He paused for breath, nor was his brow yet unperplexed. When he spoke again his thoughts were wandering, and the surgeon, fearing a relapse, gently enjoined silence.

During this time Winona had stood passive. The truth was dawning upon her. She strove against doubt, but at last her thoughts resolved into a bitter anguish. She leaned against the wall and seemed overcome. Caldwell could not restrain a tear as he approached and told her all. He reproached himself for his blindness, but she heard him not. Full of remorse for his wrong conduct he led her gently from the bedside, so gently that Lewis did not heed them. At the stairway she paused and looked backward. Edith was bending lovingly over him, unconscious of the little tragedy that her presence had caused. "They are happy," said Winona, with a falter, "I will go." Caldwell motioned to her to lean upon him, but the precaution was unnecessary. The girl immediately controlled herself and followed him to the gate of the fort. "I will go," said Caldwell, "and tell your people all that has happened. They will not cast you off; the blame is mine, you are faultless and I will make them see it."

"My father is old, his days will be short, tell him that we shall not be long parted."

When Caldwell came to the village Elksfoot was dead. All pretense of amity was gone, his words were unheeded. He returned to the fort but Winona could not be found; the sentinel said that she had set out along the north shore in one of the canoes. On the twelfth of the following August occurred the massacre at Fort Dearborn.

SOME DAILY THEMES.

FLOATING on the night wind, from the great dark wood, comes the tolling of a distant bell, softly, clearly, sweetly dying away as the red and gold fades from the sunset sky.

The village children, as an old time story says, set out one day to find the fairy bell. Entering gaily into the wood, some took one path, some another. As they wandered on the tolling bell seemed farther, farther off, until 'twas heard no more. The children all were lost.

A little hunchback standing on the forest's edge had watched his stronger playmates disappear and trotting home, had wept bitterly because he, too, would find the fairy bell. Sad and lonely were the days without his friends, but every evening he forgot his loneliness as he listened to the sweet-toned bell. Evening after evening the sound came clearer from the wood until at last he felt 'twas tolling deeply, softly in his very soul.— The hunchback knew that he had found the bell.

On the right side of the river, where, late in the afternoon, the bank is in the shadow of a tall, weather-beaten fence, there is a weird old ruin. Poking out of the half grass-covered, half-muddy bank, or rising a foot or two above the water near the shore are a few shiny piles. It is impossible to tell what stood here originally. The piles seem to tell of an ancient wharf, but here and there a rusty spike or a piece of twisted railroad iron suggests that a railroad once ran along the shore. Every afternoon when the sun has sunk low enough to cast the long shadow of the fence far out on the river, two old negroes with the blackest of black faces, may be seen sitting on a particular plank of the ruins fishing for eels.

When I say that this morning in the Library, I came upon a stirring little love scene, you will probably have a scandalous vision of a dark corner in the "stack," the prettiest Library assistant, and a wicked student—but erase this picture immediately from your mind for the

woman in the affair, instead of being a pretty girl, was the motherly old library "goody" and the wicked man was no other than old John Adams. I happened to make my discovery in this way. As I entered the reading room I noticed that the goody was dusting John Adams's bust. Very carefully and lovingly she moved her dust cloth over his face, rubbing out the corners of his eyes and mouth and brushing back his hair after his night's sleep. Then placing both hands on his shoulders she stood on her tiptoes and blew playfully down his neck until old John seemed to lean his head on one side in spite of himself. All the while the old lady looked mischievously yet meekly and admiringly up into his face and John gazed affectionately down into the good woman's eyes—I saw all this at a single glance, then turned quickly away for fear of interrupting the lovers.

As I was passing a vacant lot, I heard a woman's poor weak voice screaming: "Maggie! Maggie!" I did not know whose the voice was, until I saw a ragged woman, with a dirty shawl tied over her head, crawl to the top of an ash heap, look round and scream again: "Maggie! Maggie! Look here!" A little girl's face rose from among the rubbish heaps in a distant part of the lot. The woman beckoning to her cried, her voice impatient with good news, "I've found somethin' Maggie. Come quick!" The little one gathered up tightly her apron full of coal, and ran quickly over the ash heaps. The woman held out something that looked like a watch chain, and I heard her say in a hushed excited voice, "Its gold, Maggie! Its gold."

It was evening. The supper smoke was curling lazily above the farm house. Before the barn men were pitching hay, their last load for the night, and far down the road boys were driving home the cows. Now and then a sound floated up to me, the lowing of the cattle, the faint sound of voices; or I heard the rattling poles of a wagon and the thud of horses' hoofs

on the road behind me. These sights and sounds did not disturb the peaceful stillness. The fading sunset light, and something seemed to whisper that I too sought *rest*.

As I started to leave the hill, I saw the railroad below me. I followed with my eye the quiet glistening rails until they came nearer and nearer together and disappeared in the woods. How full of life they seemed to be. They spoke not of *rest* but seemed ever saying, "On! On! On!" The switch lights too, seemed full of life. Poised and braced, they awaited the thrill of the thundering, quivering train, ready to answer the quick fierce glance of the great light, as the engine should screech past, and to cry, "Alight! Go on! Go on!" The lights are steady, the tracks are still, yet how different is their stillness from that of the railroad.

Last night at about twelve o'clock, I sat at my desk trying to think of something for this morning's theme. Not a thought would come to me, and I was giving up in despair when I heard some one come slowly shuffling up the stairs stopping for a second on each floor. It was the night watchman putting out the lights. In a moment I heard him go down again. The entry door swung to behind him then all was still. No—not still—for as I listened, I found that, even as late as midnight, many things were astir. I heard the wind outside blowing fiercely, a sudden gust now and then driving the rain against the windows. The fire of burning coal in the grate just whispered softly then, starting up, shouted hoarsely to the rough wind in the chimney. Once, when the wind and fire were still, I heard a mouse nibbling at something in the closet. All the time I could hear my faithful old student's lamp sizzling wearily as if it wished I would blow it out and go to bed.

I have often noticed in the city, men, who walk slowly about or stand in the gutters, covered from head to foot with bright colored signs. Until last night, I had glanced at these men with hardly more thought than I am accustomed to give to a stone or a post. I had never noticed anything individual in their faces nor had I seen them do anything except walk, that a post might not do. But last night as I

was passing through the Common, I heard near me a strange rattling noise and a sound of voices. On looking round I saw in the shadow of a tree four of these sign bearers. Two of them had managed to arrange their signs so that they could sit down. One of the men who was seated was whittling something, probably tobacco. The other man's face was lit up by the match with which he was lighting his pipe. The other two men standing, perhaps because their signs would not allow them to sit down, were engaged in a heated discussion, gesturing and bobbing their heads until the signs clattered loudly. If I had seen the Governor and his Council filling their pipes and debating on the Common I could hardly have been more surprised than I was on seeing this little party of dignified sign bearers descended to the common places of life.

While passing through the Boston Common a few days ago, I came upon a "May party." It was composed of ten or a dozen children decked out in bright paper uniforms, the boys wearing paper soldier caps and sashes, the girls covered over with paper tassels and streamers. One little girl, who seemed to be the May Queen, walked with great dignity before the others, wearing a great wreath of paper flowers on her hat, and carrying in her hand a wand or sceptre. The party passed across the Common to the side of the hill on which the soldiers' and sailors' monument stands, and choosing a spot beneath a large tree, they spread out their shawls. Before I had passed out of sight, they were busily emptying their lunch baskets although it was still an hour before noon.

About half an hour later I walked back across the Common. The May party was still on the hillside, but its appearance had greatly changed. The lunch, or something else, had had a very exhilarating effect on the children. The dignity which they had displayed in their walk across the Common had disappeared, their paper regalia had been laid aside, and all of them were shouting and laughing as they turned somersaults down the side of the hill. Even the dignified May Queen was taking part in the sport.

One warm June morning as Rhodopis and her Grecian maidens were bathing in the lake, an eagle, swooping down to where Rhodopis' garments lay heaped upon the sand, took up one little sandal, and rising silently, flew swiftly out of sight. That same bright noon-time Mycerinus, wearied with the hunt, rested in a grove of palms, when suddenly he was startled by something falling at his feet. Looking up, he saw an eagle flying swiftly toward the North and on the ground he found a sandal small and beautiful. . .

Soon through all Egypt heralds went to find the sandal's mate, and when Rhodopis was brought to Mycerinus, and when she put the sandal on and blushing showed the king her little feet, the king was glad and Rhodopis became his queen. . . Now on the sands at Gizah stand three mighty pyramids. One of these was commenced by Mycerinus in honor of his queen Rhodopis, but Mycerinus, dying first and being taken to the gods, Rhodopis laid the remaining stones in memory of her lord, King Mycerinus.

AN ENGLISH V. MAN'S JOURNAL.

Tuesday, 7.20. Waked by rising bell. Mem. Damn rising bell! Laid in bed wondering what to write for a daily theme.

8 to 9. Breakfast and Chapel. Saw a man who acted like an ass at Chapel. He might make a subject for a daily theme, but I don't like to handle him.

9 to 10. Walked over through the Square hunting for a subject for a daily theme, but did not find one.

10 to 11. Read a book on Assyrian Arts. Hoped to find something for a theme subject, but failed.

11 to 1. Recitations. Norton mourned over the degraded condition of America. Mem. Norton's opinions about America might do for a daily theme, but I haven't patience enough to think of them.

1 to 2. Lunch. Corned beef all colors of the rainbow. Mem. Corned beef subject for a daily theme sometime.

2 to 3. Meditated on daily themes.

3 to 3.30. Swore about daily themes.

3.30 to 4. Wrote a very poor daily theme about three beggars.

4 to 5. Dressed for wedding reception. Wondered what my next daily theme would be.

5.30 to 8. Wedding reception. Analyzed several silly girls, but didn't find a theme subject.

8 to 9. On my way home disgusted with life and daily themes. Mem. Life would make a good subject for daily themes if it wasn't so disgusting.

10. Went to bed and dreamt that the devil and I were writing daily themes.

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

May 19. Base Ball. Harvard, 4; Williams, 2; Amherst, '92, 24; Harvard, '92, 10.
Cricket. Longwood, 100; Harvard, 85.
Lacrosse. Princeton, 3; Harvard, 1.

May 22. Base Ball. Harvard, '92, 13; Yale, '92, 9.
Concert in Sanders Theatre by Glee Club.
Pierian Sodality, Banjo Club, and Guitar and Mandolin Club.

Lacrosse team disbanded by vote of mass meeting.

May 23. Canoe Races. Winners: B. B. Crowninshield, '90; C. L. Crehore, '90, and H. G. Vaughan, '90; J. R. Van Schaick, L. S., and S. E. Carpenter, '89.

May 24. Base Ball. Harvard, '92, 10; Fall River High School, 6.

Dr. Morgan lectured on "Euripides and the story of Medea in ancient art."

May 25. Base Ball. Yale, 15; Harvard, 3.

Cricket. Pennsylvania, 130; Harvard, first innings, 27; second innings, 102.

Shooting match. Harvard, 121; Yale, 98.

Intercollegiate games. Yale, 4 first prizes, 5 second; Columbia, 4 first, 2 second; Harvard, 2 first, 6 second.

May 29. Tennis tournament. Final round in doubles won by T. S. Tailer, '89, and S. Chase, '92.

May 30. Base Ball. Princeton, 7; Harvard, 6. Cricket. Harvard, 87; Brockton, 59.

June 1. Base Ball. Harvard, 4; Princeton, 3. Yale, '92, 28; Harvard, '92, 1.

Cricket. Harvard, 65; Mystic, 38.

June 2. Mass meeting. Committee reported against a dual athletic league with Yale.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

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THE HARVARD ADVOCATE.

VOLUME XLVII.—No. IX.



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CAMBRIDGE, MASS., JUNE 14, 1889.

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VOL. XLVII.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., JUNE 14, 1889.

No. IX.

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THE WEEK.

THE Mott Haven games are over and we have lost the cup. We do not like to refer to unpleasant subjects, but we feel bound to call attention to an incident that occurred during the progress of the contest. This incident is known to scarcely anyone, so before going farther we will state what it was. At a certain stage in the games it became evident that either Yale or Columbia would win the cup. The decisive event was the bicycle race. Yale had one first prize less than Columbia, but was ahead of the latter in seconds. Consequently if Yale should succeed in taking the bicycle race she would win the cup. But if Harvard should take the event the victory would be with Columbia. There was every probability that Harvard would win the bicycle race, and, of course, the cup would thereby go to Columbia. At this juncture the captain of the Harvard Mott Haven team received a very queer proposal from the President of the Yale Athletic Association and from the captain of the Yale team. To put the matter plainly, the gentlemen from Yale said to the Harvard Representative. "You very well know that a dual league in track athletics is desired between Harvard and Yale. Now if Columbia wins the cup we must in all conscience put off

our scheme for an indefinite period. Therefore, since you cannot in any possible way take the cup yourself, the most politic thing for you to do is to throw the event into our (Yale's) hands, in other words, see to it that your man comes in behind the Yale representative." When the bicycle race was finally decided, we have it on good authority that the Yale captain publicly cried out to the Yale delegation, "Remember boys, Greenleaf (the Harvard representative) is riding for Columbia." We mention this last fact simply to show the spirit Yale manifested in the matter. As to the offer, it is needless to say, it was rejected. The captain of the Harvard team was not at especial pains to conceal his condemnation of the deal, and signified his determination to win the bicycle race if he possibly could. Now we have not brought this matter forward simply to gratify curiosity and create a sensation. We are extremely reluctant to print in our columns a word that reflects on the good faith of our sister college. We feel almost as much regret that a Yale man should have been guilty of such conduct as we would have experienced had the proposal come from the Harvard representative. Of course it is none of our business to endeavor to teach morality to students at Yale; we are making no such pretensions here. But we are bound to stand up for our own honor and for the integrity of inter-collegiate athletics, both of which we feel are sullied in a measure by this proposal of the Yale Representatives. Whether these last named gentlemen spoke in their official capacity, or whether they were simply offering private suggestions, we have no means of knowing. The most probable presumption is that they were acting in their official capacities. On the other hand we cannot but feel that they acted entirely without the sanction of the college at large, and that the proposal in question will meet as

much censure at Yale as it receives here. It is no excuse to say that the gentlemen in question were prompted to make their proposal by interests that Harvard has as much at heart as Yale. Doubtless Harvard would be glad to see a dual league between Yale and herself, and we really would like to express our sorrow that we cannot under the circumstances feel much gratitude towards the gentlemen from New Haven. That these gentlemen should be so careful not to allow the prospects for a dual league to be in any way injured we think is most praiseworthy on their part. But we resent the insult which they have allowed themselves to offer Harvard athletics. We have not scored many victories of late years; our athletics are by no means prosperous; but we should like to say here that we have not fallen so low that we can put up with the odor of such a deal as the one under discussion, one which the representatives of Yale in the very flush of victory, were not ashamed to propose. The idea of a dual league first and last has been the cause of a vast amount of trouble and ill-feeling. If these results are going to continue we had better let the matter drop. In regard, however, to the proposals we are discussing, we may be pardoned if we confess to considerable scepticism as to the genuineness of the interest the gentlemen from Yale have avowed. We very much doubt if those gentlemen would have taken upon them the responsibility of these proposals simply to increase the chances for a dual league. Common sense compels us to believe that the whole affair was merely a ruse by which Yale, with true Reynardian craft, hoped to win the cup. This puts the matter in a still more unpleasant light. Even the plea of disinterestedness is taken away. It is often disagreeable to call a spade a spade; so here, for we are obliged to call the proposal of these gentlemen from Yale, disgraceful, underhand. We doubt whether, in the entire history of our inter-collegiate athletics, any other such wretched circumstance can be found. That a Yale captain should deliberately make up his mind to get by fraud what he could not otherwise get, that he should, in fact, determine to steal away from another college the victory she had squarely won, is an action that speaks for itself. As yet,

the total absence of such practices from inter-collegiate athletics has been their most pleasant feature; when inter-collegiate athletics cease to be perfectly clean there is no longer room for their existence. We protest against the proposal made by the President of the Yale Athletic Association, and by the captain of the Yale Mott Haven Team, not only as an insult to ourselves, but, worse than that, as a reproach to all inter-collegiate athletics, and we sincerely hope that this proposal will be treated at Yale with the contempt it certainly deserves.

We wish to protest against the lax practices that prevail in regard to paying subscriptions. We do not claim to be any better than the rest of the college on this score and very possibly some persons may quote to us old saws, such as "people who live in glass houses" etc., etc. But that is neither here nor there. It certainly is a fact that men are extremely careless about paying their subscriptions and carelessness in such matters is inexcusable. Men should consider that if they fail to pay their subscriptions they are doing nothing less than breaking their promises. This is not pleasant. Unfortunately men seem to think that subscriptions are unimportant affairs; and that there is no particular need about paying them. The consequence is that the various organizations that depend on subscriptions are constantly in straights and men are constantly leaving college without paying their debts of this kind. The papers are especially unfortunate in this respect. In fact, it seems to be a matter of etiquette for a man not to pay his subscriptions to the papers until he has been most thoroughly coaxed and importuned. Men's shyness in this particular is almost feminine. The idea is generally to pay in the end, and this custom however exasperating is endurable. But we have come across cases where the intention was evidently not to pay at all. Such a spirit as this ought to be frowned down: men known to make a practice of shirking their subscriptions ought to be made to feel the shamefulness of their conduct from the coolness of college men in general. We remember at this moment a particularly aggravating case. The day after

class-day last June, we undertook to collect two dollars and one-half from a member of the graduating class. How long he had owed us this particular two dollars and one-half we are unable to say. We believe the debt had been handed over to the successive boards as a venerable heirloom. In a rash moment we ventured to remind the gentleman in question of his subscription. His expressive answer was "Oh d—n, I can't pay you now—I'll mail you the money." Seeing that he evidently had no intention of paying us, we quietly thanked him for the privilege of sending him the paper, and left. This gentleman had plenty of money—he could fritter it away for all sorts of useless purposes, and yet he could not pay his debts. It may be very shrewd and very dissipated not to pay debts—a man may think it a very smart thing to regale his companions with stories of his debts and how he intends to shirk them. But to our way of thinking the practice is not at all cunning. Every man who calls himself a gentleman should be careful to pay every cent he owes before leaving college.

In the first number of the present volume of the *Advocate* we reminded the class of ninety-one she had no representatives on the board of editors. Since then one editor from ninety-one has been elected, and here the class seems to

have stopped, apparently content with its single representative. Ninety-one apparently expects that her one solitary editor will be able to conduct the paper entirely by himself. We assure the class it is grievously mistaken. To run the *Advocate* is no such easy matter. The time is not far distant when ninety-one must take the paper into its own hands, and the more editors it gets on the board the easier will be the task. Furthermore, there is need of more or less experience, and on this account the sooner the class wakes up to its responsibilities the better will be the results. This editorial, it will of course be said, is the regular one that appears annually just about at this period. This may possibly be true, but in any case there is great need of such an editorial at the present time. With apologies to ninety-one we really think the class is abnormally backward or lazy. If ninety-one has talent she hides it under a very large bushel, so that it is of no use to anyone. Come, ninety-one, we do not suppose you are any duller or any more indifferent than the rest of us, but do, for your own sake, wake up and give us a little confidence in you by showing you know what you have before you. You must take charge of the paper sometime. Why not be prepared as far as possible for your duties? Show us some of your work.

A LIVING GHOST.

DAYLIGHT at last! After the first great throb of joy, and a long breath of the pure, fresh air, Otto Rosenbaum tore away the dirt and stones with convulsive energy. Without waiting to make a large opening he squeezed out from his tunnel and threw himself exhausted on the ground. The mere delicious consciousness of freedom absorbed him for a few moments until the cool breeze roused him to survey the surrounding scene. The lad gazed with horror at the destruction, so much more terrible than he had been able to conceive, which had been wrought in the valley. Instead of being high up on a verdant hillside, he found himself nearly

at the bottom of a wildly desolate slope of dirt and boulders which spread out level before him and far on all sides. The "Drei Schildwachen" or "Three Sentinels" no longer stood patiently guarding their beautiful vale; but two had shrunk apart, and now looked askance at their half-demolished companion, and at the ruin he had wrought in his fall.

The chill wind which swept into the defenceless valley warned Otto that the summer was waning. Was it one month or thirteen, he wondered, shivering, since he had seen the light of day? The sun was still high, so he decided to start for home as soon as he could collect his

scanty stock of food, Creeping back through the tunnel for this, he stood for the last time within the vault where he had spent so many dreary days.

As he entered the gloomy darkness, what memories of terrible suffering rushed over him! He seemed to be living over again all his experiences since that first awful night, when he was awakened by the roar of the landslide, and waited in sickening suspense for the crash of his hut. When the gradually returning silence had assured him that he was still alive, he began a timid investigation of his position. He found that the spring near the hut had escaped obliteration, and that there was enough food left to last, with careful management, for several weeks. He also visited the shed, but found it empty; for the terrified cows had rushed out to their destruction.

In spite of some moments of weakness and despair, Otto's hardy constitution and buoyant spirits could not surrender while there was the barest opportunity to struggle against death. He soon set to work to dig his way out. His task was slow and tiresome, and more than once the prisoner threw himself down on his straw utterly discouraged, but as often a refreshing sleep spurred him on to new efforts. He lost all idea of time, but at length finding his stock of provisions perilously low, forced a feverish activity into his digging. After rounding an unusually obstinate boulder, he began to make more rapid progress than before. With a resolution inspired half by encouragement, half by despair, he turned his tunnel straight upward. After several hours' labor the gravel loosened perceptibly, and Otto, plunging his hand through into the open air, was free.

The memory of this experience was too painful to allow him to linger in the hut, so collecting his scanty fare, he crawled through the tunnel for the last time. Even with the loadstone of a loving home to attract him, the exhausted lad could not advance rapidly over the soft, boulder-besprinkled surface of the *débris* which filled the valley. On the second morning he was still trudging along, stiff, hungry and weary, but cheered by the thought of reaching home by sundown. He pictured the joyful surprise which

would greet his return; how his mother would weep in rapture, and his little brothers dance with delight when they saw Otto again. At last he caught sight of his native valley, with its broad-roofed cottages weighted down by rocks, squatting like a group of toads on a mossy bank. Among them he distinguished his own home, and his heart gave a glad throb, and his step quickened joyously, as he reflected that in an hour all his sufferings would be over.

As he drew near the first cottage on the outskirts of Kleindorf, he recognized, playing in the road, little Hans, the carpenter's son, who had been one of his most ardent admirers. "Well, Hans," he cried cheerily, "have you missed me? Did you think I was never coming back."

The little boy looked up, but turned suddenly pale, and ran crying into the house as fast as his legs could carry him. Otto's gay spirits sank at this melancholy welcome; but on second thoughts he attributed the urchin's fright to his own haggard and dishevelled appearance. As he advanced, however, he saw but few of the villagers, and none came to greet him. Even his old comrade, Nicholas Hausmann, withdrew his lank form behind a barn, the instant he caught a glimpse of the weird figure approaching.

Otto reached the short lane leading to his father's cottage, and stopped a moment to observe the group assembled on the doorstep. Honest Peter Rosenbaum sat in his great chair, caressing little Fritz with unwonted tenderness, while Wilhelm sat silent at his feet, instead of romping as usual or listening to his father's merry tales. Frau Rosenbaum sat near by, knitting, her usual expression of vacant good humor driven off by a genuine sadness, which caused her to wipe her eyes from time to time.

The sound of Otto's footsteps roused their attention. As they looked up he sprang forward, crying, "Father! Mother!"

A look of horror overspread the features of the group on the doorstep. The little boys tumbled headlong into the house with a howl. The father rose unsteadily to support his fainting wife, and waved back the visitor, exclaiming hoarsely: "Away, phantom! away! Thou shalt not haunt us!"

"Father!" cried Otto, running forward with a sensation as if his heart was cut out, "Father, it is I, Otto, your son. Believe me, father." His voice faltered, and he checked his steps; for Peter Rosenbaum was trembling like a leaf, his usually ruddy countenance showed not a trace of color, and his eyes protruded like a snail's. He opened his lips twice to speak, but no sound came; he could muster only strength enough feebly to wave the dread apparition back once more.

Otto perceived that if he did not withdraw his baleful presence his father would certainly go crazy, and turning, he staggered back, down the lane, along the road, and out of the village. There his strength failed him and he fell on the grass, hoping that the setting sun would never rise again upon his misery.

The next morning, however, found him, gaunt and haggard, plodding mechanically along the road, without a thought whither he should go provided he left his native village behind him. For several days he tramped onward, begging alms here and there, until he reached a distant town, where he found employment as a farm laborer, and worked dispiritedly day by day, speaking to no one, interested in nothing—the exact reverse of his former jolly, wide-awake self.

Meanwhile the mysterious apparition had roused Kleindorf to a storm of excitement. The old dames croaked prophecies, the children

feared to leave their homes, and the boldest farmers would not venture out after dark. Gradually, however, there grew up a feeling that perhaps the visitation was only a warning for them to go to the relief of the missing lad, whose life might have been saved by a miracle. Accordingly a party of men set out for the old pasturage with shovels and pick-axes. They were in despair of discovering even the place where the cow-herd's hut had stood, when Nicholas suddenly spied the mouth of the tunnel. Shouting to his companions, he slid through the opening into the tomb, and found that the corpse was gone.

The villagers then realized their terrible mistake and returned to tell the news to Peter and his wife. The worthy couple, overwhelmed with remorse and despair, were utterly helpless; but Nicholas had already set out in search of his friend, whom he had no difficulty in tracing and in persuading to venture a second time into the precincts of Kleindorf. The two lads were met on their way back by a triumphant procession, headed by Fritz, Wilhelm, and carpenter Hans, and Peter and his wife, with every person from the village who could hobble or toddle, trooping behind. Then ensued such a tumult of joyous welcome as only a thoroughly aroused Tyrolese community can indulge in. It became a popular jest in after days, to say that Otto was thinner than Nicholas for that one month in his life, when he existed as a LIVING GHOST.

THE PLACE OF LOVE.

Love, thou art not alone for gentle dells,
Where summer breezes, sweetly perfumed, breathe
Through heavy branches.
Thy place is also where the winter wind
Roars down the long, bleak hill;
The flying snow
Doth blind the traveller, as he strives to gain
The little cottage under sheltering pines,
Where thou art waiting, Love.

S. C. Brackett.

THE STORY OF THE ABSENT-MINDED MAN AND THE PARASOL.

WE were at the Falls of the Rhine, our family of five and my cousin Bertha. Though older than I, she was such pleasant company that usually there was nothing I would have liked better than a walk with her along the river; but to-day I felt out of sorts, and, I remember, walked ahead of the others, who followed at what seemed to me a snail's pace. Bertha had met at the hotel, the night before, a Mr. Rogers, an old schoolmate of hers, and they were walking together, talking and laughing. The sound was very irritating to me; I had not liked Rogers, from the moment he was introduced; he had a habit of addressing me as "young man," and, it seemed to me, the most disagreeable laugh I had ever heard.

I had read in the guide-book, the night before, of a delightful walk to be taken along the river, across the bridge, and down on the other side to the château by the falls. The family were all in a stay-at-home mood, but, aided by imagination and Baedeker, I expatiated upon the beauty of the trip, and finally persuaded them to take "my walk."

I have since learned that it is best never to originate, and, above all, never to praise beforehand an excursion of any sort. It was "my walk" from the beginning, and all enquiry and criticism were focussed upon me.

"Are you sure this is the right way?"

"It is going to be awfully hot; why don't they have some trees planted?"

"How high are the falls?"

"I am afraid we shan't be home in time for lunch."

"Isn't it wet down there by the water?"

Of course I answered all such questions with the condescension of superior knowledge; but, I must own, it was with great relief that I reached the falls, where anything short of shouting was inaudible.

The bank is steep and covered by the shady gardens of a now unoccupied château. Winding paths and stone steps and grottoes form a labyrinth, out of which one keeps coming un-

expectedly upon the river. One may walk close up underneath the falls; and there it is a fine sight to look up at the great, white, tumbling masses of foam; and rather fearful too, in some places, where the rock overhangs and the whole ground quivers with the weight of water.

I was leaning out over the railing, watching the little boat that crosses the foaming water beneath the fall. I could see Bertha sketching, perched on a rock some distance off. The others, all but Rogers, sat behind me talking. Presently they rose and started up the path, my brother saying as he left me, "We are going to walk along towards home; will you wait for Bertha?"

"All right," I said absently, and turned to watch my boat again. There was a German family in it, crossing to the island half-way across the river. It is a safe enough passage, but takes hard pulling, and the swift water gives a fascinating look of danger to it. I watched them till they reached the island, and then turned away and began my way up the steep, shady path. I hurried to overtake the others, and reached them just as they were leaving the château garden. Then, suddenly, I remembered that I had forgotten all about waiting for Bertha. She was not with them and how they would laugh at my absent-mindedness! It was too late to retreat. I would ask them for the time, for I had left my watch at the hotel that morning.

"It is half-past twelve," said my brother. "Are you going back again?" he added, as he saw me starting.

"Why yes!" I answered, and without waiting ran down the path. He had seemed surprised, and I wondered whether he too had forgotten Bertha.

It took me some time to come to the river, and when I reached the edge I could not see her, for the path turned in passing a projecting rock. I made my way along cautiously, for the rock was wet and slippery. The roar of the falls filled my ears, and between that and the

water whirling past, the slight railing seemed scarcely more than a convention of safety.

"Bertha," I called as I reached the corner, "we must—," and then I stopped. There was the stone where she had been sitting; her parasol leaned beside it; but she was not there. There rose a horrible picture in my mind. I saw her slipping on the treacherous black rock, clutching helplessly at the rail, struggling, rising a second, swept under; and then all in the same moment, I saw some dark still pool down the river, and a pale floating face with tangled river weeds about it. I was too horrified to cry out. I seized the little parasol, all that she had left, and rushed up the path to call for help.

I had not reached the first turning when I heard a shout behind me. The boat I had watched was pulling for the landing, and from it the Germans were wildly waving their hands and calling to me. I could not hear a word, but they pointed to the rock I had just left, and one held up a parasol for me to see. I could not doubt their meaning, and I turned and ran faster than before. I could still hear the voices, but they died away before I reached the top.

In the midst of all my excitement, a throng of trivial thoughts kept crowding through my mind. I wondered where I should find the others, and how I should break the news to them. They would be in the dining-room, down at one end of the long, white table, and I would send word by the pompous head-waiter that I must see some one of them at once. Or perhaps I should meet Rogers sauntering down the hallway; I am afraid I had some grim satisfaction in imagining his horror when I should tell him what had happened.

I had reached the level ground, and found the garden deserted. The booths were closed, and the visitors had gone. Perhaps I ought to have waited for the boatmen, down by the river. It was strange I had not thought to ask their help before. I was about to go back when I saw, over by the entrance, the gatekeeper, a stout red-faced man, sound asleep in his arm-chair.

I hurried over and roused him. "Somebody is drowned," I cried, "come and help me."

He smiled blandly; and pointing to a pile of

photographs lying on a table beside him, said, "You will have some, yes."

"Somebody is drowned," I repeated, "can't you hear," and then I remembered that of course he did not understand my English. It seemed as if I should never make him understand my stumbling German, but, when he did, he started quickly enough, and ran down toward the river.

He took a shorter path, which I had not noticed before. We did not meet the German family, nor did we find them down at the landing. They had probably gone by the other path, and the boatmen were already half way back across the river. It seemed strange for them to go off so coolly; and I was the more indignant when I shouted to them; for they only shook their heads, and, it seemed to me, they laughed at us.

We hunted desperately along the shore; I calling Bertha, as if I might still hope for an answer; the old gatekeeper groaning and wringing his hands.

I do not know how long we scrambled over the wet rocks, but at last I knew it was hopeless. There was nothing else I could do, and I started for the hotel, still carrying the little blue parasol, now all drabbled with mud and wet. The dusty way seemed endless; I ran till my breath gave out, and then walked, and then ran again.

It was no wonder, when I reached the hotel, that the porter stared, as he opened the door; but he said nothing, and he handed me politely a card. I read it as I rushed up-stairs. "Mr. Frank H. Rogers," and on the back he had written:

"We have gone for a little drive toward Schaffhausen. You stayed so long, we thought we would not wait for you. Sorry you misunderstood."

Misunderstood! He little knew the real misunderstanding.

I came to our parlor door, and, as I went in, I determined to compose myself. I tried to appear calm, but I was too breathless to speak.

My sister Helen was writing at the window. She looked up as I came in. "What did keep you so long?" she said, "Bertha and Mr. Rogers have gone to drive without you."

"Bertha?" I gasped.

"Why, yes," she said, "and its two o'clock and you won't get a bit of lunch—" Suddenly she stared at me.

"Why, where under the sun did you get that blue parasol with the red spots? That's the one those German people had, who went out to the island."

A LEGISLATIVE VISION.

I WAS sitting in the Library irritating myself with the Congressional Record, and trying hard to stay awake over it. It was late in the afternoon, the pointed windows were growing gray, and the whole air of the place was heavy with drowsiness; but that special report on the Mud Creek Appropriation Bill was due before midnight. The Record was not entertaining. The speech of each honorable gentleman was more barren and stupid than the one before it. The occasional parentheses of "great laughter on the Republican side" were tantalizing deceptions; no joke could be found anywhere in their neighborhood. The Democratic merriment was equally groundless. Every time I got on the track of a little information some fool of a gentleman would raise a point of order and then would follow a dozen pages of discussion utterly irrelevant to Mud Creek or anything else. My mind got wandering; I thought of the party the night before and wished I had gone to bed earlier. But the special report had to be done, so I went at it again.

"The house now went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Smith in the chair. The clerk read the last clause as amended." It was an interesting scene; the rows of legislators stretching back in increasing semi-circles from the tall desk in the centre. In the Speaker's desk I could dimly see a figure I thought I had seen before. Sometimes it looked like a man with eyeglasses, again it would melt into a Scotch Terrier. Below sat the clerk arrayed in a straight black gown and a wig with little curls. The clerk looked familiar too. A bill was being read, No. 1132, introduced from the Upper House, entitled "a bill for the elevation of the lower class by means of advisers for the higher education of the people by early rising, for the im-

provement of public morals, and for other purposes."

When the bill had been read, the gentlemen from Sever opened the debate as follows: "I desire for the good of my constituents to support the measure before the House. What is so beautiful as the early morning—that is, since the Parthenon? The Athenians always got up every morning on the night before. Think how much greater was the pleasure an ancient Greek experienced in arising from his simple couch of acorns as early as he could, compared to the modern enjoyment of a hair mattress and machine sewed bedding." Here the speaker's gavel fell with a sound like a bell, and the member took his seat.

A slight man next arose and looking over a bushy black beard caught the speaker's eye. He was recognized as the gentleman from Massachusetts. He opposed the bill as follows: "Mr. Speaker I wish to say a few words this morning as to the unconstitutionality of this bill, and furthermore as to its inexpediency. And in fact, gentlemen, I furthermore do not believe it would be possible to enforce it. There is a very good story which illustrates my point perhaps better than anything I can say to you. Abraham Lincoln being once asked what he thought about this bill, is said to have replied that roll-call at eight o'clock in the morning might be good, but, by gad sir, a call for rolls at eleven o'clock at the Holly Tree was better." (Great laughter from the front seats.)

The next disputant was the chairman of the finance committee. He stood up with his hand in his pocket, and having passed his tongue several times around his moustache in a smiling manner addressed the Speaker. He said that the bill had passed successfully through the

committee whose ways are mean, and that he himself being the most distinguished member of that committee gave the bill his hearty support. There was one amendment, however, that he wished to offer to the clause concerning advisers for the lower class; it was to strike out the word "advisers" and in lieu thereof insert the word "tormentors" (cheers from the slave holding members). The amendment was lost.

A tall, spare man now leaped to his feet and claimed the floor. The Speaker with a great deal of reluctance was compelled to recognize the gentleman from Kentucky. The latter then launched fourth into an eloquent attack on the bill. He said, "I can feel for the people, sir! I have been a boy myself in Kentucky, and I never liked to get up at four in the morning to do my chores! No sir! I preferred to break stones on the highway."—

The Speaker here interrupted and in a most unparliamentary manner took part himself in the debate. He shouted, "I am tired of hearing the gentleman from Kentucky pose as the people's friend. Demagoguery must be suppressed in this legislative body. The gentleman blocks all proper legislation by his sympathy for and support of the rabble. I have never

yet endeavored to punish a subject, but he has objected."

The gentleman from Kentucky: "What right have you, I should like to know, Mr. Speaker, to enter into this debate. Stick to your office and your postal cards. I am here to raise my voice for the oppressed masses, and I shall never hesitate to do so even in the presence of the oppressor."

The scene now became exciting. The members leaned forward and held their breath.

The speaker: "Have a care, sir. Remember you are defying the whole power of the Administration. The President shall hear of this."

The gentleman from Kentucky: "What care I for the Administration. Do you think to frighten me thus? It is you and your master who should beware. I give you solemn warning. Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First had his Cromwell, and Charles—"

"Treason! Treason!" was the cry that rose all over the House.

The orator paused and drawing himself up to his full height, with flashing eye continued, "and Charles—"

"LIBRARY CLOSED." The voice of the page awakened me, and I went over to Hollis to get my special report postponed.

A LEGEND OF MUGIWASSIT.

"THE spider sits in his dismal den,
Patiently weaving and watching for prey;
So sit I grimly toiling here,
Drudgingly, wearily, day by day.

But look! the spider's web scarce bends
As, triumphant, he darts to his prisoned flies;
So my darling's love, so constant and true,
Shall bear me up till I win my prize."

These words were rolled forth by a strong bass voice from the window of 92 College House, one fine afternoon in June. The possessor of the voice was Silas Worthen, '89, who had that morning finished his last examination, in which he was satisfied that he had obtained his customary A, and was now engaged in building air-castles as he gazed beyond the car-

stables to Longfellow Park and the rest of the Brighton marshes. As he was, fortunately, not a junior with English C to keep him under the rack till the last moment, he had about a week to spare before Commencement. He was not in the least attracted by the dazzle and flare of Class Day, for he had no friends in Cambridge or Boston, and neither the wish nor the means to indulge in a spread. His thoughts were all turned to a certain New England hamlet, and a maiden who, he felt sure, must be looking forward to his return. The only thing that could keep him longer in Cambridge, except the still distant prospect of Graduation day, was an important letter which he was daily expecting and which might have some influence on his plans.

Worthen was roused from his song by the click of the letter-slide, and strode nervously across the room, to the envelope which had glided through the door. He snatched it up, and read "United States Patent Office." This was all that he dared look at for the moment, and hurrying back to the window, he held his missive by one corner, half-afraid to examine the interior. Finally he summoned courage, and pulling out the letter, he read a few lines with assumed coolness, and then tossed it to the ceiling with a shout. His patent was granted! He was actually the discoverer of the greatest of modern scientific principles, the application of the power of dynamite as a slow, steady force. His fortune would be made in a month. Trusting, meanwhile, to the thirty dollars he had saved from his scholarship, he decided to pack his valise and start for Mugiwassit immediately.

As he rode to Boston in the electric car, he thought how the problem of rapid transit would soon be solved by his dynamite cars, and wondered whether the conductor realized what a genius it was who was searching his pocket for the fifth copper. He took his seat in the train, and was soon whirling merrily toward Mugiwassit. Leaning back with a sigh of content, he gave himself up, after a brief mental inspection of the vast field in which dynamite would supersede steam, to thoughts of a tenderer nature. Again his base voice, untrained, but not without melody, broke forth into a subdued song:

"The sky, with clouds light-dimpled
On this busy, dusty earth smiles down;
And ever bends she lovingly,
Though sometimes dark with a coquette's frown,
While the earth strives fondly toward her,
His weary cares in a kiss to drown.
May my Bell's bright eyes look as kindly on me,
As the blue sky looks on the earth so brown!"

After several hours of song and meditation he stepped out on the platform of Mugiwassit station, and turned to the well known road leading to his home and that of his "Bell," commonly known about the neighborhood as Belinda Babb. Although it was dusk he distinguished in the doorway as he drew near, the flaxen hair and round freckled face of the object of his af-

fections, and in his agitation came near dropping his valise. He mustered up courage to greet her with—"Hullo, Bell! How are you? It's a long time since I've seen you."

"Hullo, Si!" she answered, "glad to see you again. It's been kind of lonely all spring without you."

"Well, I'm home for about a week, now," he said, and added as a red haired urchin peered around the corner of the house, "Hullo, Luke! Come here and let me see how much you've grown since Christmas."

"How d'y?" was the only response.

After a few more words to Miss Babb, Worthen moved on to the little white house beyond the corn field, where his sudden appearance caused equal surprise and joy to his admiring parents.

The first few days flew swiftly by. Worthen was absorbed in some task which required all his time in the barn or at the blacksmith's, except a few stolen hours spent at his neighbor's. Finally his labor was finished, and he went over to the Babb's at about seven o'clock in the evening and invited Miss Belinda out to drive. She readily accepted.

"I left the buggy at home," said he, "because I want to surprise you." So they walked over to the Worthen's, and found the buggy standing in the yard.

"I'll wait here while you harness up," said she, turning to the doorstep.

"Oh, no!" he replied, "Get right in and I'll fix it in a minute." He helped her in and took his seat beside her. "Are you all ready?" he asked.

"Why!" she cried, looking as if she thought him out of his wits, "where's the horse?"

"There is no horse," he answered, laughing. "This is going by dynamite."

"Dynamite!" she almost screamed, starting to jump out. "Good gracious! It'll blow up. Let me out quick," for he had caught her arm, and was trying to reassure her. He finally persuaded her, though not without some misgivings, to try his invention, and when she saw how easily and smoothly it worked, she calmed down again, and gave herself up to the novelty of the sensation.

They bowled merrily along over the quiet, thickly wooded road, until the sunset glow faded out of the sky and the moon lighted their path. They scarcely noticed how the time passed, and it was already late when they turned homeward. Silas, who had long since discovered that the back of the buggy seat was so weak as to need the aid of his arm to support his companion, was now turning the conversation into a decidedly sentimental channel, when he was checked by an unauthorized and alarming jerk, followed by increase of speed on the part of the buggy. With a little shriek Miss Babb placed her hand nervously on the arm of her protector, who soon got his motor under control again. As she grew calmer, she noticed what she had done, and started to withdraw her hand.

Worthen, however, seized it impulsively and, began, "My darling Bell, I have been waiting for years to tell you how I love you. Ever since we first went to school together I have cared for no one but you. I thought of no one but you all the time I was at college, and in all my work looked for no reward but your love. My darling, I can't tell you how deeply I love you. Dearest Bell, will you be——"

But Miss Babb never found out what she was desired to be, for just then the wagon, with another violent jerk, which knocked the breath out of both of its occupants, started ahead at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Worthen jumped up and pulled at his brakes and levers, but with little effect, while his companion recovered enough strength to shriek for help. Meanwhile the vehicle shot along, bumping over the stones, through a grove of maples and out on the open hillside, up grade and down, obeying the inventor's steering gear, but showing no disposition to slacken its mad gait. Worthen wrenched and tugged at his handles, half deafened by the hysterical screaming beside him and the clatter of the wheels, until he succeeded in checking his motor with almost as sudden a jerk as it started with.

"Oh!" gasped Miss Babb, "take me out of this horrid thing — Oh! Oh! Take me out, quick!"

"I hope you are not hurt, Bell?" he inquired anxiously, as she sat down on a stone fence.

"I wish I'd never made that confounded motor, and I'll never touch it again."

"You needn't talk to me about your old motor any more," she sobbed; and they sat in silence.

Nothing more was said by her, even when after a rest she rose and started homeward on foot. With a brief remonstrance which met with no reply, Worthen joined her, and they tramped solemnly over the dusty road. It was after eleven o'clock when the weary pair reached home, but there were still lights in several windows of the Babb mansion. Some one within was attracted by the sound of their footsteps, and peered out, crying, "B'lindy! B'lindy! is that you? Come in, quick. Luke's near killed."

Miss Babb rushed in, closely followed by Worthen, and found the remnants of her little brother stretched on the sofa. The flesh had been almost torn from his hands and right arm, and his face was hardly recognizable through the blood which had scarcely stopped flowing from several ugly wounds. The village doctor was bending over him, bathing and bandaging his gashes, and sewing some of the worst.

"Good gracious!" cried Miss Belinda, "What's happened to Luke?"

"The Lord only knows," answered her mother. "He was playing out in the yard, when all of a sudden I heard a most awful crash and found him lying all bloody and insensible."

"Dynamite!" gasped Worthen.

"I wish you and your nasty dynamite were in Jericho!" cried Miss Belinda.

Worthen, feeling that his room was more acceptable than his company, silently withdrew.

Nothing was seen of him that night at his home nor did he appear the following day. He had taken leave of Mugiwassit so abruptly that he even left lying on his table the only letter he had received during his stay. This could give no clue to his whereabouts, for it was simply on business, running as follows:

MR. SILAS WORTHEN,

Dear Sir:

We are informed that you have received a U. S. patent for a dynamite

motor. We regret to state that any articles manufactured under this title will involve an infringement of the rights of our clients, Messrs. Hogg, Bumpus & Co., secured by patent October 4, 1883. If you commit such an infringement, we shall be obliged to bring suit.

Yours respectfully,

BARKELY and McLEOD.

The next day was Commencement at Harvard, and the graduating class was enjoying the prospect of an unusually brilliant set of speakers for Sanders Theatre. All went off smoothly until President Eliot rose and remarked, "Expectatur oratio in lingua vernacula e Silvano Worthen—'Dynamite: its Uses and Abuses'." But no one answered the summons. An awkward pause ensued and whispers of surprise began to be audible through the hall, when the president rose again to continue the pro-

gramme with "Expectatur dissertatio——."

It was on this day that a wild rumor spread through Mugiwassit that a farmer far out on the lonely Punkapod road had seen, at midnight, a ghostly traveller glide by his house in a buggy without any horse. And as he passed along, a plaintive wail arose in a deep, weird voice:

"The spider's web is wrecked by the storm,
For the angry sun has hid his light;
The insect, harassed by wind and rain,
Must perish in his helpless plight;
And the whole earth shivers, damp and chill,
And rots and dies in eternal night.
My love is wrecked, my hopes have fled,
Ruin and chaos my path have spread;
And my goal is the grave, sweet home of the dead."

H. A. Davis.

COMMUNICATION.

The two following pieces are communications offered for publication in our columns. We are in no way responsible for the opinions expressed. We publish these opinions simply as expressions of individual ideas on an interesting subject.

WHY are we inferior to Yale in athletics? That question is being discussed by about every other group of men in the yard, on the street, at Memorial, or wherever men congregate. But the question is a misleading one; we are not inferior to Yale in athletics. Simply because we have had bad fortune for the last three years does not prove that we are irretrievably inferior. Is Oxford inferior to Cambridge in athletics because the latter has won the boat-race for four years in succession? Before that, Oxford won for several years. We have beaten Yale for three years in succession, but no one thought for that reason that something was radically wrong with Yale's athletics. She is now one year ahead in base-ball and several years behind in rowing. The question ought to be put, why are we not superior to Yale in athletics? Why do we not beat her regularly every year? We have half again as many men in our university as there are at Yale. Why do we not almost invariably win with such an advantage in numbers? No one will pretend that there is any difference in the physical abilities of the men who go to each

college; they are of the same race, the same nation, the same class of society, brought up in the same way. Why is it that a team or a crew picked from the two thousand young Anglo-Americans at Harvard is not more often superior to one picked from the fourteen hundred young Anglo-Americans at Yale? All sorts of reasons are alleged in answer, from the hostility of the faculty, to defects in the social system; none of them seem to be sufficient, or well supported. I think that a careful examination of the system and spirit of the two colleges will show a reason, which, far from being unfortunate or discreditable, is an honor to Harvard.

At Yale the student has little more responsibility than he had at school. When a Yale man has recited his lessons for the day, and has said them well, so as not to be kept in after school, he goes out doors, and is free to indulge in healthy active sports until supper time. He has nothing on his mind until the evening study hour comes around. He only does just the task that his teacher sets him. In the evening study hour he learns his lessons for next day, and the

rest of the time he can play. Everybody remembers what they used to do at school, and how athletics prospered; those same conditions are reproduced at Yale. Almost everybody turns out in playtime, and, in consequence, there is plenty of material for the different teams.

At Harvard the circumstances are very different. A student at Harvard prepares himself in his Freshman year to follow some course of study, scientific, political, literary or otherwise. For the next three years he devotes himself to finding out all he possibly can about the subject he has chosen. He follows his own methods, with the advice and assistance of the instructors. He has to follow his search at any or all times, in the library, in the laboratory, or in the field. If he is a member of the college and is not actually studying his profession, he is at least preparing for it, and he feels just as much responsibility as a member of the professional schools. I do not say that this applies to every member of the college—there are irresponsible characters in every community—but it does apply to the great majority. Under these circumstances a man has little time or inclination to devote himself to athletics. Almost everybody is interested in outdoor sports, most men exercise enough to keep in good condition, and all want to beat Yale; but they naturally do not like to let athletics interfere with their serious work. I can name a number of men who are well known for their athletic ability, men who have distinguished themselves in Freshman or Sophomore year perhaps, who do not try for the crews or teams because they have too much work to do. How many more good athletes must there be who are not known because they have always stuck to the library or the laboratory? I would not be understood to imply that all members of the crews and teams are neglecting their work. Far from it. There are some of course who are so enthusiastic about rowing or foot-ball, or so anxious to put their university to the front in athletics that they will sacrifice a great deal of their study so to do; but there are others who are able and brilliant enough to work zealously and successfully both on Jarvis and in Jefferson, on Holmes and in Gore, in the boat and the lecture room. It is from these

two kinds of men that our athletic teams are drawn, and the material, therefore, is no greater, nor as great as the athletic material at Yale.

Thus, though the actual number of men at Harvard is far greater than at Yale, the number engaged in athletics is smaller, and for a very creditable reason. No other reason seems to me sufficient. It is said that the faculty's hostility to athletics prevents men from trying for the teams. The faculty has this year removed its restrictions as to contact with professionals, and in other ways has shown favor to athletics, as the President's report shows. Our faculty, of course, does not go to the lengths to which the Yale faculty does, to encourage athletics; still its opposition has decidedly abated.

It is also said by some men that the lack of candidates for our teams is due to the fact that the social clubs at Harvard do not take in men for athletic distinction as they do at Yale. That assertion is an imputation that all Harvard University is a mass of snobs who are struggling for a so-called social position, who would work hard at athletics as a means of getting into a club, and who do not row or play ball because there is not a fancied social reward for it. Such an imputation is not worth discussing. If it be true that men will row at Yale for the sake of a social position in the college, it certainly is not true of Harvard.

I think, therefore, that the real cause of our lack of superiority in athletics (not our inferiority, I do not grant that) is the greater earnestness and higher kind of work done here. Since the introduction of the elective system, Harvard has been reduced to an equality with Yale on the field and the river; but it is safe to prophecy that she will increase her superiority in the forum, the laboratory, and the field of letters.

The unusual series of defeats which Harvard has suffered during this last college year has started in the minds of many an inquiry into the condition of athletics among us, and into the causes of our athletic decadence. Several questions have presented themselves to me in thinking over this subject, and I have ventured to ask

space in your columns for an expression of these questions. I do not claim infallibility for the results of my inquiry.

The conditions of society life, here, at Harvard, are peculiar. No sooner does a man enter college and pass through his freshman year with a fine athletic record than he is elected among the first fifty of a sophomore society; unless, indeed, there are objections to him upon personal grounds. Granting that he has received this social honor, he is at once introduced into a club life, which is in some ways, totally antagonistic to athletic excellence. I must not be understood as speaking disparagingly of such a society, or of criticising in general the acts of its members. No one recognizes more fully than I, the value of a sophomore club. What I do mean, is that this club life is little fitted for an athlete. Its whole tendency is social. The main features of its year are its dinners and its theatricals, and into these the members of the club put their whole energy. The athlete, very justly unwilling to appear uncongenial, falls in. as a matter of course, with the club life, takes part in theatricals, attends dinners, and is astonished the next day to find that he cannot cover one hundred yards in less than ten and seven-eighths seconds, or that he has little spirit for a trial mile in his class boat. To be sure his energy has not been wasted. His society life has its place and is part of his legitimate activity, but it has taken his time and his strength away from his athletics.

Supposing, however, the successful athlete, without being disagreeable, is not a wholly congenial spirit, and hence loses the social honor. In such an event he is left to train as consistently as he will. For a time, then, his athletic work is good. He may, in fact, lower a college record, and if so, his name is on the college lips. For a time only, however, outwardly, mental pride in his work, but within the comment is adverse. And sooner or later he realizes his position. He sees how much social honor runs after him whose chief claim is the claim of a "good fellow," and unless our athlete be an exceptionally brilliant one, he loses all interest in his work for his college, because he is socially outlawed.

No doubt conservative critics will urge that thus far I have been inaccurate, that I have made use of ideal instances. I do not yield my ground, and yet, to appease them, perhaps I have. The instances which have been used are not essential. It is the principle for which I stickle, and I may be able to convey my meaning in the abstract. Speaking generally, then, I maintain the following—Harvard athletics are in a deplorable condition, and this is due to that spirit among us best exemplified by our society life. Call it as you will, *Harvard Indifferentism* or what not, the facts of the case remain unaltered. The whole tendency of our club life, and club life is the most distinctive feature of Harvard life, is social. And what is the result? The societies rule athletics. I do not say that athletics should rule societies. Were I to be forced to take issue I should choose a middle ground. But that social clubs should rule athletics is, obviously, an anomaly.

No branch of college life, barring of course intellectual pursuits, ought to demand so large a share of attention and energy as athletics—and yet our athletics are perpetually subservient to our clubs. Not wholly; no: not so much as might easily be; true: but far too much. It is not for the destruction of club life that I plead, but for a readjustment of the relative importance of athletics and club. The evil has long enough masqueraded under the name of Indifferentism, and the remedy been dubbed a Revival of College Spirit.

Much has been said of late, and that justly, with reference to cheering at athletic contests, particularly, of course, at ball games. The neglect of the students is certainly serious and deserves harsh criticism. Such, in fact, it has received, as all who have read our college papers can testify. And yet this criticism, it seems to me, has escaped the root of the evil. "The lack of enthusiasm is but a phase of the general depression" it says; as if general depression were a self-sufficient cause. General depression indeed! Whence does it come? Is it self-determined? There is but one answer, we must look further, and looking further we are again brought face to face with our social system. It is our club life which fosters the

evil and has given birth to Harvard Indifferentism. Our athletics are in the hands of a chosen minority—a minority chosen upon a social basis.

I am aware that it is far easier to criticise than to execute, and perhaps these words may seem the words of an iconoclast. Their purpose, however, is sincere. That an evil exists is

apparent, and the effort of every Harvard man should be to eradicate this evil. If it be not found in our social system, that is cause for self-congratulation. If, however, as is here indicated, our clubs are at fault, the reform must come from within. The solution has, at least, been honestly attempted. It is for the influential to accomplish the change.

SOME DAILY THEMES.

AT my feet the hill fell off with the suddenness of a precipice. Directly below me were the red and green switch lights of the railroad, suggesting, even in the stillness of the evening, the rumbling train. Beyond the tracks an almost level field stretched away to the river, its green surface broken only by gray tumble-down fences and by the old red powder house. In the river the flats lay bare, and in the fading light made a glistening border to the narrow stream, and both stream and flats were tinted with the rose light of the sky. On the other side of the river the banks were thickly grown with pines. Beyond the pines, houses, fields, and woods swept on to where a long black mountain rose in the midst of sunset, like a wave, tossing toward the beach through a fog that the sun had almost burnt away.

A few days ago I was standing on a rocky headland wishing that the fog would blow away, so that I could see along the shore. Looking out into the fog I could see nothing except the chops and ripples of the water; beyond these ripples, the water itself became blurred with the fog. As I was turning to leave the cliff the fog began to be tinged with yellow light. The dull gray water took on a bluer, clearer hue, and the choppy waves seemed glad because the sun was burning away the fog. Looking up I could see the blue sky through the mist, and over the water, just rising above the fog bank, were the pines of the opposite headland with the sun-

light falling upon them. Gradually the fog cleared away like the mist in a fairy tale, and the whole scene lay bright and clear before me.

On my way to the Boat House, I see, every day, a "nannygoat" browsing among the tin cans and ash heaps of a vacant lot. Yesterday, as I passed, I noticed that the goat had broken from the stake to which she had been tied and had started for new grazing grounds. A curly little poodle in the street suddenly noticed that the goat was wandering further from her stake than usual. Pricking up his ears the dog looked first at the goat, then at the stake. Then he made a dash for the rope that was trailing behind the goat, and picking it up in his mouth, he began to brace himself, and to drag back, snarling, as though indignant to think that the goat should take any liberties. For a moment it looked as if the dog would succeed in leading the goat back to her proper place; but she seemed suddenly to discover that the dog was not in play. She stopped, looked at the snarling poodle for a moment, then tossed her head as though in contempt, yanked the rope from the dog's mouth and started up the street on the run. The little dog was frantic. He changed his snarl for an excited, anxious whine. He ran after the goat and tried to pick up the rope, then ran ahead to turn her back. At this point a man ran out of a yard near by, caught the goat and tied her, but he did not even so much as thank the delighted little poodle.

THE ADVOCATE'S BRIEF.

June 5. Cricket. Haverford, 85; Harvard, 51.
 June 7. Tennis tournament. Singles won by H. Talant, '91.
 June 10. Base Ball. Harvard, 20; Harvard, '85 5.
 Cricket. Harvard, 120; Boston Athletic Club, 60.
 Single scull race. Winner, J. R. Finlay, '91.
 June 11. Base Ball. Harvard, 12; University of Pennsylvania, 1.

Freshman mass meeting. Constitution to govern athletics with Yale adopted.

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. *The Editors cannot undertake to return manuscript.*

THE WEEK.

ONCE more it is the *Advocate's* duty to bid farewell to a graduating class; and this time it is 'Eighty-nine that leaves us. With 'Eighty-nine goes the class of a decade which has seen many changes and much progress in our University, and which will always be remembered as one of the periods of Harvard's greatest growth. In short between the years 1880 and 1890 Harvard has grown from a College to a University, and it is with great regret we say good-bye to the last class of so honorable a period. With 'Eighty-nine goes too the last class that has had experience in the old order of things here at Harvard, when a man cherished unnatural grudges against his neighbor because the latter had one per cent higher than himself; when crafty persons took up their abode just outside the chapel limits and became disgusted with life when the faculty voted to extend those limits. We pay our respects to 'Eighty-nine also as the last class that has basked in the warmth of Harvard victory. For a whole year members of the class could assume that truculent strut and superior attitude that comes naturally to the members of a victorious college, but which we at Harvard have recently been obliged to give up for a modest and retiring demeanor. Well, 'Eighty-nine, you have suc-

cessfully filled your portion of Harvard life for four years and you must now make way for a successor, and your name must be added as one more to that rapidly growing list which marks the advance of Harvard. In a very few years your name as well as our own will become a very faint myth here in college. Your records and our own too will be only brought to light when future class orators and poets and valedictorians shall turn over the files for hints. In your own recollections however, and in that of the classes which have known you the name of 'Eighty-nine will be bright, and we heartily wish you a "god-speed" on your journey in life.

Although our crew were so modest and economical that they would not allow us an opportunity to give them a parting cheer, we nevertheless send every kind of good wishes after them and shall never cease to hope till the race is over. We are not going to complain if we lose. If hard and faithful work, and self-sacrifice could win the race we feel sure our crew would have nothing to fear, for we know that no men ever tried harder for success than the men who have been slaving all the year for the crew, and who will sit in the Harvard boat at New London. They have worked in the face of many obstacles—men, most earnestly desired have declined to offer their services—and worse than all else there is the gloom of three years steady defeat. Yale has of course a phenomenal crew, which we may scarcely hope to beat as long as certain prominent athletes make Yale their permanent residence. Mr. Bob Cook is unusually surly over his crew this year, so we may expect an eight little less than invincible. Altogether we think it very likely that Yale will take the race. We will not however, we repeat, complain of that, since we know our crew will have done its best. But if we should win we will

indulge in a little celebration worthy of the greatest victory on record. Let our crew go into the race with the comfortable feeling that no one is going to blame them if they lose, but that they may appropriate what ever they choose if they win. And for some reason or other we cannot help cherishing a lurking suspicion that we may take the race after all. We do not exactly know why we entertain these mad suspicions, but we are going to preserve them carefully, and if we do win we are going to shout I told you so into the ear of every person we meet. We wish all success to our crew—whether we win or lose we congratulate the captain on his hard work and careful training and we thank the gentlemen who have spent so much time and trouble in coaching.

We are glad that the Glee and the Banjo Clubs are going to New London. We hope they will make money enough to turn over a considerable sum to the boat-club, and that their music will spur the club on to victory. To accomplish this latter result the clubs will have to perform "excellently well." We feel that they will do themselves no discredit, and we hope that the trip to New London will become a precedent as invariable as the race itself. Surely nothing could be more in keeping with the occasion than the presence of the clubs. A concert on the evening before the race is the fittest of preludes to the most romantic episode in college life. We wish we were going to New London ourselves: we should very much like to sit in a retired corner and listen to the harmonious strains of "Imogene" and watch the bright eyes, the fluttering fans, and the pretty figures of the numerous maidens, even if many of them should wear blue over their breast. With what admiration we gaze on the members of the two eights, and with what a critical eye should we compare the rival crews. And as we saw the maidens looking with awe at those stalwart oarsmen and heard covert whispers of "that's — of the Yale boat" or "that's — of the Harvard eight," we know we should be seized with a strong desire to be a crewman. We think this concert a most happy idea—it supplies a need *that has long been felt*—that is it affords an

opportunity for the various anxious, excited people to come together and take a brief respite from the unceasing speculation. And better still we are sure if the crew, on the eve of the race, hear their comrades singing the old familiar tunes, they will be brightened and reassured. So we say to the Glee Club, go to New London and sing "Imogene" and "Johnny Harvard" to the best of your ability: you had better not sing "Yale men say" but close the concert with a ringing verse or two of the dearest of all songs "Fair Harvard."

We wish in our last number to give the nine our good wishes. The Championship is out of the question. But second place is better than third, and surely we had better not bring up the rear. The nine is not, to be sure, a great success this year. Still there has been hard work and earnest effort. The simple truth is that we had less to choose from than ever before and we cannot much be surprised at the result. As usual men who might have brought us a victory have by carelessness or spitefulness made themselves ineligible. No athletic organization in college has suffered so much on this score as the nine and we may say on the whole no athletic organization in general has had such hard luck. It is easy enough to put a finger on the trouble. The nine cannot bat and is weak in the box,—that is when we judge from the standard of previous years. We also think the nine has been unfortunate in not receiving proper support, so that altogether, considering everything we think matters are going on as well as can be expected. The nine can on occasions play good ball and we hope we may yet take a game from Yale. The day after class-day is a propitious time. Let every man turn out and cheer till he is hoarse and let the nine go in, play ball and win. We give them our best wishes and trust that Yale will yet have to take a defeat at the hands of the Crimson.

We are heartily glad to see the prospect of a change in Freshman athletics. 'Ninety-two has in part atoned for the fiasco at New Haven by proposing a new constitution which it is to be hoped, Yale will readily agree to. We hope

that this constitution will go into force and that we may never again be obliged to put up with the bickerings that have disgraced the relations between the Yale and Harvard Freshmen for the past two or three years. The new regulation in regard to the playing of dropped Sophomores, first year professional men, etc., must commend itself to everyone. The including of these men in Freshmen teams has from first to last caused more trouble almost than the whole matter was worth. Anybody who remembers the interminable dispute that preceded the Freshmen foot-ball game in the fall of '86, will have an ample demonstration of the exasperation these disputes may cause. The new rules coming just at this time are exceedingly opportune. There is absolutely no knowing where this practice we are complaining of would end. If the Freshmen may use first-year professional men, why may not the Sophomores use second year professional men and so on. The only safe, sensible way is in the manner of the new constitution to allow no one to play on a Freshman team unless he is a bona fide Freshmen, in his first year of the academic department. We shall then have the pleasure of seeing some genuine Freshman contests and shall not be obliged to wink at the proceedings of the Freshman managers when they set their wits to work to pass off certain persons as Freshmen, who under ordinary circumstances would feel insulted to be so classed. The new constitution is good in all its general features, though here and there it may possibly be amended with advantage. We sincerely hope Yale will fall into line with Harvard, and by accepting this constitution put Freshman athletics on a more respectable plane.

By the latest amendment to the regulations as to the classification of students, the Faculty have decided to put dropped men in the same category with those on probation, thereby preventing the former from participating in any athletic contests. We have heard a good deal of complaint against this regulation, and there does seem to be a great deal of harshness in the meas-

ure. On thinking the matter over, however, we have come to the conclusion that the regulation, however annoying or discouraging from an athletic point of view, is on the whole a good one. The question brings up the whole matter of the attitude of the Faculty towards athletics; and we think that every one who gives the subject careful consideration will see reason to feel great satisfaction in the position of the Harvard Faculty. In the last number of the *Advocate* appeared a communication attributing our ill-success in athletics to the simple fact that we are a University not a college. We have a great deal of sympathy with this view of the question. In the eyes of irresponsible sub-freshmen and sensational newspapers, it would appear athletics are the end and aim of a University, and the college that turns out the fastest crew or the strongest eleven is a more valuable institution than its less successful rival. In this way success in athletics does undoubtedly attract large numbers of youth who serve to swell the numbers of a college and little else. But after all athletics are a secondary feature in college life and have no business to usurp a higher place. And we think the Yale Faculty, who, to use a vulgar expression, fairly seem to swipe to athletics, make a very serious mistake. Compared with their policy the action of the Harvard Faculty seems to us deserving of the highest praise. Our Faculty, while recognising the absorbing and just interest that the students feel for athletics, perfectly well remember that such an institution cannot be allowed to stand in the way of college work. They offer a man certain opportunities and if he is so shiftless as not to take advantage of them, the Faculty of Harvard College have no further use for him and request him to sever his connection with the University whether he be a good athletic man or not. Now this may cause great wailing and lamentation; but is not such an action more manly than to retain a man simply because he is a good athlete?

So we must bid farewell to the dear old janitors: and in their place we are to welcome

some uniformed persons who, it is expected will, usher in a new era, that is as far as the care of college dormitories are concerned. The powers that be have decided that the janitors are too conservative a body—that they have a constitutional disinclination to disturb the status quo—that in their old-school conservatism they allow dust and dirt to accumulate with an effective and tranquil sang-froid. In consequence of these pleasant but unfortunate traits of character the fiat has gone forth that the janitor must go. We must all be sorry to lose him. The trials put upon our patience were of inestimable value in inculcating serenity of disposition under peculiarly agitating circumstances. We sadly fear that in the future, when our rooms shall no longer be lined with dust layers two inches deep, when we shall no longer be able to amuse ourselves by writing our names on the wall, we shall develop an inclination for luxury and ease

entirely at variance with what our thoughtful overseers would have us to be. And then again it does seem a great pity to disturb our affable janitors. They have acquired almost an immunity from interference by prescription. What if some ill-natured persons do say that these kindly janitors are veritable old men of the sea—we declare we always had a good deal of sympathy with the famous old man, and always thought Sinbad did not have sufficient respect for old age. And what are we to have in the place of the kind persons who are to leave us? A number of disgustingly young and efficient persons clad in uniforms, who will constantly disturb our equanimity, by reminding us of pulman car porters. And over all there is to be a grand lord high janitor who, it is supposed, will see to it that his minions perform their functions properly and will have in mind the student's comfort. We fervently hope so.

CLASS ORATION.

THE life of man is a constant effort to achieve success. Success consists in doing what one undertakes to do. Its foundation is an earnest desire to do something well, in the hope of gaining strength and confidence for future effort. This desire, inherent in man's nature, is especially strong in young men, who anticipate the realization of their boyish dreams and, full of enthusiasm, are anxious to assume the responsibilities attendant upon true manhood.

But earnest effort does not always bring success with it. These are days of keen and fierce competition, when only the most efficient succeed. So this morning we, the youngest sons of Harvard, about to enter upon a new life full of duties, must feel how necessary it is to form some idea of the key to success.

The successful man possesses certain qualities, innate, perhaps, in great part, but surely useless until brought out in action. It is not the possession of great abilities, but their employment, that makes a man successful. This truth Harvard emphasizes by her system of instruction.

The freedom of choice here, afforded to all, encourages each man to concentrate his efforts on those subjects which his natural gifts best fit him to pursue. He obtains the best results with the least expenditure of energy.

It is not my purpose, however, to point out those qualities best adapted to this or that profession, but rather to remind you that there is one quality which all successful men—the novelist, the lawyer, the editor, the minister, the statesman—possess in common,—the virtue of courage. As young men, with our lives before us, what can we more fittingly consider on this occasion than courage,—courage as a factor of success?

"Youthful men," says Hawthorne, "not having taken a deep root, give up their hold on life so easily." This applies with special force to college bred men. The better educated they are, the more keenly they realize that only the few can become truly great. Their education often makes them timid. They lack that decision so characteristic of the self-made man. To him

work is the lever which moves the world, and, working hard and assiduously, he gains in hope, confidence, and courage. Content with little success at first, he retains and stores up energy to tighten his hold on life when opportunity does come. When such a man becomes distinguished, people point him out as an example; when a college graduate fails, they sneer, "The advantages of a college education are not apparent."

These people fail to see the extreme weakness of the comparison. In the one case, they take as a type the successful self-made man; in the other, the dismal collegiate failure. The tens of thousands who have tried to make themselves, but failed, are lost sight of; so, also, are the ability and genius of those college-bred men who stand preëminent as leaders in thought and action.

Our duty, however, is to see that occasions for such a comparison grow constantly less. We can not but feel that years of extended study, and daily contact with bright minds have broadened us mentally—given us a keener appreciation of life and its opportunities. With this intellectual development have come observation and reflection. We no longer ask ourselves, "What shall I do next?" but "What am I best fitted to do?" Such of us as have special aptitudes readily decide, and at once enter upon their new duties with zeal and vigor; but what shall interest the great majority of us who have no decided taste for any particular work? There can be but one answer. We must form a taste for something. Many an eminent man has begun his work with no liking for it, but has grown to love it as time went on. Application and faithful attention to details will accomplish much. Supplement these qualities with patience and courage, and the march onward will be irresistible.

The great difficulty with some young men is that they will not dare to be what they might. They shrink from hard work; they vaguely feel they have not the ability to succeed; they lose their hold on life before they have taken a firm grip. Others resolve to work, to stand firmly upon principle, to summon courage to do their duty as they see it. To them there is no fear of the result. They have an interest in their business, a feeling of having made the best possible

preparation, a confidence in effort, and a determination to endure daily trials with Christian fortitude.

During our Civil War, when the Union sorely needed troops, an only son said to his widowed mother, "Shall I enlist?" "Yes," she answered, "God alone knows how much I need you, but your country needs you more." It took courage for that son even to think of going to war; but the grandeur of courage was shown in the consent of that Spartan mother, in her willingness to sacrifice, for the welfare of her country, what was most precious to her. There are many Spartan mothers in our free land. Have not their sons inherited courage?

And to-day there is great need of men of courage,—men who will make capital and labor see that one is necessary to the other, and that prosperity to both can result only from harmony and mutual good-will,—men who will condemn the illegitimate use of money in politics, a system which, in putting a premium upon corruption, undermines the very bulwarks of the state,—men who will stand for principle and right at all times and at all hazards. Only men of convictions, and the courage to express them, can meet this need.

More than once have unknown writers made shameful attacks upon Harvard. They dared not sign their names to the articles which they gave an anxious public as absolute truth. We ourselves would not have that public believe that no faults exist here. Our most earnest wish is that the world might see Harvard as she is, not infallible, but full of hope, of vitality, of progress; endeared by age, enriched by associations, foremost in culture; teaching fearlessly the principles of truth and justice; filled to overflowing with students, quick in perception, thoughtful in action, earnest in purpose, conscientious in duty. These are truths impressed upon those who have seen and observed the inner life of this great University. Yet to the charges made against us there has been no formal protest from any official and responsible source. Why? Is it from lack of loyalty? No, the noblest, the truest loyalty to Harvard has been shown—by silence; for in such silence is the courage of martyrdom and the deep con-

viction that right and truth must triumph.

If people will misjudge, let us endure the wrong in silence—ever remembering that not in words is proof, but in deeds and actions which speak louder and live longer than words. Thinking men make public opinion through the power of their strong wills. In directing their thoughts by self-approval, the highest approbation that an act can receive, they revolutionize the world. Such self-approbation is not egotism; it is conscience, that indefinable something, ever present and commanding, but which few have the courage to obey.

Conscience makes us feel the great responsibility which must henceforth rest upon us. We are to go forth into the world as representatives of Harvard, sharing her burdens, partaking of her joys, always upholding her great name. Those preceding us have been true to their trust. In the ministry, in science, in literature, in politics, in war, they have stood among the foremost, toiling with patience, never lacking in courage, striving earnestly to meet the needs of an advancing civilization.

Let those who doubt the earnestness and courage of college men go into the transept of this Memorial Hall, and read upon the tablets there names of men like the Reverses, the Lowells, Wadsworth, who, though blessed with wealth

and culture, and high social rank, were among the first to respond to their country's call. Their example, their devotion, their dauntless courage gave new inspiration to the cause. Those men fell, but in their fall was a nation's success.

We should be not less true than they. The growth of the college brings heavier responsibilities to each succeeding class. Let us meet ours with courage. Let us put forth in life our best efforts. Only thus can we prove ourselves worthy of the present Harvard—free in methods, unrivaled in advantages, sovereign in ideas.

Classmates, our college life is over. We meet no more in the full numbers of to-day; but the ties of class feeling, the tenderest of all associations, will never be broken. With advancing years, we shall prize more and more the delight of living over again, in imagination, the happy days of our life at Harvard. We shall always assert our right to the joy of looking back.

"Let by-gones be by-gones, they foolishly say,
And bid me be wise and forget them;
But old recollections are active to-day,
And I can do nought but regret them.
Though the present be pleasant and joyous and gay,
And promising well for the morrow;
Yet I love to look back on the years swept away,
Embalming my by-gones in sorrow."

CLASS POEM.

IN fitful slumber that betokens dreams
Upon her silken couch the goddess lay,
Fair Veritas; anon she spoke aloud
And all her thoughts were of the coming day.
Now she did pray that storms there might be none.
Now did the favor of the gods invoke,
Nor rest had she from ill foreboding fears;
But ere the morning dawned the goddess woke.
With sleep-charmed eyes her lagging handmaids came
To robe their mistress for the coming morn
With downcast eye and with averted face
They met her just rebuke and words of scorn.
"Shame, slothful maids, alas, have ye no care
That I should hie me forth in brave array,

Have ye forgot the waiting light shall bring
Of all my class-days, sure the merriest day?
Haste, minions, then, the fitting work prepare,
Unto my bath collect the morning dew,
With unguent rich anoint my flowing hair,
My class day gown shall be of white and blue."
She spoke. With eager haste they sped their work,
Some brought the fragrant unguent, some the dew,
And soon in all her loveliness she stood
Prepared to don her gown of white and blue.
Some brought the robe, t'was made of azure sky,
A flashing cincture round her waist was bound,
And far behind there lay a queenly train,
Sure, never had it peer for sweeping ground.
A pure, white, cloud her drapery supplied,
Falling in graceful folds both wide and full,
And pearly shoulders peeped full modestly
From out the billowy mass of heavenly *tulle*,
Upon her bosom, pure as virgin snow,
Rising and falling in a sweet unrest,
A bright star nestled like a child that lost
At length reposes on its mother's breast.
Her toilet made, perfect with every grace,
In every motion beautiful and free,
With lorgnettes, wrap, with fan, and smelling salts,
With tickets for the Theatre and the Tree,
With mackintosh and crimson parasol
To guard from rain, or sultry noontide air,
The loveliest handiwork the world hath known
So fared the goddess forth divinely fair.

Vex't by some knot that mars the growing woof
Fair Clotho spins not, Atropos aloof
With eager shears bides well the fitting time;
But Lachesis, with pitying look sublime,
Stays yet the hand that loveth not who lives
And so a respite to existence gives.
Brief is our time; but briefer the delay
That gives an hour from the ebbing day.
How swift the careless years have hurried by
Since first we came with downcast look and shy;
And yet the lapse of time is wondrous plain
When memory retraces whence we came.
Recalling then each happy day of yore
We seem to linger on a distant shore.
The golden glory of the setting sun
Gilds the dark waste thro' which the course was run
And looking back, the scene appears most fair,
The light that hallows, leaves no shadows there.

Ah, many a rolling æon intervenes
 Betwixt to-day and those fast-fading scenes,
 And Time's swift flight serves but to make more dear
 The joyous hours of our freshman year.
 Gone are those days when happier than we knew
 We cheered our nine or backed a sturdy crew,
 When in the Yard beneath the leafy tents
 We lay at eve, and smoked, and matched *per cents*;
 And many a hero brave beyond compare
 Made awful threats of cutting morning prayer.
 Ah, happy youth, when every breeze that blew
 Bore to our feet a homage justly due,
 When every saucy brook that purling ran,
 Proclaimed to all, "Here comes a Harvard man."

Scarce seeming nearer to the straining eye,
 Yet nearer to the goal immeasurably,
 Bright gleam the days when breaking nature's law
 The sun shone only for the sophomore.
 O, merry idler, who life easy bears,
 What can ye know of sophomoric cares?
 Alas, with what a wealth of information
 We sought to teach the freshmen their true station,
 How oft they've listened to some glorious tale
 Of that great race, those famous games with Yale.
 Ah, me, tho' long we sail Life's rolling main,
 I fear we ne'er shall be so great again.

Like some faint dreams that drifting o'er the mind
 Forgotten, leave no lingering trace behind,
 These mem'ries fade and in their stead appear
 The bright ambitions of our junior year.
 No fairer spot, I ween, could well be found
 In college life than this good vantage ground
 No taint of "underclassmen" reaches now,
 No senior cares cloud yet the manly brow.
 Here many a tilt was had to gain the prize
 That rested in the glance of some bright eyes;
 Each valiant knight usurped the maidens' smiles
 And thought himself the victim of their wiles.
 Then all the world shone with a golden gleam
 And life itself was but a fairy's dream.

Low-lying mists that flee before the sun
 Their parting heralds a new day begun.
 So die these visions, let their flight proclaim
 The homage due the senior's honored name
 Hence all vain pleasures, ye no longer please.
 Naught satisfies but dignity and ease
 Blissful the thought that whereso'er we go
 None are above, but all are far below.
 But all is over now; the play is done,

CLASS SONG, HARVARD COLLEGE, 1889.

Words by C. WARREN.

Music by M. A. TAYLOR.

Voices in unison.

1. Class on class go by and van-ish;
 2. In the van wesaw our col-ors,
 3. Then, boys, eight-y-nine for-ev-er,

INTRODUCTION.

Rec - ord proud lies in our wake. . . Much we worked and rare - ly fell when Har-vard's
 Ev - er wav - ing Blue and White; . . Then, men, as in field and riv - er So for
 Hurl the might - y shout a - round, . . Class-mates, eight - y-nine and nev - er Let its

hon - or was at stake. Ere we say "good-by", old fel - lows, Let us cel - e-brate once
 Truth we'll al - ways fight. Har - vard seeks her great-est ef - forts From all sons who leave her
 e - qual here be found. And as now these i - vied halls are Ringing while we on-ward

more, Let us cheer . . . the loy-al men . . . who Won our class the name it bore.
 now, Each one hon - - - ored, will but fur - - - nish One more wreath for Harvard's brow.
 pass, May the fu - - - ture years so find . . . us, Ev - er cheering our dear class.

The stage is dark, the merry players gone
And ne'er shall aught save Memory's patient eye,
That looks, forever, see the days gone by
No more the merry song shall wake the halls,
No ringing shout flung back from answering walls,
No more the bonfire's lurid light shall shine
To glorify the deeds of Eighty-Nine.
And gentler pleasures, too, have passed away
That threw a radiance o'er the college day.
No more we'll saunter 'neath the moonlit shades,
In tender colloquy with Annex maids,
And musing o'er the past, we oft reflect
On these communings of the intellect.
But all is o'er, and who with hope were rife.
Wake from a sweet illusion into life
And now let wayward Fancy's laughing face
Destroy the unity of time and place.
Let fifty winged years go by and then
Ring up the curtain, try the play again
'Tis sadly changed; the setting is the same,
The old familiar faces few remain;
For Death has stricken with fantastic will
Many a merry fellow from the bill,
And Time has laid with hand that knows no ruth
Powder and wrinkle o'er the bloom of youth.
Light-hearted once, now dignified and slow,
Across the stage the solemn players go
With portly stride, the sign of many a lunch,
Triennial Dinner, or Commencement Punch.
I wot the play is changed; those careless boys
Whose very sorrows e'en would now be joys,
Transformed by mystic spell beyond our ken
Now play the role of hoary-headed men.
Perhaps in some secluded corner drear
Sulks a forlorn, dyspeptic, Overseer,
Oh, blame not, rather mourn the awful gloom
Which the dread Furies have pronounced his doom,
Another world may give by statute grim
Compulsory prayers and roll-call too, to him,
But overseer or kindly graduate
Alike acknowledge a relentless fate;
Accepting each the common heritage
They glide away and leave an empty stage.
But hence these idle dreams, delusions vain,
Dim, misty, phantoms of a restless brain.
I look and marvel how the years have wrought
Strange transformations in our ripening thought.
Mad with ambition eager lads we came
Believed the promises of fickle Fame.

Harvard Advocate.

Sadder and wiser now we leave the race
 Content to jog along an humble pace.
 Those good old clouds that childhood hears about,
 Their golden linings have ere this worn out,
 And he whose first task was his A B C
 Now rests contented with a mean A. B.
 Four happy, joyous, years have borne their fruit,
 A scrap of parchment and an old dress-suit,
 The latter capital, 'tis evident,
 Has long been subject to the law of rent.
 And so with little done and naught to do
 We take the burden up of life anew.
 The future lies beyond, dim, unrevealed;
 Soon will the signal sound to take the field.
 Our strength is human, be our aim divine,
 And so God speed you well, dear 'Eighty-nine.

As by some sad, sweet, melody entranced
 (The Goddess lists not to my humble rhyme,
 But rather to some wondrous harmony
 Soft-stealing down the echoing halls of Time).
 With wistful gaze, our goddess mother stands
 Watching her sons, as eager for the strife
 They part from her with hope and high resolve
 To fight, and win the battlefield of Life.
 How oft the parting comes, how oft recurs;
 Long, long ago, the sad-eyed mother learned
 Tho' all went gaily forth to join the fray,
 That many a one she cherished ne'er returned.
 But mother's love strives with a mother's pride;
 Unworthy who to save his life would yield.
 A curse on him who disobeys her charge,
 Who recreant dares return without his shield.
 Loud rings the parting cry, the mother starts,
 Roused by the shout from out her reverie,
 And pointing forward with her fair, white, hand
 Cries with a voice where lurks no misery,
 "Onward, my sons, nay, look not back again
 Once you have set out on your chosen way;
 But forward ever with a mighty shout
 Rush fearlessly to the unending fray.
 Avenge the insults on my honored name,
 Rest not a moment, let your hope be high,
 And to the cravens who would dare defame
 Your very deeds shall give them back the lie."
 And pointing to the motto on her shield
 Sore dented now and marked with many a fight
 She cries again, "This be your battle-cry
 Until the doubtful struggle prove the right.

Let *Veritas* a sacred watch-word be ;
Without it none shall from my temple pass
So struggle onward till the fight is won
Till Truth is Life, and Life is *Veritas*."

Carleton Hunneman.

'EIGHTY-NINE CLASS ODE.

"I will look unto the hills."

DEAR Mother, we turn from thy beautiful throne
On the fair, watered slopes of the west,
To wander and struggle, unguided, alone,
Till Night in the path bars our quest.
Thou hast given us strength from thy bountiful heart
That will keep us through tempest and sun :
Each glance at thy face, and each thought what thou art
Shall herald a victory won.

The mirage of the future gleams temptingly bright,
And quickens our steps to the fore :
We shall feel, though we stay not, thy motherly sight
Still blessing our path as of yore.
At dusk, when we turn, and in memory rove
On the ways that are dark'ning towards thee,
May the afterglow brighten the summits we love,
Thy forehead our Hesperus be.

Robert Elkin Neil Dodge.

IVY ORATION.

LADIES, *Members of the Class of '89,*
and other gentlemen:—

There is a reason for everything.

For some things the reason is evident; as, for example, the reason why it takes some of us three years to pass Freshman English. For others the reason may not be apparent, but can be discovered by investigation; a visit to the Dean usually clears up the mystery of a summons card. Then again, there are some things for which no one has been able to detect an adequate reason for existence; these are the exceptions which prove the rule, and among them we might, perhaps, notice the Overseers.

To our second class, those things for which the reason is not self-evident, but which appears on investigation,— belongs this so-called Ivy Oration. Possibly you may like to know what reason there can be for an Ivy Oration on Class Day. I will tell you.

In the good old days long ago, when the only rule of the College for granting degrees was “ask, and it shall be given you,” when the only requirement for admission to the University was “knock, and it shall be opened to you”; and when Faculty meetings, like Christmas, came but once a year, it used to be the custom for the graduating class on Class Day to plant a sprig of Ivy by the wall of some favorite building, which sprig was supposed to grow and keep the memory of the class green. Its brilliant verdure was also a pleasant reminder to the class in later years of the merry, guileless days of Freshman year. The planting of the ivy was the chief event of Class Day, and the ceremonies attending it were most impressive. The class assembled after morning prayers, appropriately attired in full evening dress, and marched in solemn procession to the scene of burial, led by the marshalls, who acted as pall bearers and carried the ivy-root. Behind the bier came the chief mourners, four in number, clad in sombre robes. The procession walked with slow and stately steps to the chosen spot

where the grave had previously been dug by the Class Day committee. The ivy was laid in the grave and the earth thrown over it, while all the assemblage stood with uncovered heads. When the last sod had been put in its place, the class orator stepped forward from among the chief mourners and delivered the Funeral Oration. The beautiful Burial Hymn chanted by the poet followed. Then came the Ivy Oration with a collection of stale jests which was poured upon the grave of the unfortunate ivy in hope that the spirit of the root might be stimulated to break forth from the ground and grow up. The unseemly levity awakened among the Cambridge populace by the walse-like Ivy Oration was subdued by a solemn Dirge sung by the Odist.

Times have changed, in spite of the opinion of the Overseers, to the contrary. The graduating class no longer plants its Class Ivy. The walls of our beautiful buildings are suffered to remain uncovered in all their blushing loveliness. No clinging vine darkens the windows of University, impeding the search for truth carried on within the marble walls. No leafy screen hides the severe purity of Thayer or conceals the consistently artistic decorations of Matthews. The dazzling perfection of Gray is allowed to blind our vision without hindrance. Though the burial of the ivy has been abandoned, yet we still have the attendant ceremonies maintained for different purposes. We still wear full evening dress in the full noon day glare, as a symbol of our martyr-like devotion to custom. We have still the funereal oration, to give solemnity to the occasion. The Class Poet still chants his mournful strains to soothe the stirring emotions aroused by the fervour of the Orator. The Ivy Oration still follows the poem with a most distinct though altered purpose. The principal part of the exercises has taken place; it is time to bring them to a close; the audience must be dispersed; and Ivy Oration is relied on to clear the hall, being followed by the stately Ode to prevent a stampede.

This, then, is the reason for the Ivy Oration, and with this object I will proceed. Nothing so wearies a listener as the repetition of old and well-known facts. I shall try to bore my hearers beyond the point of endurance by repeating what is well known to every educated person in the United States, the deeds and fame of the Class of Eighty-nine of Harvard University. Should what follows prove interesting or even amusing, improbable though it be, I must lay the blame beforehand upon my audience, as being too easily entertained.

In the fall of '85—that last year of grace—Eighty-nine arrived in Cambridge. Its arrival was accompanied by the booming of cannon and the display of fireworks, supposed by the ignorant to be the celebration of the athletic victories of the previous year, but rightly interpreted by the Class of Eighty-nine as a forecasting of its future greatness. We were Freshman in the year 1885-86, poor fellows! and were allowed to take but a small part in the University Athletics; small, that is, in point of numbers but great in size. For did we not erect upon the ball field in that year a gigantic monument to the fame of Eighty-nine whose marble pedestal was the home plate, and who for four years has stood the shocks of the swiftest pitchers without flinching. Around that firmly planted monument gathered our Freshman nine, like chickens round a hen, invincible under its wing. Yale, Eighty-nine visited Holmes Field one bright May afternoon. They found our monument at home and seldom out. They saw our captain at second base demonstrate the fact that one hand is better than two, and they returned to New Haven sadder and wiser men. Harvard could still teach something in spite of the elective system and the "fast set." That night the sky was crimson with the fire that flamed defiantly beneath the elms of the College yard. An army of Proctors even reinforced with the sainted yard committee failed to stop our victorious class in its mad career. Then it came the turn for our nine to visit New Haven. We Liliputians put rollers under our Gulliver, our Plymouth rock, and moved him to the home of the Eli. There we planted him firmly upon the marble base, and even there he was perfectly at home, while Yale

Eighty-nine found herself sadly put out. It was upon that day that our President made the hit heard round the world and won the game. We sealed the fate of the famous Yale fence that night. The indignity of having Harvard sit upon those bars sacred to Yale, smote upon the hearts of the Yale corporation, and despite tears and pledges of defence by the undergraduates, the fence was irrevocably doomed. They say that fence relics are bearing a high premium at New Haven. Brother Eighty-nine men, here is a chance for you to realize a handsome profit.

By these two victories in Freshman base ball, a feat which but few classes can equal, Eighty-nine had already achieved a reputation which was to be still further increased by the race at New London. I need not recall to you the details of that famous day. We all remember how Yale with chronic thirst stopped to take a drink at the half-mile flag and was unable to proceed. We recollect the gallant struggle of Columbia and her final spurt. And we can still see in memory our Freshman Captain shoving his crew ahead of him across the finish line with the coxswain close at his heels and Columbia following after.

We will pass over the two succeeding years; you have probably heard so little about them that you might be interested in an account of them in spite of my exertions. Suffice it to say that Eighty-nine was still at Harvard and visited the office sufficiently often to enable the college to go on as usual.

At the beginning of Senior year Eighty-nine determined to show what it could do in athletics when it really tried. First came the tug-of-war, and Eighty-nine pulled in a victory. Then came the class races. For the first time since Freshman year we were able to concentrate our strength in our class boat. The result was—well Eighty-nine has not been able to defeat all Yale in the Varsity, but she is still able to win the class races. They say the spirits of that victorious crew row by night upon the Charles to the great disturbance of the good people of pious Boston.

The base-ball season arrived. Confident of victory, Eighty-nine sent her class nine into the field. Who can doubt what the result would

have been had we not helped out the Varsity in its hour of need by cheerfully surrendering our class pitcher.

So much for the class of Eighty-nine considered as a whole. A few individual examples will prove beyond doubt the high position the class holds in college history. Othea classes have produced men who were able to perform a variety of duties with tolerable skill, but I defy a class to produce a man to equal our Eighty-nine jack of all trades. He has played base ball, he has played foot-ball, he has rowed, and he has played to perfection the great part of Class President for four years. We have not excused him from work even to-day, but have thrust upon him the most responsible position we could find. And still he smiles under it all. If ingenuity can devise anything more for him to do, between now and Commencement we shall certainly insist upon his doing it.

In the fall of 1886 we noticed among the football candidates on Jarvis a certain stranger who at once attracted our attention. We kept our eyes on him and found him later playing on the team. Who was he, and to what class did he belong was asked on every hand. Some said he was an Eighty-eight man and it was shown that he did associate with that virtuous and noble class. A few said that they had seen a man who said that another man said he was in Eighty-nine. The class of Ninety claimed him as it was his first year in the University, and the books of the Office, never known to be at fault, in neat and delicate penmanship proclaimed him a Freshman. So the matter dropped for a while, and he was considered as being in the class of Ninety. The question was reopened in the spring by his appearance in the Eighty-nine crew at the class races. Eighty-nine claimed him at once, but in less than a fortnight after the races, there he was pulling away in the Ninety crew. The end of the year came with the controversy still unsettled.

When we came back to Cambridge in the Fall and went in to register, there was our stranger, stranger no longer, writing his name in large letters as a Junior under-scoring the Eighty-nine. He had been undecided as to

what class to join when he entered Harvard; he had tried three classes and picked out Eighty-nine as the best. I will not mention his name; you all know him as a man of remarkably clear preception and admirable judgment.

Need I mention the two other prophets and seers, who about to enter college with Eighty-eight foresaw the future glory of Eighty-nine and wisely waited a year.

It is hard to choose from among the many shining examples that the Class furnishes. There is one, however, without a mention of whom these exercises would not be complete. We owe him many thanks for the example he has shown us of the great principal that the office should always seek the man, even though the office be the Photographic Committee and the man a King.

I cannot refrain from mentioning one more illustrious member of our Class. This man has performed the heretofore unheard of feat of meeting the Faculty on their own ground, the marking system, and getting the best of them. By a clever manœuvre he actually jumped at one bound from the Sophomore to the Senior Class. They never understood at the Office exactly how it was done, and I have been told that there are pages of figures traced by a delicate hand trying to solve the enigma. The deed has gone on record, and will remain as long as the college stands to redound the fame of Eighty-nine.

It shows an evil spirit thus to continue when every word is adding to the coming task of the Odist. Still I must be allowed space to wind up.

When Eighty-nine leaves college the last link with the past will be gone. We are the last class that can remember the dismal days of insomnia, indigestion, influenza and compulsory Chapel. The Overseers are cruel enough to wish to restore through the medium of a roll-call, the baneful resource of all these dread diseases. The Faculty, fortunately, are still human. But they have not been idle even though human. Stimulated by the sight of the Overseers, laboring to pass rules and regulations, the Faculty determined to show what they could do when they really got down to work.

The fruit of their labours can be seen in countless editions of the *Daily Crimson*. We do not envy the prospect before the classes behind us of familiarizing themselves with these new restrictions. The simplest and surest way for the Faculty to ensure the knowledge of their new rules, would be add a course to the Curriculum as follows: English 20; The College Bible. Prescribed to all, three times a week.

As to the regulations themselves, suffice it to say they are ingenious, and reflect great credit upon the keenness of the Faculty. I seem to hear the grand chorus of western undergraduates singing at vacation times next year to the stony walls of University "How can I leave thee?" I doubt if they would join in the good old hymn which "blesses the ties that bind." These ties Brother Eighty-nine men cannot bind us; for in a few days more Alma Mater will politely but

firmly thrust us out in the cold, hard world. We can take present comfort at the thought of the cold. In a few years more most of us will be at work. Let us never become so absorbed in and tied down to our business that we cannot obey a summons from our Alma Mater with the same alacrity that we have shown during our College course in accepting invitations from the Dean.

It is said that Alma Mater never before spent so much time in managing an unruly Class as she has been obliged to devote to Eighty-nine. Surely then 'Eighty-nine owes more attention to her in the years to come than any other class. There is a maxim which says "A mother loveth best the son she chasteneth most; if this is so, the Class of Eighty-nine must be Mother Harvard's favorite son.

O. Prescott, Jr

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June 15. Bicycle road race (handicap). Winners: T. Barron, '91; R. W. Holmes, Sp.; C. W. Spencer '9c.

June 16. Dr. A. P. Peabody preached Baccalaureate sermon in Appleton Chapel.

June 17. Base Ball. Lowell, 4; Harvard, 1.

June 19. Glee Club at Boston Music Hall.

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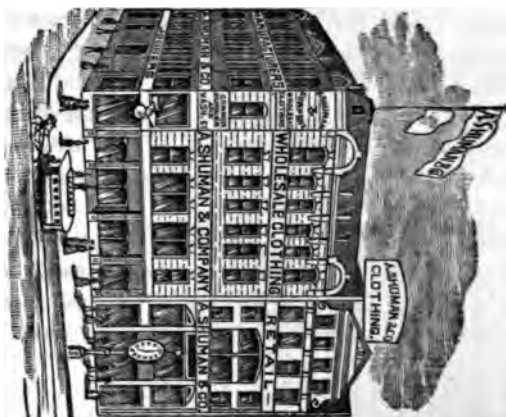
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